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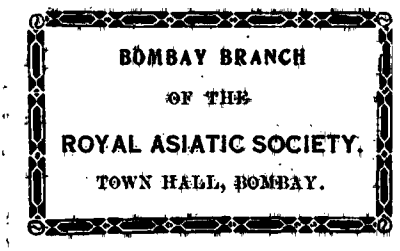

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Literary Society of Bombay

THE WORKS OF LUCIAN,

FROM THE GREEK,

By THOMAS FRANCKLIN, D.D.

Some time Greek Profeſſor in the Univerſity of Cambridge.

VOL. II.

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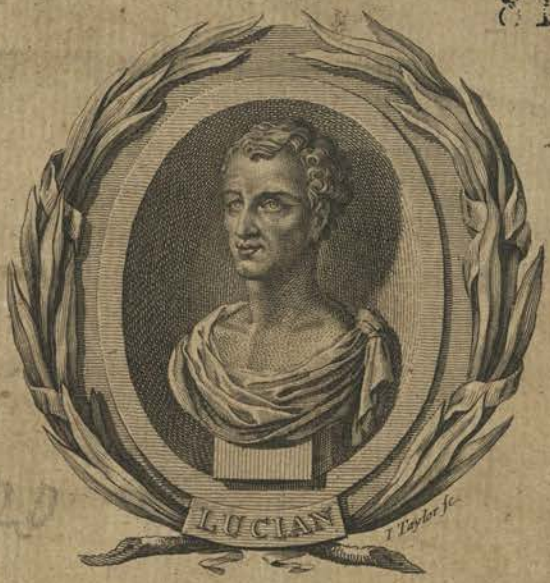

LITERARY SOCIETY OF BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

V-B-20

Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratiæ, tantum in inveniendo fælicitatis, tantum in jocando lepôris, in mordendo aceti; ſic titillat alluſionibus, ſic ſeria nugis, nugas ſeriis miſcet, ſic ridens vera dicit, verâ dicendo ridet, ſic hominum mores, affectus, ſtudia, quaſi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, ſed planè ſpectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comædia, nulla ſatyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, ſeu voluptatem ſpectes, ſeu ſpectes utilitatem. ERASMUS.

LONDON,
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MDCCLXXX.

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TO

THE REV^D. D^R. DOUGLAS,

CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S,

THE DETECTOR OF MODERN *IMPOSTORS;

THE FOLLOWING PIECE IS INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

ALEXANDER:

OR,

THE FALSE PROPHET.

Though this is not the moſt humorous or witty, it is perhaps one of the moſt entertaining Pieces of LUCIAN; *containing an exact and probably true Account of a moſt extraordinary Character who figured in his Time, and of whoſe aſtoniſhing Frauds and Impoſtures he was an Eye-witneſs. We cannot read it without wondering at the Credulity of Mankind in the days of Paganiſm: nor, at the ſame time, without reflecting, that as glaring Frauds, and as impudent Impoſitions, have been practiſed by the Church of Rome, even in the enlightened Æra of Chriſtianity.*

YOU thought, perhaps, my dear Celſus, the taſk a very light and eaſy one, when you commanded me to write the hiſtory of Alexander of † Abonotichos; his various ſchemes, tricks, and enterprizes: I aſſure you, to relate them all with accuracy and preciſion, is as difficult as to deſcribe the actions of the great ‡ ſon of Philip. One was as remarkable for his knavery, as the other for his virtues. If, nevertheleſs, you will pardon my errors, and ſupply my deficiencies, I will endeavour to cleanſe this Augæan ſtable: not that I propoſe ſweeping the whole, but only to bring you a few baſkets,

* Lauder and Bower.

† *Abonotichos*] A town of Paphlagonia, on the Euxine.

‡ *Son of Philip.*] His name-ſake, Alexander the Great.

by which you may be able to judge what an immenſe dunghil that muſt be, which three thouſand oxen were ſo many years in making.

I bluſh, indeed, both for you and myſelf on this occaſion; for you, who have thus requeſted me to employ my pen about ſo execrable a fellow, and for myſelf, who have thus engaged to write the hiſtory of a man, who doth not deſire the regard and attention of the learned and polite, but is rather fit to be given up to the populace, and torn to pieces by apes and foxes. If, however, I am blamed for the undertaking, there is an example to excuſe me: Arrian, the diſciple of Epictetus, a man of the firſt character in Rome, and who ſpent his whole life in literary purſuits, will plead in my defence by the ſimilitude which he bore to me, for he condeſcended to write the life of * Tilliborus the robber. We, on our parts, ſhall bear record of a much more cruel and barbarous one, who did not rob in woods and mountains, but plundered whole cities; did not commit his depredations only on Ida, Minyas, and the deſerts of Aſia, but almoſt throughout the whole Roman empire.

I will firſt deſcribe to you his external appearance, and draw as good a likeneſs of him as I can, though I am no great painter. His body was large and beautiful to look on, and, to ſay the truth, had ſomething noble and majeſtic in it; his ſkin clear, his chin not too rough; with his own hair were mixed ſome falſe locks, ſo well imitated that few could diſcern the difference between them, his eyes ſo bright and ſparkling as to appear more than human, his voice to the laſt degree ſweet and clear; upon the whole, there was nothing diſagreeable or defective in him.

Such was his external form; but for his mind and heart, O Jupiter, Hercules, and ye the ſons of Jove, averters of every evil, ſend us rather amongſt our enemies than curſe us with ſuch a companion! In underſtanding, in ſubtilty, and ſmartneſs, he was excelled by none, and had withal a moſt extraordinary readineſs in learning, an inquiſitive diſpoſition, a genius capable of every thing, and a tenacious memory; all theſe he poſſeſſed in a moſt wonderful degree, and made uſe of them to the worſt of purpoſes: for, with all theſe inſtruments of good, he was one of the moſt wicked of men, even beyond the † Cercopes, Eurybatus, Phrynondas, Ariſtodemus, or Soſtra-

* *Tilliborus.*] No ſuch work of Arrian's is now extant, nor has Voſſius mentioned it in the catalogue of his works.

† *Cercopes, &c.*] All famous raſcals of antiquity. Some of them are mentioned by Æſchines. See his oration againſt Cteſiphon.

tus.

tus. He wrote once to his brother-in-law Rutilianus, and modeſtly compared himſelf to Pythagoras. Pythagoras, heaven ſhield me! was a wiſe man, and full of the divinity; but had he lived when Alexander did, he would have been a boy to him. I do not mean, I ſwear by the Graces, by this to reflect on Pythagoras, or to compare them together with regard to their actions. But, if we were to put together every thing which calumny has ſuggeſted againſt Pythagoras, and which I give no credit to, it would not amount to half the craft and iniquity which was to be found in Alexander. Imagine to yourſelf a diſpoſition of mind perpetually ſhifting, made up of falſehood, lying, perjury, and every evil art; active, bold, deſpiſing danger, indefatigable; ſo plauſible and perſuaſive, as even to force belief upon you, always putting on the appearance of good, and ſeeming the direct contrary to what he really was; no man, after the firſt interview with him, could help looking on him as one of the beſt and worthieſt, and withal, as one of the moſt plain and ſimple men, without art or diſguiſe. There was, moreover, a kind of magnificence in him, which prevented him from ever attending to any thing low or little, but always urged him to the purſuit of what was great.

When a boy, being extremely handſome, (for by the ſtubble one might ſee what the corn had been,) he was very debauched, and uſed to let himſelf out for hire. Amongſt the reſt of his lovers was an old juggler, one of thoſe who practiſe magic arts and incantations, love potions, philters, and charms to find hidden treaſures, ſubdue enemies, and get eſtates. This fellow finding him an ingenious lad, and fit for any kind of miſchief, inſtructed him, and took him into his ſervice. He was himſelf by profeſſion a phyſician alſo, and, like the * wife of Thoon the Ægyptian, could,

Of † good and evil mix'd the drugs prepare;

to all which Alexander was afterwards heir and ſucceſſor. He was likewiſe well acquainted with ‡ Apollonius Tyaneus, whoſe whole ſtory he was no ſtranger to. You ſee what an excellent ſchool our hero was brought up in.

* *Wife of Thoon.*] or Thoni. She is ſaid to have been the inventreſs of phyſic amongſt the Ægyptians. Milton ſpeaks of that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thoon,

In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena.

† *Of good, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, b. iv. l. 232.

‡ *Apollonius.*] Tyaneus. See a long account of this extraordinary perſonage in Philoſtratus.

Alexander being now grown up to man's eſtate, his beauty gone off, and his maſter dead, found himſelf but indifferently provided for, and began to conſider what extraordinary way of life he ſhould turn to; and meeting by chance with a chronicle-writer of Byzantium, a fellow of an infamous character, whoſe name I think was Cocconas, they travelled about together as jugglers, * ſhaving the FAT HEADS, (for ſo the wiſe men uſed to call the ignorant multitude.) In their journey they met with a Macedonian woman very rich, one who was a little advanced in years, but would fain appear lovely and deſirable; out of her they got what they wanted, and followed her from Bithynia into Macedonia: for ſhe came from † Pella, which in the time of the kings of Macedon had been a famous city, but could now boaſt of few, and thoſe very poor inhabitants. Here they met with ſome ſerpents of a prodigious ſize, but quite tame and gentle, ſo that women fed, and children ſlept by them; they would be trod upon without turning, and ſucked milk like infants. They have many of them, it ſeems, in this place; (hence probably the fable of Olympias took its riſe, and ſome ſuch ſerpent correſponded with her when ſhe was with child of Alexander the Great.)

One of the moſt beautiful of theſe they purchaſed for a few oboli: and this, as Thucydides ſays, was the ſource of the battle. For when theſe two infamous enterprizing villains, who ſtuck at nothing, got together, they ſoon diſcovered that this life is entirely governed by the two paſſions hope and fear, and that he who makes a proper uſe of them on every occaſion, will quickly grow rich: and with regard to both theſe, the knowlege of futurity, they perceived, was of all things the moſt neceſſary, and the moſt deſirable. This it was that made ‡ Delphos, Delus, Claros, and the Branchidæ, ſo famous and ſo opulent; men continually flocking to them, (urged by thoſe ſame tyrants which I juſt now mentioned, hope and fear,) to enquire into

* *Shaving.*] Gr. αποξυροντες, the expreſſion is remarkable, anſwering exactly to our own, as we call a cunning fellow, a cloſe ſhaver. As does alſo that of παχεις των ανθρωπων, fat-headed fellows, for the ignorant and vulgar. The analogy is more extraordinary, as the Greek expreſſion is not a common one.

† *Pella.*] A diſtrict of Macedonia, famous for being the birth-place of Philip, who enlarged it, and afterwards of Alexander the Great.

‡ *Delphos, &c.*] Places all famous for the oracles eſtabliſhed in them. If my readers have any curioſity on this ſubject, I refer them to Plutarch, and Fontenelle's Hiſt. des Oracles.

future

future events; for which they offered up hecatombs, and wedges of gold. Revolving theſe things in their minds, and conſulting together, they reſolved, therefore, to ſet up an oracle: this, they imagined, if it ſucceeded, would ſoon make them rich and happy; and which, indeed, turned out even far beyond all their hopes. They then conſidered on what ſpot, and in what manner they ſhould begin their enterprize. Cocconas was of opinion, that Chalcedon would be the fitteſt ſituation, as it was a place of great trade, adjoining both to Thrace and Bithynia, and withal, not far diſtant from Aſia, Gallo-Græcia, and the neighbouring nations. Alexander, on the other hand, preferred his own country, obſerving, (which is certainly true,) that the firſt attempt in things of this kind, ſhould always be made amongſt the moſt ignorant and ſtupid, ſuch as the Paphlagonians are ſaid to be, a fooliſh and ſuperſtitous ſet of people, who, if a fidler, or a player on the tabor, or cymbal, comes among them, one who, as the ſaying is, can but prophecy with a * ſieve, will run with open mouth, and gape and ſtare at him, as if he were a god.

After ſome diſpute on this point, Alexander prevailed: and proceeding to Chalcedon, (for they thought to find ſomething there which would be of ſervice to them,) in the ancient temple of Apollo they dug up ſome braſs tablets, on which it was inſcribed, that in a very ſhort time Æſculapius, with Apollo his father, would come into Pontus, and inhabit the wall of Abonus. Theſe tablets, contrived for the occaſion, moſt effectually ſpread the report through Pontus and Bithynia, and particularly about the wall of Abonus. They immediately determined to build a temple there, and had laid the foundation of it, when Cocconas being left behind at Chalcedon, compoſed ſome ambiguous and perplexing oracles, and not long after died, being bit, I believe, by a viper.

* *A ſieve.*] Koſkinomancy, or divination by the ſieve. Alluding probably to that paſſage in the 3d. Idyl. of Theocritus, where the ſhepherd ſpeaking of a cunning woman, or fortune-teller, ſays,

She turn'd the ſieve, and ſheers, and told me true,
That I ſhould love, and not be lov'd by you.

This kind of divination was generally practiſed to diſcover thieves, or others ſuſpected of any crime, in this manner: they tied a thread to the ſieve, by which it was upheld, then prayed to the gods to direct and aſſiſt them: after which, they repeated the names of the perſons ſuſpected, and he, at whoſe name the ſieve whirled round, or moved, was thought to have committed the fact.

Alex-

Alexander, however, proceeded, and made his appearance with long flowing hair, and cloathed in a fine purple robe with white ſtripes, and a ſurplice over it, with a ſcythe in his hand like the figure of Perſeus, from whom, according to his own account, he was deſcended. The raſcally Paphlagonians, though they very well knew that his parents were mean and ignoble, gave full credit to the oracle, which thus declared,

From Perſeus ſprung, and to Apollo dear,
Great Alexander comes, the godlike ſon
Of Podalirius. ——

Podalirius muſt have been mad after women indeed, to have come from Tricca quite to Paphlagonia, to meet Alexander's mother. Another oracle was likewiſe produced, as from one of the Sibyls, which ſaid,

Near to Sinope, on the Euxine ſhore
Of Pontus, at th' Auſonian tow'rs, ſhall riſe
A famous prophet, and deliverer;
Whoſe * name one, thirty, five, and twenty more,
Thrice number'd will explain.——

With a great deal of this kind of † theatrical buffoonery; *after much parade*, Alexander at length made his entrance *into his own country*, where, in a ſhort time he became very conſpicuous, pretending often to be mad, and foam at the mouth, which he eaſily contrived, by chewing the root of fuller's herb: the foam it produced appeared to them ſomething divine and aſtoniſhing. They had before prepared the head of a ſerpent made of linen, with ſomething like a human form, extremely well painted, and opening and

* *Name.*] A myſterious kind of hocus pocus which the falſe prophet's friends made uſe of to expreſs the firſt four letters of his name, by the letters in the Greek alphabet being numerical, as thus:

A—1
Λ—30
Ε—5
Ξ—60

If the reader will take the trouble properly to divide and multiply the numbers, he will find that the letters together form Αλεξ, Alex. This ſufficiently points out the meaning of the paſſage: any farther explanation would be unneceſſary.

† *Theatrical.*] Gr. Τοιαυτας τραγωδιας, the word τραγωδια tragedia, is frequently uſed by Lucian, to ſignify not tragedy, but every thing theatrical, or belonging to the ſtage. A little after, we meet with Συντραγωδησων, which I have therefore (I think not improperly,) rendered, "to carry on the farce."

ſhutting

ſhutting its mouth by means of a horſe hair, which likewiſe moved about a black forked tongue. This Pellæan ſerpent they had by them for ſome time ready to be produced on the firſt proper occaſion, to carry on the farce, or rather to be the principal actor in it.

As the ſhew was now to begin, he hit on the following project. He went by night to the foundations of the temple, which had been lately dug up, and which were full of water, either from the adjacent places, or by the rains, and there lodged a gooſe's egg that had been made hollow, and filled up with a young ſerpent: after ſticking this in the mud, he returned home; and the next day appeared naked in the market-place, with only a girdle of gold round his middle, and ſhaking his diſhevelled locks, like the worſhippers of Cybele, with his ſcythe in his hand, and getting upon a high altar, harangued the populace, congratulating them on the near approach of the divinity which was ſoon to appear amongſt them. The multitude, for almoſt all the city was got together, old men, women, and children, were aſtoniſhed, and began to pray to and worſhip him. He muttered ſomething obſcure and unintelligible, like the Hebrews and Phœnicians, and ſtruck them wonderfully, though they could make nothing of it, only that he talked about Apollo and Æſculapius. He then ran to the temple, and getting into the ditch that had been dug, and near the fountain of the oracle which he had prepared; he ſtood in the water, and with a loud voice ſung hymns to Apollo and Æſculapius, invoking the god to come with happy omens into the city. He then aſked for a cup, which being given him, he eaſily placed it under, and brought up, together with water and mud, the egg in which he had hid his divinity: the aperture being artfully cloſed up with wax and white lead; and then taking it into his hand, he cried out that he had got Æſculapius. The people, after expreſſing their aſtoniſhment at ſeeing an egg found in the water, kept their eyes fixed on him to mark what would follow, when, breaking the egg, he received the young ſerpent into the hollow of his hand, and ſeeing it twine about his fingers, they cried out, and hailed the god; congratulating their happy city on the event, and all running with open mouths to pray to him for riches, good fortune, health, every thing, in ſhort, that every body wiſhed for. He ran home as faſt as he could, carrying with him his infant Æſculapius, not born once only as other

other men are, but twice born; and hatched, not from a * crow, by heaven, but from a gooſe.

The people followed him, ſeeming, as it were, inſpired, and filled with a religious phrenzy, beyond all conception. He ſtayed at home ſome days, flattering himſelf that, as it afterwards proved, the report of this would draw the Paphlagonians to him in great numbers; and accordingly, when the city was as full as it could hold, of creatures without heads or hearts, who reſembled men only in their form, and in every thing elſe were more like ſheep, he ſat himſelf down in a little houſe on a bed, cloathed in a moſt magnificent habit, as became a god; and there took in his lap the great beautiful Pellæan Æſculapius which I mentioned ſome time ago, and lapping it quite round his neck, the tail ſticking out at bottom, (for it was ſo large, that part of it might lay in his boſom, and the other part drag on the ground,) hid only the head under his arm-pits, when at length the linen one peeped out from beneath his garment, as if it belonged to the ſerpent.

Imagine to yourſelf a houſe of no great note, with ſcarce room to let the light in, crouded with people already amazed and almoſt out of their ſenſes with ſtrong hopes and expectations, to whom, not without reaſon, the affair muſt have ſeemed wonderful; with what aſtoniſhment did they behold this ſerpent to all appearance grown to ſuch a ſize in a few days, quite tame and gentle, and with a head like a man's! before they had half ſeen it, driven out and preſſed by the croud of new admirers coming in upon them, for there was another door on the oppoſite ſide, like that which the Macedonians made, as they tell us, when Alexander the Great was ſick, and every body crouded in to ſee and take their laſt leave of him. This ſhew the rogue exhibited very often, and eſpecially when any rich ſtrangers came into the city.

To ſay the truth, my dear Celſus, the people of Pontus and Paphlagonia, a ſtupid and illiterate race of men, are very excuſable, if, after touching the ſerpent, (which Alexander permitted them to do,) and ſeeing it by a faint and glimmering light open and ſhut its mouth in that manner, they were deceived. The trick indeed required a Democrates, an Epicurus, or a Metrodorus, ſome man of a firm and penetrating mind, who after caſting about

* *A crow.*] Gr. Κορωνις, Coronis, this is nothing but a pun on the word coronis, (which in the Greek ſignifies alſo a crow,) who was the mother of Æſculapius.

how,

how it could be done, would at laſt, if he could not find out the method, conclude that it muſt be nothing but an arrant falſehood, and utterly impracticable.

In a ſhort time, all Bithynia, Thrace, and Gallo-Græcia flocked in to this ſpectacle; every one aſſerting, as you may ſuppoſe, that he had ſeen the god born, and touched him; that he had grown immenſely in a few days; and that he had a face like a man. They made, moreover, pictures, ſtatues, and models of him; ſome of braſs, and others of ſilver, with the name of the god inſcribed upon them; for he was called Glycon, from an oracular verſe which Alexander had taken care to publiſh; which ſaid,

Behold, the third from Jove, great Glycon comes,
The light of men.

When the time was now come to bring on the great affair for which the whole was contrived, he began to think of ſetting up the oracle, after the manner of * Amphilochus; who, after the death of his father Amphiaraus, at Thebes, baniſhed from his native country, and driven into Cilicia, made a good fortune there by propheſying to the inhabitants; taking two oboli of them for every oracle. Alexander, † taking the cue from him, gave out that the god would deliver oracles on ſuch a day: he then ordered every body to write down in a book what they wanted to know, tye it down with thread, and faſten it with wax or clay. He then retired into the ſanctuary, (for the temple was now built, and the ſcene of action prepared,) ſummoned them together by a cryer, had his high-prieſt by his ſide, as if the god had now done all his buſineſs, and read what they had written; returned every one his book, ſealed up as at firſt; with the anſwer to every queſtion in verſe.

The trick was ſuch as you, or I, if I may ſay it without vanity, might very eaſily find out, though to the ignorant and fooliſh, it might ſeem impracticable. For knowing how, of which there are various methods, to looſen the ſeals, he read all the queſtions, and gave what anſwers he thought proper to them; then rolling up and re-ſealing, gave them back to the ſe-

* *Amphilochus*] Succeeded his father Amphiaraus in the buſineſs of divination by dreams, for which both the oracles were famous. For an account of the latter, ſee Potter's Antiq. vol. i. p. 393.

† *Taking the cue.*] Gr. Το ευδοσιμον λαβων, cantus initio accepto. An alluſion to muſic when one finger takes up the words from another, as in catches.

veral perſons, who received them with aſtoniſhment, frequently crying out, "How could he poſſibly diſcover this which I gave him myſelf, incloſed faſt under ſeals which could not be forged, unleſs he were indeed a god, and knew every thing?"

How, you will perhaps ſay, could this be done? I will tell you: in the firſt place then, my dear Celſus, he * heated a needle in the fire, and putting it under the wax, lifted up the ſeal, and read the book; then by means of the needle melting the wax again, eaſily faſtened down both that which was under the thread, and that which was round the ſeal. There is, likewiſe, another method, when you make uſe of what they call the collyrium; this is compoſed of Brythian pitch, aſphaltus, and tranſparent ſtone, mixed with wax and maſtic; which he firſt warms at the fire and wets with ſpittle, then applies it to the ſeal, and takes off the impreſſion; the collyrium hardens, he eaſily reads the contents of the paper, then putting the wax on again, claps on the new ſeal exactly reſembling the original, and as perfect as if it had been taken on a gem. There is yet a third way of doing it, which I will acquaint you with: he would put lime mixed with the glue you make uſe of for books, make it into a kind of wax, and place it wet on the ſeal, then taking it off, (for it ſoon dries and grows harder than horn, nay even than iron,) gets an impreſſion of it. There are beſides theſe, ſeveral other methods, all of which it would be ridiculous to enumerate; eſpecially as you have mentioned them, with a great many other things in your book againſt the magicians, which is excellently written, and conveys the moſt uſeful inſtructions to the reader.

Thus did he inſtitute his oracle, and pour forth his divine knowlege, acting at the ſame time with the greateſt prudence and diſcretion, and always adhering to probability; giving perplexed and ambiguous anſwers, ſometimes totally obſcure and unintelligible, which in all oracles, he held, was moſt neceſſary and indiſpenſible. Some he would diſſuade and turn away from their purpoſes as he thought moſt convenient; to others he would preſcribe a manner of living, and adviſe the uſe of particular medicines: for, as I obſerved to you before, he had by him ſome excellent receipts, particularly the cytmides; a new name which he had given to an ointment famous for

* *Heated, &c.*] The ſame ingenious methods of opening letters, or at leaſt ſomething very ſimilar to them, are, I believe, practiſed to this day. But for farther information on the ſubject, I refer my readers to the clerks of the Poſt-office.

curing

curing pains and bruiſes, made of bears fat. The queſtions about future good fortune, treaſures, and eſtates in expectance, he always deferred giving anſwers to, and took care to add, "theſe things ſhall come to paſs if I pleaſe, and if my prophet Alexander aſks it of me, and puts up his prayer for you."

The ſtated price for every anſwer from the oracle was one * drachma and two oboli. Do not imagine, my friend, that this was a ſmall conſideration, for he took ſeventy or eighty thouſand every year, giving the ſame people ſometimes ten or fifteen anſwers, ſuch was their inſatiable deſire of ſearching into futurity. The profit indeed, was not entirely his own, nor did he ſtore it all up; but as he had many aſſiſtants, under-workmen, ſpies, writers, and keepers of the oracles, interpreters, ſealers, &c. he divided to every one his portion, according to their merits.

Beſides theſe, he ſent emiſſaries into foreign countries, to ſupport the reputation of his oracle, and give out how it could detect fugitives, convict thieves and robbers, diſcover hidden treaſures, heal the ſick, and even ſometimes call the dead to life again. This made them croud to him from every part: hence aroſe gifts, and ſacrifices, and a double fee to him as prophet and diſciple, or favourite of the deity; for this decree had been carefully diſperſed abroad, as from the god,

Remember, ye my miniſter obey,
To him reſpect and due obedience pay,
Nor fame, nor riches, my affections ſhare,
My faithful prophet is my only care.

At length, ſeveral men of ſenſe and underſtanding, recovered as it were from their drunken fit, made a ſtand againſt him, the principal of whom were followers of † Epicurus, who by degrees found out the whole apparatus, and diſcovered all his tricks. Theſe he oppoſed, by throwing out a

* *One Drachma, &c.*] About nine pence half-penny. Few of our fortune-tellers are ſo reaſonable in their demands. The number of cuſtomers, however, according to Lucian, made ample amends for the ſmallneſs of the preſent.

† *Of Epicurus.*] The Epicureans were always, (which, by the bye, was a mark of their good ſenſe,) the avowed enemies of oracles and divinations; and even in the times of their greateſt influence and power, frequently and openly derided them. With theſe, Lucian tells us, the Chriſtians joined, as it might naturally be ſuppoſed they would, as it became the oppoſers of error, fraud, and chicanery. Theſe groſs impoſitions on the credulity of mankind were now on the decline. It is not improbable, but that this little narrative of Lucian's, contributed in ſome meaſure towards their total overthrow.

terrible menace, and ſaying that Pontus was full of atheiſts and Chriſtians, who had dared to ſpread evil reports concerning him: whom therefore, he commanded the people to ſtone and drive out of the city, if they ever expected the deity would be propitious to them. With regard to Epicurus, he delivered the following oracle: being aſked what he did in the ſhades below, he anſwered, That he wore leaden fetters there, and ſtuck in the *mud. Can you wonder at the ſucceſs of the oracle, which gave ſuch ſhrewd and ſenſible anſwers? with Epicurus and his followers, indeed, he waged perpetual war; they were irreconcilable enemies, and with very good reaſon; for whom muſt an impoſtor like him, the lover of prodigies, and the foe of truth, more juſtly abhor and deteſt, than that philoſopher who ſo well underſtood the nature of things, and alone diſcovered what was true and genuine in them. With the Platonics, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, it was all profound peace; but the inflexible Epicurus, for ſo he always called him, was his moſt bitter adverſary, conſtantly laughing at, and turning all his frauds and tricks to ridicule. Of all the cities in Pontus, he moſt hated Amaſtris, on account of Lepidus, and ſome others of the ſame turn and diſpoſition of mind, who lived there; nor would ever vouchſafe an anſwer to any of the inhabitants. Once, indeed, at the requeſt of a ſenator's brother, he attempted it; but whether it was that he could not think of a proper one himſelf, or could not get any body to make one for him, he came off very ridiculouſly; for the patient complaining of a diſorder in his bowels, he preſcribed ſwine's feet with mallows: the verſe ran,

In ſacred vaſe, with ſwine's fleſh mallows pound.

He would often, as I before obſerved, ſhew the ſerpent to ſuch as begged to ſee it; not the whole indeed, but only the tail and the reſt of the body, keeping the head in his boſom, where it was concealed. But, having now a mind to ſtrike the multitude with ſomething more than ordinary, he told them the god would ſpeak himſelf, and deliver his oracles by word of mouth, without the aſſiſtance of his prophet. This was eaſily done, by means of the wind-pipes of cranes ſo faſtened to the ſham head, as by a voice placed without, to convey the ſound through the linen mouth of Æſculapius. Theſe were called Autophoni, or the vocal oracles, and were not

* *The mud.*] Alluding to the looſe manners of the Epicureans wallowing in ſenſual pleaſures. Agreeable to Horace's Epicuri de grege porci.

delivered

delivered every day, or to every body, but only to ſuch as were well-dreſſed, very rich, and could pay well for them.

Of this kind was the anſwer given to Severian, on his entrance into Armenia, when, exhorting him to the enterprize, the oracle ſpake thus:

Armenia low beneath thy conqu'ring ſpear,
And Parthia fall'n, to Tiber's limpid ſtream,
And happy Rome, with rays of laurel crown'd
Shalt thou return.

And when the fooliſh Gaul was thus prevailed on to make the invaſion, and failed in the attempt, being ſlain together with all his forces by Othryades; he eraſed that oracle from the records, and ſubſtituted in its place the following verſes:

Againſt Armenia lead not forth thy pow'rs,
Leſt from a foe in female garb array'd
A fatal arrow ſent, deprive thee ſoon
Of light and life.

For it was one of his moſt excellent contrivances to make oracles after the event, to ſave the credit of thoſe that had miſcarried. He would often promiſe health, and if the perſon died, another oracle was ſoon ready, that ſaid,

Seek not a cure, for know thy fate is nigh,
Nor can'ſt thou 'ſcape it.

Well knowing that the Clarians, Mallians, and Didymæans were famous for the ſame art of propheſying; he made friends of them, ſending away many of thoſe who came to him with appeals to them: to one he ſaid,

To Claros haſte, and hear my father's voice.

To another,

Go to the Branchidæ, and there conſult
The oracle.

And to a third,

To Mallos hence, and hear * Amphilochus.

* *Amphilochus.*] The oracle of Amphilochus was of one of the longeſt-lived religious impoſtors of antiquity. Dion C. ſpeaks of it as in a flouriſhing ſtate, even ſo late as in the reign of Conſtantius, the father of Conſtantine the Great.

Such

Such was the ſtate of the affair near home, in Ionia, Cilicia, Paphlagonia, and Gallo-Græcia; but when the fame of the oracle had reached as far as Italy and Rome, they crouded as faſt as poſſible one upon another; ſome came themſelves, ſome ſent meſſengers to him, particularly the great men, and thoſe who were poſſeſſed of the higheſt honours and dignities: the firſt, or as one may ſay, the head of theſe, was Rutilianus, a man in every other reſpect of good character and reputation, and who had acquitted himſelf in ſeveral public employments; but in religious matters ſuperſtitious, and even as it were, diſordered in his mind, entertaining the wildeſt opinions concerning them, who, if he found but a ſtone in his way, anointed or crowned with a garland, would fall down in adoration, and aſk ſome favour of it. This man, as ſoon as he heard of the oracle, was with difficulty reſtrained from leaving his buſineſs, and making a viſit to the wall of Abonus. He ſent, however, ſeveral meſſengers, one after another; theſe, being moſt of them ignorant ſervants, were eaſily deceived; and when they came back, reported what they had ſeen and heard, with ſome improvements of their own; which they added to recommend themſelves the better to their maſter. This excited the poor old man's curioſity, and drove him almoſt to madneſs. As he was acquainted with moſt of the great men of the city, he ran about, and told them every thing he had heard from the ſervants; to which he likewiſe made ſome additions. In this manner he raiſed the attention of the whole city, and ſet them all in motion, perſuading ſeveral of the courtiers to apply immediately to him, and enquire about their own affairs. Our hero not only received them with the greateſt hoſpitality, but ſent them back loaded with preſents, inſomuch, that not content with publiſhing his anſwers, they founded forth the praiſes of the deity, and related a thouſand miraculous ſtories, concerning both the oracle and the prophet.

Our thrice renowned raſcal now thought on another ſcheme, which was by no means an impolitic one, but truly worthy of an illuſtrious robber: and this was to open and look into all the books which were ſent, and if he found any thing in them bold or of a dangerous tendency, thoſe he would keep without ſending back any anſwer; by which means, he made the authors intirely ſubſervient to him, and keept them in perpetual fear, as well knowing of what nature their queſtions were. One may eaſily gueſs, indeed, with regard to the rich and great, what would moſt probably be the ſubject of them.

But

But I muſt tell you ſome of the oracles which he delivered to Rutilianus. This wiſe ſenator, aſking him one day, whom he ſhould appoint for a tutor to his ſon by a former wife, who was now arrived at an age fit for inſtruction; his anſwer was,

Pythagoras, and the war-deſcribing bard.

The boy unfortunately dying a few days after, he was ſadly at a loſs how to excuſe the oracle, which this event ſo flatly contradicted; but Rutilianus, like a good creature, took the defence upon himſelf, and averred that the god had propheſied the very thing which happened, by thus recommending to him no living preceptor, but Homer and Pythagoras, who were dead, and with whom the boy probably now was in the ſhades below. Now who, my friend, can blame Alexander, when he had to do with ſuch wiſeacres as theſe?

Another time he aſked him what body he had formerly appeared in, to which the oracle thus replied,

Firſt thou Achilles wert, and next Menander,
Now Rutilianus,—thou ſhalt live on earth
One hundred fourſcore years, and after ſhine
A ſun-beam in the heav'ns ——

He died, notwithſtanding, at ſeventy years of age, of a bilious colic, without waiting for the completion of the oracle.

I will tell you another of his vocal anſwers. The ſame Rutilianus aſking him one day whom he ſhould marry, he replied in plain terms,

Wed thou a woman ſprung from Alexander,
And from the Moon ——

for he had ſpread a report, it ſeems, that he had a daughter by the Moon, who had fallen in love with him, as it is her * cuſtom to do with pretty fellows, in his ſleep: the prudent old man made no delay, but immediately ſent for her, and commenced a bridegroom at threeſcore, having firſt propitiated his mother-in-law, the Moon, with whole hecatombs, expecting, no doubt, that he ſhould ſoon be himſelf ranked amongſt the deities.

When he had once got footing in Italy he became more bold and confident, ſending forth his oracles throughout the whole Roman empire, fore-

* *Cuſtom.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Endymion.

telling

telling plagues, fires, and earthquakes in every city, and at the ſame time promiſing his powerful aſſiſtance againſt them. One vocal prediction, in particular, he diſperſed about, concerning the plague, in the following verſe,

The beardleſs god, Apollo, ſhall diſpel
This peſtilential cloud ——

This was inſcribed on almoſt every door, by way of antidote; the event, however, proved rather contradictory, for thoſe houſes were peculiarly unfortunate, more dying in them than in any others, wherever the verſes were put up. I do not ſay, this was the cauſe of their deaths, but ſo it fell out; for the common people, depending upon the oracle, took no care about their diet and manner of living, nor would they join their own endeavours with it to combat the diſeaſe, having thoſe infallible words to fight for them, and well aſſured that the "beardleſs god, with his darts, would drive away the peſtilence."

He had, moreover, ſet ſpies over every part of Rome, whom he choſe out of his own accomplices, who were to get out of the people the queſtions they meant to aſk, and what they were moſt deſirous of, letting him know all beforehand, that he might be ready with his anſwers, even before they ſent for them.

Thus he went on in Italy; and now he began to inſtitute certain myſteries, with ſacred rites, prieſts, torches, and a feſtival for three days. On the firſt, it was given out, as at Athens, in this form,—"If any wicked perſon, Chriſtian, or Epicurean, approaches to pry into the myſteries, let him be expelled, but let the faithful believers be initiated with propitious omens:" then began the ſcrutiny, and firſt they cried, "Away with the Chriſtians," and the whole multitude ſubjoined, "Away with the Epicureans;" then was repreſented the child-birth of Latona, the nativity of Apollo, the nuptials of Coronis, and the birth of Æſculapius: and on the next day the wonderful production of the god Glycon. On the third came the marriage of Podalirius, with Alexander's mother; that day was called the * Dadæ, when they lit all the torches: and laſt of all was the repreſentation of the loves of Alexander and the Moon, with the birth of Rutilianus's wife, wherein Alexander led the proceſſion, with a torch in his hand, like another Endymion; laying aſleep in the middle of the room, whilſt a beautiful creature, whoſe

* *Dadæ.*] From δαδες, torches.

name

name was Rutilia, the wife of one belonging to Cæſar's houſehold, perſonating the Moon, came down from the cieling, as if juſt deſcended from heaven, and, in the face of the poor huſband, moſt cordially embraced the prophet (for they were known to be fond of each other), and, if it had not been for the number of torches, might probably have been ſtill more familiar with him: a little while after he came in again with great pomp, clad as high-prieſt, and commanding ſilence, cried out, Hail Glycon! and at the ſame time ſome fellows from Paphlagonia, with clouted ſhoes, who ſtunk horribly of garlick, acted the * Eumolpidæ and Ceryces, and roared out, Hail Alexander!

In the myſtic dances, by torch-light, he would frequently, and on purpoſe, ſhew his naked thigh, which appeared like gold, and which, probably, he had contrived by means of ſome ſkin put over it that was gilded, and by help of the lights ſhone very bright: a diſpute aroſe one day upon this between two ſage philoſophers, "Whether Alexander had not the ſoul of Pythagoras, as well as his golden thigh, or another which nearly reſembled it; and referring the queſtion to Alexander himſelf, the royal Glycon decided it immediately by this oracle,

Pythagoras oft dies, and oft to life
Again returns; not ſo the prophet's ſoul,
Which ſprang from Jove, by his almighty fire
Commiſſion'd to relieve the juſt and good,
He came on earth, and when the lightning's blaſt
Shall hurl him hence, he muſt to Jove † return,

* * * *

To ſuch a height of pride and debauchery did he at laſt arrive, that ſcarce any woman whom he admired could eſcape him: the huſbands thought it an honour if he would condeſcend to kiſs their wives, and looked upon it as a piece of good fortune if he would admit them into his houſe; many even boaſted of having had children by him, and their ſpouſes complaiſantly bore witneſs to the truth of it.

* *Eumolpidæ.*] Chief prieſts of Ceres, a dignity which they enjoyed by hereditary right, conferred on them by the Athenians, as deſcendants of Eumolpus: as the mock myſteries of Alexander were deſigned by him as an imitation of the great Eleuſinian rites, it was very proper he ſhould be furniſhed with all neceſſary appurtenances for the performance of them.

† *Return.*] Here follow a few curious lines relating to his pæderaſty, which I have purpoſely omitted in the tranſlation.

And now I will repeat to you a dialogue between Glycon and a prieſt of Tios; how ſenſible a one he was, you will perceive by his queſtions. I read it in his own houſe, written in letters of gold.

Tell me, great Glycon, who are you?—I am Æſculapius the Younger, not the ſame as the firſt.—How can that be?—That you muſt not enquire into.—How many years do you intend to ſtay with us, and give oracles?—One thouſand and three years.—And where do you go to then?—To Bactria, and the regions round about; for it is fitting that the Barbarians alſo ſhould enjoy the bleſſings of my preſence.—Have the other oracles, thoſe of Claros, Didymos, and Delphos, Apollo for their father and inſpirer, or are they only falſe and lying prophets?—That alſo enquire not of, for it is not lawful to reveal.—What ſhall I be, after this life?—A camel, after that a horſe, and after that a wiſe man, and a prophet, not inferior to Alexander—

Such was the converſation of the prieſt and Glycon, which he concluded with an oracle in verſe, knowing him to be a friend of Lepidus,—

Truſt not to Lepidus, for him a ſure
And dreadful death awaits ——

The prophet, as I before obſerved to you, had an utter averſion to Epicurus, as moſt able to oppoſe his ſchemes, and detect his villany. One of his followers, who was bold enough to attack the impoſtor, got into no ſmall trouble by it. You, Alexander, ſaid this man, perſuaded the preſident of Gallo-Græcia to accuſe his ſervants of a capital crime, and aſſert that they had ſlain his ſon, who was one of your diſciples, though the young man is now alive, having returned ſafe home after the conviction of the ſervants, who were devoured by wild beaſts on your accuſation. The fact was this; the young man, who had been ſailing, and driven by the rapidity of the ſtream a good way up into Ægypt, was perſuaded to go on to India, and not returning, the unfortunate ſervants imagined he muſt have periſhed on the Nile, or had been ſeized by robbers, of which there was great abundance in thoſe parts: they went back, therefore, and reported that he was loſt; then followed the oracle and the condemnation, after which the youth returned and gave an account of his voyage. Alexander, enraged at this ſpeech, and knowing it was but too true, ordered thoſe who were preſent to ſtone him, threatening, if they did not, to inflict the ſame puniſhment on them, as accomplices with him; they accordingly began to execute his commands,

commands, when one Demoſtratus, a ſtranger, juſt arrived in Pontus, ſheltered the poor man, and ſaved his life, even at the hazard of his own, fooliſhly enough indeed; for what buſineſs had he to be wiſe amongſt ſo many fools, and to pay for the madneſs of the Paphlagonians! Such was the poor man's fate.

When the names of thoſe who had ſent in their queſtions was called over (which was always done the day before they were to be anſwered), the crier aſked whether the oracle would ſpeak to ſuch a man; and if the voice within replied, "Away with him" to the crows, from that time forth nobody would receive him into their houſe, nor give him fire nor water: he was obliged to wander about the earth from place to place, and looked upon as a profane perſon, an impious man, and an Epicurean, which was the worſt of all reproaches.

One thing Alexander did, which was truly ridiculous; meeting one day with a book, which contained the principal tenets and opinions of Epicurus, he brought it into the middle of the market-place, and burned it, ſignifying how willing he would have been to ſerve the author himſelf in the ſame manner: he then threw the aſhes into the ſea, in conſequence of an oracle delivered on this occaſion, which ſaid,

'Tis my command, that ſtrait ye burn the works
Of the blind dotard ——

He knew not, wretch as he was, what profitable inſtruction that book conveyed, what liberty it inſpired, what peace and tranquillity of mind it produced, how it freed men from idle fears and apprehenſions, from vain hopes and extravagant deſires, inſtilling truth and wiſdom; purifying their minds, not with links, or torches, or any ſuch idle ſuperſtitions, but with right reaſon, truth, and freedom.

I muſt now relate to you one of the moſt impudent things which this raſcal ever did. Having free acceſs to the court of the emperor, by means of Rutilianus, who was then in great favour, in the middle of the war between Marcus Aurelius and the Quadi and Marcomanni, he delivered an oracle, commanding that two lions ſhould be thrown alive into the Iſter, with a number of ſpices, and a magnificent ſacrifice: but I had better give you the oracle itſelf, which was as follows:

In Iſter's ſacred ſtream, 'tis my command,
Ye plunge two mountain lions, like to thoſe
Who draw the car of Cybele, with flowers,
And fragrant herbs, that ſcent the Indian air;
This leads to glory, victory, and peace.

This being done, according to his command, the lions ſwam on ſhore in the enemies country, and were killed with ſtaves by the Barbarians, like dogs, or foreign wolves; ſoon after we received a deſperate * wound, ſcarce leſs than twenty thouſand of our forces being cut off; then followed alſo, what happened at Aquileia, when the city was very near being taken. Alexander, in order to palliate the event, had recourſe to the old Delphic defence, and very cooly applied the oracle of Cræſus, ſaying, that the god had, indeed, foretold a victory, but did not declare whether it would fall to the Romans or to their enemies.

Numbers at length flocking into the city, on account of the oracle, it became ſo full that the people were in want of neceſſaries; at this time it was that he ſet up what he called the night-oracles; for, receiving the books over night, he ſlept upon them, and gave his anſwers in the morning, as if revealed to him by the god in a dream: theſe were not plain and clear, but moſt of them obſcure and unintelligible; eſpecially if he obſerved that the book was ſealed up with more than ordinary care: for not venturing to open it, he wrote in anſwer juſt what came into his head, as thinking this was beſt ſuited to the nature of oracles; to explain theſe, certain interpreters were appointed, who received no ſmall reward for it from thoſe to whom the oracle was explained: their office, however was tributary, for every one of them paid Alexander an Attic talent.

Sometimes, when nobody either came or ſent to him, he would pour forth oracles of his own accord, merely to ſurpriſe and aſtoniſh the multitude: of this nature was the following,

Woud'ſt thou diſcover him who hath defiled
Thy nuptial bed?—It is Protogenes,
Thy ſervant, he in whom thou doſt confide:
Thou gav'ſt him all, and thus doth he return
The obligation: that thou may'ſt not ſee

* *Wound.*] See Juſtin.

Or

Or hear the inj'ry, they for thee prepare
The deadly poiſon; thou wilt find it hid,
Cloſe to the wall beneath thy bed.—Thy maid,
Caliſta, knows it all.

Would not this nice and accurate deſcription of names and places puzzle a Democritus, and yet when he had found out the trick, how would he laugh at the contents?

He would often anſwer the Barbarians, who aſked him queſtions in Celtic or Syriac, in their own language, though ſometimes he found it difficult, not having people near to interpret them for him: but then he always took care there ſhould be time enough between the delivery of the books, and the oracle to be given, that he might have leiſure to open and procure perſons to explain them.

Of this kind was one given to a Scythian, which ran thus,

Morphi Ebargulis Chnenchichranc—he ſhould die.

This alſo he wrote in proſe to Nobody,

Return—for he who ſent thee was this day ſlain by his neighbour Diocles, Mangus, Celer, and Bubulus, the robbers, coming upon him, who were taken and bound.

Now liſten to a few, which he delivered to me; my queſtion was, whether Alexander was bald; this I ſealed up very curiouſly; the anſwer was,

* Malach Attis was different from Sabardalachus.

Another time, when in two ſeparate books, and under two different names, I aſked the ſame queſtion,—viz. Of what country Homer the poet was? To one them he anſwered,

With † cytmis I command thee to anoint,
And fair ‡ Latona's dew ——

* *Malach, &c.*] Here Lucian does not ſufficiently explain the fact, ſo as to make it intelligible to his readers. Some ſervant ſent to Alexander, had probably propoſed this queſtion to him, viz. Were Malach Attis, and Sabardalachus, (two obſcure kings of ſome diſtant region, one and the ſame perſon? Alexander miſtaking this queſtion for Lucian's, gives him this anſwer, which, by the bye, does not prove what Lucian would inſinuate, that Alexander ſaid any thing that came uppermoſt; but only that he frequently ſent anſwers to one queſtion, which properly belonged to another. A circumſtance that might happen to any man in the hurry of buſineſs; juſt the ſame miſtake is made with regard to his queſtion about Homer.

† *Cytmis.*] Bear's greaſe.

‡ *Latona's dew.*] Latona is put for Diana, or the moon; the dew muſt be gathered whilſt the moon ſhines. This ſuperſtition gives it an air of ſolemnity.

This

This was owing to his being deceived by my boy, whom he aſked what he came for, to which he replied, to be cured of a pain in his ſide: the other anſwer which he gave, took its riſe from a queſtion that was propoſed to him, "Whether it was better to go by ſea to Italy or on foot? This made him ſay to me—(which had nothing to do with Homer),

Go not by ſea, but take thy way on foot.

I played him ſeveral tricks of this kind: for inſtance, I propoſed one queſtion only, and wrote it in a book as uſual, and with it ſent eight drachmas, as if I had paid for ſo many oracles: he was deceived by this, and to that ſingle queſtion, which, by the by, was, When that rogue Alexander ſhould be detected, ſent me eight anſwers, * belonging, as they ſay, neither to heaven nor earth, totally nonſenſical and unintelligible. When he afterwards found out the trick that had been played him, he was very angry, and hated me as you may ſuppoſe, as his bittereſt enemy, eſpecially as I had, moreover, endeavoured to diſſuade Rutilianus from the marriage, and cautioned him not to put too much truſt in the prophecy: and accordingly, when he aſked ſome queſtions concerning me, his anſwer was,

In † midnight revels, and inceſtuous beds,
That man delights.

The truth was, he did moſt cordially hate me, as well indeed he might: as ſoon, however, as he heard that I was come into the city, and knew I was that very Lucian who had ſo harraſſed him, (I had luckily, you muſt know, brought two ſoldiers with me, ſent by my friend the governor of Cappadocia, to conduct me to the ſea,) he received me with the greateſt appearance of politeneſs and civility. I went to him with my guard, who by good fortune had accompanied me thither. He put forth his hand to me to kiſs, as his cuſtom was with the common people; upon which, ſtooping down as if to ſalute his hand, I gave him ſuch a ‡ bite as almoſt lamed him. The attendants began to fall upon and beat me, as a profane ſacrilegious wretch, being already not a little provoked that I had ſtyled him plain Alex-

* *Belonging.*] i. e. quite foreign to the purpoſe.

† *In midnight.*] If this was Lucian's general character (which is not impoſſible,) however candid it may be deemed, it was ſurely not altogether prudent thus to let poſterity into the ſecret.

‡ *A bite.*] This was rather a childiſh trick of my friend Lucian's, and which we find he had like to have paid dear for.

ander,

ander, and not the prophet. He bore it, however, very patiently; called off the attendants, and promiſed he would ſoon find the means of reconciling me to him, and would ſhew me the power of Glycon, who could make the bittereſt enemies friends to each other. Then commanding all that were preſent to retire, he began to expoſtulate with me, ſaying, he knew me very well, and what I had ſaid to Rutilianus about him: And why, added he, would you act thus, when you know how it is in my power to advance you by his means? Knowing the dangerous ſituation I was in, I thanked him for his civility, and withdrew. And ſo we parted friends, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of many who wondered to ſee me come off ſo well.

Soon after this, when I was going to ſet ſail, (for only Xenophon and myſelf were left behind, my father and family being gone before to Amaſtris,) he ſent me ſeveral preſents, and even went ſo far as to offer me a ſhip and rowers to carry me over. I thought he meant me fair in all this, but when we were got half way, obſerving the pilot in tears, and quarrelling with the ſailors, I began to ſuſpect ſomething wrong. Alexander, it ſeems, had given orders that they ſhould ſeize and throw us all over-board, which, indeed had they performed, it would ſoon have put an end to our difference. He perſuaded them, however, by tears and ſupplications, not to do us any injury. "I, ſaid he to me, as you ſee, am threeſcore years of age, and have hitherto lived a good and irreproachable life, and have a wife and children, and will not after all, dip my hands in blood." He then told us Alexander's commands, and what he was to have done with us.

When they had landed us at Ægiale, celebrated by the noble † Homer, they returned home. Here I met with ſome Boſphoran ambaſſadors, who had been ſent by king Eupator into Bithynia to receive the annual tribute, and told them the danger we had been in; they treated us kindly, took us into their ſhip; and thus I got ſafe to Amaſtris, after our narrow eſcape. From this time I ſtrained every nerve to be revenged on that raſcal, whom, before the vile ſnare which he laid for me, I always abominated, on account of his infamous character. I now determined on a public accuſation of him, in which I was ſupported by many, and more eſpecially by thoſe philoſophers who were diſciples of Timocrates the Heracliot. But this was put a ſtop to by the king of Pontus and Bithynia, who almoſt on his knees intreated us to go no farther; aſſuring us, that on account of his particular regard

† *Homer.*] See Iliad, book vii. l. 855.

for

for Rutilianus, he could not puniſh him, even if he had been found guilty of the greateſt enormities. I was obliged therefore, of neceſſity to deſiſt, as it would have been madneſs to accuſe him before a judge ſo predetermined.

Amongſt other inſtances of his audacity, what think you of his aſking the emperor to change the name of the wall of Abonus, and to call it * Ionopolis; and ſtriking money with the repreſentation of Glycon on one ſide, and himſelf on the other; with the crown of his grand-father Æſculapius, and the ſcythe of Perſeus, his progenitor by the mother's ſide?

He had publiſhed an oracle which foretold that he ſhould live to the age of a hundred and fifty, and then be † ſtruck dead with lightning: but after all made a moſt miſerable end, dying before he was quite ſeventy, as became the ſon of Podalirius; his foot and lower parts mortifying up to the groin: beſides that, he was almoſt eaten up with worms. At the time of his death, they diſcovered that he was ‡ bald, the pain obliging him to lay open his head to the phyſicians to pour ſomething upon it, which they could not do without taking off his || peruke.

Such was the cataſtrophe of the tragedy of Alexander: one would ſuppoſe it to have been the work of providence, though it might poſſibly ſo fall out by mere chance. Very fitting it was, that the ceremonies after his death ſhould correſpond with thoſe of his life, and that a contention ſhould enſue for the oracle. His brethren and accomplices, therefore, petitioned Rutilianus to determine which of them ſhould be preferred to it, and adorned with the ſacerdotal robe, and prophetic crown. Amongſt them was Pætus the phyſician, an old man, and grey-headed; little did it become his grey hairs, or his profeſſion, to appear in ſuch an affair. Rutilianus, however, who was to decide it, ſent them all away uncrowned, reſerving the prophet's place for him, at ſome more convenient opportunity.

I have ſelected, my dear friend, theſe few remarks by way of eſſay, partly to oblige you, my old acquaintance and companion; whom I admire, as well for your wiſdom and love of truth, as for that ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs of

* *Ionopolis.*] There are medals yet extant of Antoninus Pius, with the ſerpent and Glyco upon them; and others of L. Aurel. Verus, with this inſcription Γλυκων τωνοπολιτων.—an unanſwerable confirmation of the truth of Lucian's narrative.

† *Struck dead.*] Alluding to his own prophecy concerning himſelf, in verſe.

‡ *Bald.*] A circumſtance which Lucian, we find by the queſtion propoſed to him a little before, had come to the knowlege of.

|| *Peruke.*] Greek, φενακης, fictitio capillamento.

manners,

manners, that equity and juſtice, and all thoſe ſeveral qualities which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh you. And partly, I muſt own alſo, and which I know you will approve, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, that truly good and pious man, endowed with moſt divine knowlege, who alone was acquainted with the beauty of truth, and taught it to others, bleſſing all thoſe with freedom and happineſs who attended to him. The book will, withal, I flatter myſelf, be profitable to the reader, as it may ſerve to refute ſome falſehoods, and confirm the truth of ſome things worthy to be remembered.

TO

SIGNOR GALLINI,

THIS TREATISE IS INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

ON

DANCING,

A DIALOGUE.

One of the bad Conſequences ariſing from the Company of Wits, who deal in Irony and Sarcaſm is, that you never know whether they are in Jeſt or Earneſt; and this is the Caſe with LUCIAN, *in regard to the following Dialogue, which wears ſuch a double Face, that it is difficult to ſay whether he meant to ridicule the noble Science of Dancing, or truly and ſoberly to defend and extol it. When he tells us, in the Beginning, that Dancing is coeval with the Univerſe, and that the World is nothing but a grand Dance of Things, we can hardly conceive him to be ſerious; and yet in the latter Part of the Treatiſe, the Gravity of his Arguments and Manner would incline us to think him ſo. The whole, however, except, perhaps, the long String of old Fables, is entertaining and ſenſible.*

LYCINUS AND CRATO.

LYCINUS.

AS you have thought proper, my friend Crato, for ſome time paſt to bring moſt heavy complaints againſt dancing, to abuſe the art itſelf, and find fault with me for being fond of it, as ſpending all my time on a frivolous and womaniſh entertainment; I muſt now convince you how greatly you are miſtaken, and how ſadly you have forgot yourſelf, in ſpeaking thus contemptuouſly of one of the moſt agreeable things in life: it may, however, be pardonable in you, who have been brought up and uſed to a gloomy way of life, and have always imagined that nothing can be good that is not harſh and rigid, and condemn that which you are an utter ſtranger to.

CRATO.

CRATO.

In good truth, my friend Lycinus, I am aſtoniſhed to ſee a man like you, brought up to letters, and no bad philoſopher, leaving his profitable ſtudies and converſe with the ancients, to be tickled with a flageolet, or ſit admiring an effeminate fellow, in long petticoats, ſinging laſcivious ſongs, and imitating the lewd women, the * Phædras, Parthenopes, and Rhodopes of antiquity, beating time with your foot upon the benches, and making a ridiculous noiſe, very unbecoming a man of your education. When I heard you frequented ſuch entertainments, I not only bluſhed for, but was truly angry with you, for thus neglecting Plato, Ariſtotle, and Chryſippus, to ſit like thoſe who tickle their ears with a feather; and that too whilſt there are ſo many noble and delightful employments for the eye and ear, ſo many excellent concerts, ſo many, where the † harp is played on in perfection, and above all, whilſt there is grave tragedy and chearful comedy to amuſe you, things worthy of public conteſt, and univerſal emulation. You will ſtand in need, therefore, my good friend, of a long apology, at leaſt with every liberal mind, if you mean not to be cut off from the ſociety of all good and virtuous men: you had better, indeed, at once, deny that you were ever guilty of ſuch a folly; and take care that, for the future, we never ſee you changing yourſelf thus, from a man into a Lydian or Bacchanal; it would be not only your fault, indeed, but ours, if, when we ſaw you ſtupified, like ‡ Ulyſſes by the lotus, we did not endeavour to bring you back to your ſenſes, before you were totally poſſeſſed by thoſe Syrens of the ſtage; his Syrens caught mariners by the ears, if they did not ſtop them up with wax, as they ſailed that way; but you are taken by the eye, and reduced to the moſt abject ſlavery.

* *Phædras, &c.*] The ſtory of Phædra, and her paſſion for Hippolytus, is too well known to ſtand in need of any illuſtration. Parthenope was one of the Syrens whom Ulyſſes ſhut his ears againſt. The laſt mentioned lady is reported to have got money enough, by her profeſſion as a courtezan, to build one of the famous Ægyptian pyramids.

† *The harp.*] Greek κιθάρα. I call it a harp, though, as Montfaucon has obſerved, it is very difficult to determine in what the lyre, cithara, chelys, pſaltery, and harp differed from each other. Dr. Burney obſerves, that the cithara (from which the Italian word chitarra, or guittar, is manifeſtly derived), was, perhaps, as different from the lyre, as a ſingle harp from a double one. The Greeks had, probably, two principal ſpecies of ſtringed inſtruments, one, like our harp, of full compaſs, reſting on its baſe, the other more portable, and ſlung over the ſhoulder, like our guittar, or the ancient lyre, repreſented in ſculpture.

‡ *Like Ulyſſes.*] See Odyſſey, book ix. l. 92. I have quoted the paſſage as tranſlated by Pope, in another place.

LYCINUS.

Bleſs us, Crato, what a fierce dog have you let looſe upon me! but your ſimile, let me tell you, of the Syrens and Lotophagi, is by no means applicable to my caſe: for thoſe who eat the lotus, and liſtened to the Syrens, were puniſhed with death; whereas, with regard to myſelf, beſides that the pleaſure is much greater than theirs, the conſequence alſo is good and happy; for neither have I by this forgot my private concerns, nor become incapable of doing my buſineſs; but, on the contrary, I can affirm, always return from the theatre more alert, and fit for all the offices of life, ſo that I may ſay with Homer, who was an eye witneſs of it,

* Delighted I return, and wiſer far.

But pray tell me, Crato, do you find fault with dancing, and the ſtage, after being often preſent at them; or, having never been there, do you, notwithſtanding, aſſert that they are indefenſible? If you have ſeen them yourſelf, you are upon the level with me; and if you have NOT, ſurely your accuſation is unreaſonable and ill-founded, when you condemn that which you know nothing of.

CRATO.

Moſt certain it is, I have never been there: it would but ill become me, with my long beard and grey locks, to ſit myſelf down amongſt a heap of women, and mad ſpectators, to applaud a worthleſs fellow, writhing his body into a thouſand forms, for no good or uſeful purpoſe whatſoever.

LYCINUS.

I muſt pardon you, Crato, ſince this is the caſe; but if you will take my advice, only go by way of experiment, and open your eyes; I will anſwer for it, you will ſoon be for going early, and before any body elſe, to ſecure a good place, from whence you may ſee and hear every thing diſtinctly.

CRATO.

May I periſh if ever I ſubmit to any ſuch thing whilſt I have hair on my legs, and my beard is not pulled off! In the mean time I ſincerely pity you, who are ſeized with this Bacchanalian frenzy.

* *Delighted.*] This is a literal tranſlation of the line in Homer, which is

Τερψαμενος νειται, και πλειονα ειδως,

which is part of the Syren's ſong in the twelfth book of the Odyſſey. Pope has ſunk the whole line in his tranſlation, and, as he frequently does, gives us ſomething elſe in the room of it.

LYCI-

LYCINUS.

Will you then liſten to me, my friend, whilſt I defend dancing, and endeavour to convince you that it has many perfections; that it is not only entertaining, but profitable to the ſpectators; that it is uſeful and inſtructive, harmoniſes the ſouls of the beholders, charms the ſight with agreeable ſpectacles, and the hearing with delightful ſounds, diſplaying the united beauties both of mind and body: that it does all this by the aſſiſtance of muſic and numbers, is not to its diſgrace, but adds to the praiſe and honour of it.

CRATO.

I am not at leiſure to hear a madman harangue in praiſe of his diſtemper; but, if you are very deſirous of pouring out your nonſenſe upon me, I will ſubmit to the operation, and lend you my ears, which, though I ſhall not ſtop them with wax, may not, perhaps, be very attentive to you. I will hold my tongue, however; therefore, ſay what you pleaſe, as if there was nobody to overhear you.

LYCINUS.

That is the very thing I wiſhed for; you will ſoon ſee whether what I am going to ſay to you is nonſenſe. In the firſt place, then, I muſt obſerve, that you ſeem not to know the antiquity of dancing; that it is not of yeſterday, not invented by our anceſtors, nor by thoſe who lived before them: they who know the true origin of it will inform you, that it is coeval with the birth of the Univerſe, and ſprang forth at the ſame time with Love, the eldeſt of the gods. The Chorus of the ſtars, the conjunction of the planets, their harmonious order and connection, are but various copies of the firſt great dance of things: from that time the art hath been advancing, which is now arrived at perfection, and is at length the moſt * muſe-like, all comprehending, all harmonious, firſt of things.

† Rhea, we are told, delighting in the art, firſt commanded the Corybantes in Phrygia, and the Curetes in Crete to dance; and ſhe received no

* *Muſe-like.*] Greek, πολυμουσον αγαθον.

† *Rhea, &c.*] To underſtand the force, and taſte the ridicule of this paſſage, it is neceſſary to inform the reader, if he does not know it before, that according to the unaccountable ſyſtem of ancient theogony, Rhea, or Cybele, when ſhe was with child of Jupiter by Saturn, that her huſband might not deſtroy the infant as ſoon as born, which it ſeems he had threatened, retired to Crete, when, after being delivered, ſhe gave her little Jupiter to the care of her friends, or prieſts, the Curetes and Corybantes, who made a violent noiſe with their lances, ſhields, and bucklers, that Saturn might not hear the child cry. Lucian takes this opportunity of laughing at the whole ſtory, and tells us that it is therefore to dancing alone we are indebted for the preſervation of the father of gods and men.

ſmall

ſmall advantage from it; for they preſerved her ſon, and Jove will himſelf acknowlege, that to them he owed his delivery from the cruelty of an incenſed father: they danced in arms, and ſtriking their ſwords on their ſhields, ſeemed, as it were, filled with a martial and divine fury. Some of the braveſt Cretans afterwards ſtudied this art, and became excellent dancers; and theſe were not the low and common people, but of the nobleſt families, and amongſt thoſe who were deſerving of the empire. Homer, with a view to diſtinguiſh, and not to diſgrace Merion, calls him a dancer: and ſo famous was he in this art, that not only his countrymen the Grecians acknowleged his perfections in it, but his enemies the Trojans alſo; they experienced, no doubt, in battle, that ſkill and agility which he had acquired by his proficiency in this uſeful ſcience; the verſes, I think, are pretty nearly as follows,

* Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize;
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

And yet we find he did not kill him: by his knowlege of † dancing, I ſuppoſe, he eſcaped the arrows that were ſhot at him. I could enumerate ſeveral other heroes who were renowned for this art; it may ſuffice to mention only Neoptolemus, the ſon of Achilles, a moſt admirable dancer, who invented the famous Pyrrhic dance, ſo called from him. When Achilles heard this of his ſon, it gave him more pleaſure, they ſay, than when he reflected on his beauty, and all his other accompliſhments and perfections. It was ‡ his dance indeed, that deſtroyed and laid level with the ground, the proud city of Troy; which, to that day, had remained unconquerable.

The Lacedæmonians, who were reckoned the braveſt of all the Grecians, learned their Caryatic from Caſtor and Pollux (this is a ſpecies of dance, ſo called from Caryæ, a ſtreet in Sparta); theſe people did every thing in a

* See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, B. xvi. l. 745.

† *Dancing*] Is this a ſerious defence of dancing, or a ſevere ridicule of it?

‡ *His dance.*] Surely Lucian appears here with a broad grin on his countenance, and is plainly ironical; it puts us in mind of the burleſque ſong, where Alexander

Drank about the council-board,
And ſubdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering ſword.

muſe-

muſe-like manner, fought by numbers, muſic, and a regular motion of the feet; the pipe always giving the firſt ſignal of battle: and as they were led on by muſic and dancing, they always conquered: their young men were taught to dance, as well as to fight: they came to blows, then pauſed for a time, and finiſhed the engagement in a dance; the fidler always ſitting in the midſt, and beating time with his foot; whilſt they, forming themſelves as it were, into metre, followed each other in various circumvolutions; and marching to different tunes, ſometimes rough and warlike, and ſoon after to quick and ſpritely ones, ſuch as Bacchus and Venus admire. The ſong which they ſing in their dance, is an invitation to Venus and Cupid to trip it along with them; another, for they ſing two, contains inſtructions how they are to dance: then they cry out aloud, "Boys, move your feet, and dance better."

Thoſe do much the ſame who perform the * Hormus: this is a dance of the youths and virgins, moving in a chorus one by one, like a chain or collar, from which it takes its name. The young man leads the way, ſtepping gracefully along, and with ſuch motions as he is afterwards to practiſe in the field; the virgin follows, teaching her ſex, as it were, to dance with decency and grace; ſo that the whole appears indeed like a chain, where manly fortitude, and female modeſty, are knit together.

What Homer tells us in his ſhield of Achilles concerning † Ariadne, and the dance which Dædalus led her, as unneceſſary to repeat to a reader like you, I ſhall paſs over; as well as the two dancers, leaders of the chorus, whom the poet calls ‡ tumblers; and likewiſe where he ſays,

* *Hormus.*] From the Greek ὅρμος, monile, a collar, or necklace. The idea is a pretty one, ſomething ſimilar to this is frequently adopted in our modern dances.

† *Ariadne.*] A figured dance ſucceeds; ſuch once was ſeen,
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalian art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand,
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And, undiſtinguiſh'd, blend the flying ring.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book xviii. l. 691.

It is worth obſerving, ſays a commentator on this paſſage, that the Grecian dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the oriental nations; the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly; by degrees the muſic plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs, and towards the concluſion, ſing as here in a general chorus.

‡ *Tumblers.*] Greek, ἀνακυκλητῆρες, the Latin tranſlator calls them ſaltantes in caput, ſuch as dance on their heads. Pope calls them tumblers.

The

The youthful dancers, in a circle bound.

And which, he tells us, was the moſt beautiful part of Vulcan's ſhield. The Phæacians, we may naturally ſuppoſe, were fond of dancing, being a delicate race of people, and who lived a life of luxury and happineſs. Homer therefore, makes * Ulyſſes particularly admire them.

The Theſſalians had this art in ſuch eſteem, that they called their generals and great warriors † leaders of the dance; and this is proved by their inſcriptions on the monuments which they raiſed, in memory of their great men: one of them ſays, "the city made ſuch a man Proorcheſter: and another, "the people raiſed this to the memory of Ilation, for his well-danced "battle."

I ſhall not here obſerve, that amongſt all the ancient myſteries, there are none without dances, as Orpheus, Muſæus, and others, the beſt dancers of their time, who inſtituted them, always took care to make dancing an indiſputable qualification for all who were initiated into them. We muſt not ſpeak of the orgies, on account of thoſe who are not initiated; but every body knows, that thoſe who reveal the myſteries, are ſaid to have ‡ danced out of the circle.

In Delos, no ſacrifices, it is well known, were ever made without muſic and dancing: a chorus of boys always played upon the lute and harp, whilſt the moſt ſkilful of them proceeded with hymns and ſongs; and the verſes written for theſe choruſſes which the Lyric poets are full of, were called || Hyporchemata. But why need I dwell upon the Greeks, when even the Indians, as ſoon as they riſe in the morning, worſhip the ſun; not as we do, who, when we have kiſſed our hands, think our adoration complete; but

* *Ulyſſes.*] See Odyſſey, Θ. l. 365.

† *Leaders.*] Greek, προορχεστηρας, firſt dancers. This and the other appellations mean no more than that the Theſſalians applied terms uſed in dancing to military affairs, and did this art the honour ſometimes to draw alluſions from it; but Lucian's buſineſs here is to make the moſt of the matter.

‡ *Danced out*] Greek, Εξορχεισθαι, extra ſacrum chorum ſaltare. Whence, perhaps, we may derive our Engliſh word, exorciſm; but, after all, this is nothing, as I before obſerved, but an alluſion; though Lucian ſeems to inſinuate that religion itſelf depends on dancing. His fervent zeal on this occaſion puts me in mind of a famous Treatiſe on the Art of Angling, now before me; the author, after affirming that no man can be honeſt or good who does not love fiſhing, proceeds gravely to remark, that only three Apoſtles attended our Saviour to the mount, on his transfiguration, and that theſe three were all—fiſhermen.

§ *Hyporchemata.*] From ορχησις, ſaltatio, ὑπορχημα δε, ſays Meurſius, το μετ' ορχησεως αδομενον μελος.

turning

turning their heads towards the eaſt, ſalute him with a dance; ſilently throwing themſelves into certain poſtures, and imitating the motions of the divinity. Such is the adoration of the Indians, their chorus, and ſacrifice; in this manner they propitiate the deity in the morning and in the evening every day. The Æthiopians alſo dance whilſt they fight; nor will one of them take an arrow out of his hair, (for that is his quiver, which they ſurround like ſo many rays,) without firſt making uſe of ſeveral threatening motions, and terrifying the enemy with a dance.

And now we are got into India and Æthiopia, it may be worth our while to ſtep down into the neighbouring kingdom of Ægypt. Here, according to the old fable, lived the famous Proteus, who, I believe, was nothing more than a good dancer, and an excellent mimic; who could throw himſelf into all ſhapes and forms, imitating, by the rapidity of his motions, the ſwiftneſs of fire, the fluidity of water, the fierceneſs of the lion, the ſpirit of the panther, the bending of the trees, and any thing, in ſhort, he pleaſed: but they caught hold of the marvellous, and told the ſtory as if thoſe things had really happened, which were ſo well repreſented by him, though thoſe that dance now perform the very ſame, for they change themſelves into every form, and rival * Proteus himſelf: we have reaſon to ſuppoſe that Empuſa alſo, who could throw herſelf into ſuch a variety of ſhapes, was likewiſe ſome excellent proficient in this art.

Nor muſt we here paſs over that dance of the Romans which is performed by the † Salii (for ſo they call ſome of their prieſts), in honour of Mars, the god of war, and which is moſt grave and holy.

Agreeable to this Roman cuſtom is the fable which the Bithynians relate of their Priapus, a warlike deity, one of the Titans I believe, or the ‡ Idæ-

* *Proteus.*] Here the maſk falls fairly off, and Lucian may be ſaid to laugh out: his turning Proteus into a dancing-maſter plainly ſhews he cannot be in earneſt, but it is hoped the Proteus's of the preſent age, in conſideration of the many handſome things he has ſaid on the ſubject, will forgive him a laugh or two on the profeſſion.

† *Salii.*] The Salii were Roman prieſts, and ſo called from ſalio, to dance, firſt appointed we are told by Numa: their office was to celebrate the rites of Mars with ſongs and dances; they were habited in a ſhort ſcarlet caſſock, having round them a broad belt, claſped with braſs buckles, on their heads they wore a ſort of copper helmet, ſhort ſwords by their ſides, a javelin in their right hand, and the ancele, or target, in the other. They were twelve in number, and always choſen from the patricians.

‡ *Idæan dactyli.*] Prieſts of Cybele, who was worſhipped on mount Ida, called dactyli, from δακτυλος, a finger, in alluſion to their number, as in their firſt inſtitution there were but ten of them. See Strabo, Pollux, Iſ. Caſaubon, and the learned Bryan.

an Dactyli, well ſkilled in military knowlege, who is ſaid to have received Mars from the hands of Juno, whilſt he was yet a boy, though remarkably ſtrong and manly, and to have inſtructed him in dancing, even before he taught him to fight; for this, as a reward, he was preſented by Juno with a tenth of the ſpoil which fell to the ſhare of Mars in battle. I need not mention to you the feaſts of Bacchus, which, you well know, all conſiſt in dances, the principal of them the * Cordax, the † Sicynnis, and the ‡ Emmeleia, were ſo called from the Satyrs, prieſts of Bacchus, who invented them; by theſe he conquered the Tyrrhenians, Indians, and Lydians, and obliged thoſe warlike nations to carry the thiaſus.

Take heed, therefore, my moſt extraordinary friend, that you are not guilty of impiety, in vilifying this divine and myſtic art, practiſed by ſo many of the gods themſelves, and dedicated to their ſervice, and which, at the ſame time, affords both profit and delight. When I conſider (for I muſt once more recur to the poets), how great an admirer you are of Homer, and Heſiod in particular, I am aſtoniſhed to find your opinion ſo directly oppoſite to them, who praiſe this art above all things. When Homer ſpeaks of things the moſt deſireable, he mentions ſleep, love, and harmony, and calls dancing alone the § irreprehenſible pleaſure: he bears teſtimony, you ſee, to the excellency of ſong, which always accompanies my favourite art, and expreſly ſays, that is irreprehenſible, which you have dared to find fault with; and again, in another part of his poem, he ſays,

|| To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome ſweet muſic, and the charms of ſong.

Moſt delightful, indeed, are ſong and dance together, they are the ſweeteſt gift of heaven; the poet ſeems to have divided all things into two parts, war and peace, and in oppoſition to the former has contraſted theſe pleaſures as the moſt delectable.

* *Cordax.*] This was a gay briſk dance, accompanied ſometimes, we are told, with lewd and wanton geſtures, and belonged properly to comedy; a learned writer on the ſubject calls it genus ridiculæ ſaltationis in comediis, quæ turpiter lumbos ſpinamque quatiebat—approaching, I ſuppoſe, pretty nearly to the indecency of our modern ſtage-dancing; the Bacchanalia, or feaſts of Bacchus, conſiſted principally of various dances.

† *Sicynnus.*] This was a ſatirical dance, wherein the grave and briſk were intermixed.

‡ *Emmeleia.*] This was a grave and ſolemn dance.

§ *Irreprehenſible.*] Greek, ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοιο. Il. N. 636.

|| *To ſome, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 915.

Heſiod,

Heſiod alſo, who was not told of it by others, but himſelf,

At early morn beheld the dancing choir,

in the beginning of his poem, ſings the Muſes praiſe, and tells us, as the higheſt encomium of them, that

* On the clear fountain's brim, with tender feet,
They lead the mazy dance, around the altar
Of their celeſtial fire ——

And is it not, my friend, almoſt to fight againſt the gods, thus to revile ſo noble an art?

Socrates, who, if we are to credit the Pythian oracle, was the wiſeſt of men, not only praiſed dancing, but did himſelf condeſcend to learn it, attributing the greateſt effect to muſic, numbers, and modulated motions; nor was he aſhamed, though an old man, to conſider it as the moſt ſerious thing. He was, indeed, no little friend to it who frequented the ſchools of muſic, and liſtened even to the † courtezan Aſpaſia for wiſdom and inſtruction, though he lived when the art was in its infancy, and long before it had arrived at its preſent perfection; had he ſeen thoſe who now practiſe it, he would, I doubt not, have left every thing elſe for this entertainment alone, nor have taught his pupils any thing before, or in preference to it.

When you talked of tragedy and comedy, you muſt certainly have forgot that there are dances appropriated to each of them; for one, the Emmeleia; for the other the Cordax; the Sicynnis alſo is ſometimes taken in with them; but ſince you ſet out by preferring theſe to dancing, becauſe they are frequently propoſed as ſubjects of contention, and are therefore honourable, let us compare them together, to paſs over muſic, which is only an attendant on our art, and ſubſervient to it.

If we are to judge of tragedy from its firſt appearance, what a diſguſting and formidable ſpectacle it is! to ſee a man come in ſtretched out to an enormous length, and ſtalking in high-heeled ſhoes, with a maſk that comes out beyond his head, and gapes as if it would devour all the ſpectators, not to mention the cuſhions ſtuck out on the breaſt and belly to make artificial fat, to prevent the inconſiſtent appearance of a thin body: then from under

* *On the clear.*] See Heſiod's Theogony.

† *Courtezan.*] This is an invidious ſneer on Socrates, whoſe exalted virtue Lucian frequently takes the liberty to call in queſtion.

his covering you hear him crying out, ſometimes high, and ſometimes low, and chaunting his ſorrows in iambic verſe, minding nothing but his voice, for every thing elſe uſed to be ſupplied by the poet himſelf: as long as only Hecuba or Andromache ſpoke, this was tolerable; but when Hercules comes to ſing alone, he forgets the club and the lion's ſkin, drops the character, and may be ſaid to make a ſoleciſm indeed.

You alledge, that in dancing, men act the part of women; now this is commonly done both in tragedy and comedy, for * in both there are more women than men: in comedy, the principal parts, to make the audience laugh, are given to the ridiculous characters, cooks, ſcullions, Davus's, and Tibius's: on the other hand, how neat and decent the habit and appearance of the dancer is, I need not remark, one muſt be blind not to ſee it: add to this, that the maſk is always handſome, and ſuited to the action, not gaping like the other, but with the mouth ſhut. There are, indeed, other mouths enough to open in praiſe of it. It was formerly uſual for the ſame perſon both to ſing and dance; but, finding that ſhortneſs of breath from quick motion ſpoiled the ſong, they relieved the dancer, and appointed a perſon to ſing † under him. With regard to other things, tragedy and dancing are nearly the ſame, except that the latter has more variety, and is ‡ more inſtructive.

The reaſon why there are no exerciſes, or prizes for dancing appointed in Greece, was, I ſuppoſe, becauſe the magiſtrates thought it too noble and

* *In both.*] This, ſo far as it regards the ſmall remains of the ancient drama now extant, is by no means true; in Lucian's time, however, for ought we know, it might have been ſo. Women, it is almoſt certain, never acted either in comedy or tragedy, and moſt probably were not then thought capable of it. What would Lucian ſay, if he could come amongſt us, to a Young, a Yates, or a Barry?

† *Under him.*] This lets us into a dramatic manœuvre which we were totally unacquainted with, one man dancing, and another explaining his motions in a ſong; a great deal of ſkill and exactneſs muſt have been neceſſary in both. This idea agrees ſurpriſingly with the hypotheſis ſupported by the Abbé du Bos. See his Reflections on Painting and Poetry.

‡ *More inſtructive.*] Greek, πολυμαθέστεραι, plus doctrinæ habentes, a bold aſſertion of Lucian, which the tragic poets of this or any other age will hardly admit; but our ſatiriſt, we muſt remember, is apt now and then to deal in the hyperbole: the writers, however, on the other ſide of the queſtion are equally extravagant, melius eſt fodere quam ſaltare, ſays the pious St. Auguſtine; nemo ſaltat ſobrius, ſays Tully; and the author of the Hiſtory of the Waldenſes very gravely aſſures us, that a dance is the devil's proceſſion, and as many paces as a man dances, ſo many ſteps does he make towards hell; with many other reflections of the ſame nature.—Muſt we then, after all, ſend our children to the dancing ſchool or not? as Pope ſays,

Who ſhall decide when doctors diſagree?

ſacred a thing to become a ſubject of public trial, as it were, and examination; not to mention that there is a city in Italy, which has added this ornament to their other games and ceremonies.

I muſt here apologize to you, for omitting many things which I might have mentioned on this occaſion: I am not ignorant that ſeveral who have treated the ſame ſubject before me have dwelt much longer upon it, have run through every ſpecies of dancing, given us their names, and deſcribed what they were, and by whom invented, with a view, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew their extenſive learning; for my own part, I look upon all this, as the poor ambition of the ignorant; and beſides that, it would be very troubleſome and inconvenient to me, and for that reaſon I paſs them all over. I muſt deſire you, moreover, to recollect, that it was not my preſent intention to trace out the origin of every kind of dance, but only to deſcribe the few which I firſt mentioned, and which, I conſidered as the principal efforts of this noble art. The chief end of this diſcourſe being to recommend dancing in general, and to ſhew how much, both of pleaſure and profit, there is in it: I mean, as it is now practiſed, not as it was formerly, but with all the improvements which it received in, and ſince the time of Auguſtus. Paſſing over, as it were, the roots and foundation of the art, we come now to the flower and fruit of it. Taking no notice of the * Thermayſtris, the † Crane, and the reſt of thoſe which are foreign to our preſent practice: nor ſhall I mention the ‡ Phrygian dance, made uſe of, generally, by boon companions in their drinking bouts; and which, our ruſtics continue to this day to the ſound of flutes, which, likewiſe, have very little reſemblance with our preſent modes and faſhions. Plato, in his laws, finds fault with ſeveral of theſe; in his diviſion of them into the uſeful and agreeable, rejecting ſome as rude and indecent, and praiſing and admiring others. So much therefore, for the art itſelf. For to deſcribe all the ſpecies of it would be a ridiculous and unneceſſary taſk.

* *Thermayſtris.*] A remarkably quick dance, abounding in leaps and caprioles, ſuch as required the greateſt ſtrength and agility. Athenæus calls it furioſa ſaltatio, a mad dance; and another author calls it, genus ſaltationis vehementis, & præcipuæ agilitatis.

† *The crane.*] Greek, γερανον, ſo called, we may ſuppoſe, from the flight of that bird, whoſe motions were probably imitated by the dancers.

‡ *Phrygian.*] This was probably, as it is deſcribed to us, a ruſtic popular dance, in which the performers, as they danced, ſung to the dance tune,—Where are my roſes, where are my violets, where are my beautiful ſwarms of bees, &c.

And

And now I will enumerate thoſe qualities which the dancer ſhould be poſſeſſed of, how he ſhould be prepared, and inſtructed, and by what means his knowlege may be ſtrengthened and confirmed; by which you will perceive, that this art is not to be numbered amongſt the eaſieſt and moſt practicable, but reaches to the * ſummit of all human learning: comprehending muſic, numbers, geometry, with your favourite philoſophy, both natural and moral, though it doth not hold the ſubtilty of diſputation by any means neceſſary. Oratory, however, it would not deſpiſe, but lays claim to a part of it, as far as concerns the paſſions and affections of men: nor muſt it be a ſtranger to painting and ſtatuary, as it can imitate their ſymmetry and proportion, in ſuch a manner as neither Phidias nor Apelles can be ſuperior to it. But, above all, it will be neceſſary for the dancer to have a great and comprehenſive memory: for, like Homer's Calchas, he

† Muſt know the paſt, the preſent, and to come.

That nothing may eſcape him, as it is an imitative ſcience, he muſt be able to point out and expreſs the thoughts of men: what Homer, therefore, attributed to Pericles, the good dancer muſt alſo enjoy; a power of underſtanding what ought to be done, and of practiſing it alſo. How he is to do this, I will now conſider.

The firſt great requiſite is a knowlege of ancient hiſtory, a perfect remembrance, as I before obſerved, and a proper repreſentation of it. He muſt know every thing, therefore, from chaos and the origin of things, down to the times of Ægyptian Cleopatra; with all that paſſed in the interval; as, the ‡ caſtration of Cœlum, the birth of Venus, the battle of the Titans, the nativity of Jupiter, the fraud of Rhea, the ſtone, the impriſonment of Saturn,

* *The ſummit.*] This exaggerated encomium puts us in mind of a ſtroke of humour (and I believe it is the only one in it), in one of our farces, where the dancing-maſter obſerves, that the young lady's imprudent conduct can be attributed to nothing but her never having learned to dance.

† *Muſt know.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i.

‡ *The caſtration, &c.*] Lucian has here, probably to ſhew his learning, which was very extenſive, given us a long detail of ancient ſtories, which, to confeſs the truth, is rather tedious and unneceſſary; it would ſurely be ſufficient to obſerve, in ſupport of his labour'd panegyric on the art, that the dancer ſhould be acquainted with every part of ancient hiſtory, fable, and mythology, without entering ſo minutely into the repetition of them.

It is obſervable that ſome of the tales alluded to are not mentioned by any author but Lucian, and contain ſome facts and hiſtories which we know nothing of: an enquiry into, and full explanation of them all would fill a quarto volume; I have not, therefore, attempted a taſk which would be both tireſome and unneceſſary.

and

and the fate of the three brothers; the rebellion of the giants, the ſtolen fire, the creation of men, the puniſhment of Prometheus, the power of the two kinds of love; the wandering of Delos, the birth of Latona, the taking away of Python, the ſnares of Tityus, the middle of the earth diſcovered by the flight of eagles: beſides theſe, he muſt remember the wreck of things in the time of Deucalion, one * ark containing the remnant of mankind, and mortals ſpringing up again from ſtones; the tearing Iachus in pieces, the trick of Juno, and burning of Semele; the birth of both Bacchus's, every thing about Minerva, Vulcan, and Erichthonius; the contention for Athens, the ſtory of Halirrhodius, the ſentence of the Areopagus, with all the mythology of that country, particularly the travels of Ceres, the hoſpitality of Celeus, the agriculture of Triptolemus, the planting of the vine by Icarius, the misfortunes of Erigone, and every thing that is related concerning Boreas, and Oreithyia, and Theſeus, and Ægeus; the carrying away of Medea, and the retreat into Perſia; the daughters of Erectheus and Pandion, with all that they did and ſuffered in Thrace; not forgeting Acamas, and Phyllis, the firſt rape of Helen, the invaſion of Athens by Caſtor and Pollux, the adventures of Hippolytus, and the return of the Heraclidæ; this all belongs to the hiſtory of Athens, from which I have only ſelected theſe few particulars. Afterwards muſt come that of Megara, the account of Niſus and Scylla, and the purple hair, the journey of Minos, and his ingratitude to his benefactreſs; to which will ſucceed, the ſtory of Cithæron and the Thebans, the affairs of the Labdacidæ, and the travels of Cadmus, the ox that laid down, the ſerpent's teeth, and the men ſpringing up from them, the metamorphoſis of Cadmus into a ſerpent, the walls built by Amphion by the ſound of the lyre, the madneſs of the builder, the pride of Niobe, her ſilence and grief, the hiſtory of Pentheus, Actæon, Oedipus, Hercules and all his labours, with the murther of his children. Then comes Corinth that abounds in fables, of Glauce and Creon, Bellerophon and Sthenobæa, the battle between Neptune and the ſun, the madneſs of Athamas, the flight of the children of Nephele through the air upon a ram, with the reception of Ino and Melicerta amongſt the deities of the ſea: then follows the hiſtory of the Pelopidæ, Mycenæ, and all that paſſed there; Inachus, Io, Argus, Atreus,

* *The ark.*] A ſtrong confirmation of the truth of the Moſaic hiſtory of the Deluge; but Lucian, in another part of his works, which the reader will come to preſently, gives us a full and very extraordinary account of this matter.

and

and Thyeſtes, Ærope, the golden fleece, the wedding of Pelops, the murther of Agamemnon, and the puniſhment of Clytemnæſtra; before this, the expedition of the ſeven leaders againſt Thebes, the reception of the baniſhed ſons-in-law of Adraſtus, the oracle concerning them, the forbidding of funeral rites, and the deaths of Menæceus and Antigone in conſequence of it; add to this, as neceſſary to be known, what happened in Nemæa, to Hypſipyle and Archemorus, and what paſſed long before that with relation to Danae's priſon, the birth of Perſeus, and his combat with the Gorgon, to which is joined the hiſtory of Æthiopia, Caſſiopeia, Andromeda, and Cepheus, whom the credulity of after-ages placed amongſt the ſtars: neither muſt he forget the ſtory of Danaus and Ægyptus, and the fradulent marriage of their children. Lacedæmon will alſo furniſh him with many events, the loves of Hyacinthus, the rivalſhip of Zephyrus and Apollo, the murther of the boy by a diſcus, the flower that ſprung up from his blood with the melancholy marks upon it, Tyndarus riſing from the dead, and Jupiter's quarrel with Æſculapius, the wandering of Paris after his judgment of the apple, with the rape of Helen. The hiſtory of Troy is connected with that of Sparta, and is very large and comprehenſive: as from almoſt every one of the adventures there, a fable may be compoſed; all which, he ought, therefore, to retain in his memory, particularly from the rape of Helen to the return of the Greeks, the voyages of Æneas, and the paſſion of Dido; with which may be connected, the acts of Oreſtes, and what he performed in Scythia; nor muſt the previous circumſtances be forgot of Achilles remaining at Scyrus in the habit of a virgin, the madneſs of Ulyſſes, Philoctetes left in the deſart iſland, all the adventures of Ulyſſes, Circe, and Telegonus, the power of Æolus over the winds, and every thing that happened down to the death of the ſuitors, back as far as the ſnares laid for Palamedes, the anger of Nauplius, the madneſs of one Ajax, and the death of the other amongſt the rocks. Elis will alſo furniſh the ſkilful dancer with many ſubjects; Oenomaus, Myrtilus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the firſt contenders at the Olympic games. Arcadia will likewiſe ſupply him with abundance of fables, ſuch as the flight of Daphne, Calliſthes living the life of a ſavage, the drunken frolics of the Centaurs, the birth of Pan, the loves of Alpheus, and his diving under the ſea. If he paſſes over into Crete, he will meet with great variety, Europe, Paſiphae, the two bulls, the labyrinth, Ariadne, Phædra, Androgeos, Dædalus, Icarus, Glaucus, the prophecies of Polyides, and

Talus

Talus the traveller, who carried the brazen tablets through Crete. If he goes from thence to Ætolia, he will find Althæa, Meleager, Atalanta, the fatal brand, the combat of Hercules and Achelous, the birth of the Syrens, the origin of the Echinæ, when the fury of Alcmæon had ſubſided, the ſtory of Neſſus, and Deianira, and the funeral pile of Hercules. Thrace will likewiſe produce ſome things very neceſſary to be known by him, as, the death of Orpheus, his head ſwimming upon the lyre and ſpeaking, Hœmus, Rhodope, and the puniſhment of Lycurgus. Theſſaly will furniſh him with ſtill more, Pelias, Jaſon, Alceſtes, the fleet of the fifty youths, Argos, and the * talking ſhip; the adventures of Lemnos, Æte, the dream of Medea, Abſyrtus torn to pieces, what befel her in her voyage, and the ſtory of Proteſilaus and Laodamia. If from thence you go back to Aſia, you will meet with Samos, and the misfortunes of Polycrates, and his daughter's rambles into Perſia, not to mention the more ancient fables of the imprudent tongue of Tantalus, the dreadful banquet of the gods, with the death of Pelops, and his ivory ſhoulder. In Italy he will find Eridanus, with Phaeton, and his ſiſters turned into trees that diſtilled amber: he muſt be acquainted alſo, with the Heſperides, the dragon that guarded the golden fruit, the labour of Atlas, Geryon, and the driving of the oxen out of Erytheia; nor muſt he be ignorant of the various metamorphoſes into trees, beaſts, or birds; and of women into men, as Cæneus, Tireſias, and the like; in Phœnicia, Myrrha, and the death of Adonis. Beſides theſe, he muſt know thoſe more recent facts which happened after the eſtabliſhment of the Macedonian empire, with all that Antipater and Seleucus ſuffered for the love of Stratonice. He muſt be acquainted with the myſteries of the Ægyptians, and be able to expreſs them by proper ſymbols; ſuch, I mean, as Epaphus, Oſyris, and the gods changed into various animals; and above all, their love-adventures, particularly thoſe of Jove, and the many ſhapes he transformed himſelf into. He muſt know alſo all the tragic hiſtory of the infernal regions, their puniſhments, and the cauſes of them; with the uncommon friendſhip of Theſeus and Pirithous, continued even in the ſhades. His memory, in ſhort, muſt

* *Talking ſhip.*] Orpheus calls it ευλαλος Αργω, and the Roman poet ſays,

Mox, uti victa gravi ceciderunt lumina ſomno,
Viſa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ.
Vocibus his inſtare duci. See Val. Flaccus, book i. l. 301.

comprehend every thing which Homer, Heſiod, and the tragic poets have recorded.

Theſe few things, out of a great many, or rather a great many out of an infinite number, I have here mentioned as indiſpenſibly neceſſary, leaving the reſt to be ſung by the poets, or gleaned up by the artiſt himſelf, which he muſt always have in readineſs to produce, whenever he may have occaſion for them.

As his ſkill conſiſts in imitation, and he undertakes to explain every thing that is ſung by geſtures; he muſt, like the orator, be always perſpicuous and intelligible, that whatever he points out may be plain and clear, and not ſtand in need of an interpreter: for, as the Pythian oracle declared, the dancer muſt be underſtood though he is dumb, and heard though he ſays nothing.

Something like this happened formerly to Demetrius the Cynic, who, finding fault with dancing, as you do now, aſſerted that it ſucceeded merely by the aſſiſtance of muſic, conducing not at all of itſelf to the main action: but, that men were impoſed on by a fine ſilken garment, a handſome maſk, the flute, and the good voices of the ſingers with which that was ſet off, though it had no merit of its own. An eminent dancer in the reign of Nero, not leſs diſtinguiſhed for his knowlege of hiſtory, than for the grace and eloquence of his motions, only begged Demetrius, which was certainly a very reaſonable requeſt, to ſee him dance before he condemned him, and promiſed to perform without muſic or ſinging; which he did, and commanding the inſtruments to ceaſe, he danced before him the whole ſtory of Mars and Venus, the ſun expoſing them, Vulcan detecting and throwing the chains over the lovers, the gods ſtanding by, Venus bluſhing, Mars frightened and ſupplicating him; in ſuch a manner as beyond meaſure to delight Demetrius, who paid him the higheſt compliment, crying out with a loud voice, "I not only ſee every thing you do, but even hear it alſo; for your hands ſeem to ſpeak to me."

And now I am talking of Nero: I will tell you what happened in his time, with regard to this very dancer whom I juſt now mentioned to you, and which was the greateſt encomium on the art itſelf. A certain barbarian from Pontus, of royal lineage, who came to Nero on ſome private buſineſs, ſaw this man dance with ſeveral others; when he performed ſo amazingly, that though he did not know the meaning of the ſinging that accompanied him,

him, for he was a Half-Grecian, yet he perfectly underſtood him. When he was returning home, Nero embraced him, and deſired him to aſk for whatever he pleaſed, and he ſhould have it: whereupon, the barbarian ſaid, The greateſt favour you can confer, will be, to make me a preſent of that dancer. And when Nero aſked what ſervice he could be of to him, he replied, I have ſeveral barbarians at home, who ſpeak different languages, and it is difficult to get interpreters for them: this man will ſupply the place of one, and by his geſtures explain every thing to me. So ſtrong an impreſſion had this imitative art made on him, and ſo clear and excellent did it appear to him.

The chief buſineſs and ſcope of this art conſiſts, as I before obſerved, in its imitative perfection; the ſame which the rhetoricians aim at, particularly thoſe who excel in what we call declamation; which always meets with extraordinary applauſe, when it is agreeable to the ſubject, and correſponds with the character of the perſon ſuppoſed to ſpeak, whether he be a tyrant-killer, a poor man, or a huſbandman; in either of theſe, the merit lies in repreſenting what is proper for, and peculiar to him.

I will tell you what another barbarian ſaid on this ſubject. Seeing one day five maſks prepared, (for the fable conſiſted of five acts,) and but one dancer, he enquired who was to perform the reſt of the parts; and, being informed that he was to do them all himſelf, "I did not know, ſaid he, my good friend, that this one body of yours had ſo many ſouls."

The Romans have not improperly ſtyled the dancer a * pantomime, the imitator of every thing, as he really is; the † poetical exhortation, therefore, may be well applied to him; "Frequent thou, my ſon, various cities and various people, aſſuming their manners, and adhering, like the poly-

* *Pantomimes.*] The mimics and pantomimes which Lucian here ſpeaks of, were not introduced till in the decline of the Roman empire, when an almoſt total depravity of taſte prevailed: though dancers, they had their names from acting or imitation, copying all the force of the paſſions, merely by motions of the body, and without the help of words, repreſented all the ſtories of antiquity. They became ſo extremely faſhionable, and were ſo univerſally careſſed by the young nobility, that a law, we are told, was at laſt made, that no pantomime ſhould be ſuffered to enter the houſe of a Patrician. See Weaver on Dancing, and the abbé du Bos.

† *Poetical.*] Alluding to thoſe verſes of Theogenis, as quoted by Plutarch,

Πωλυπου οργην ιχε πολυπλοκον, ος ποτε πετρη
Τη προσομιλησει, τοιος ιδειν εφανη.

The polypus here mentioned, was probably a kind of oyſter or muſcle, adhering to the rock, and appearing as a part of it.

pus, to every one of them." This is abſolutely neceſſary to the dancer, who muſt adhere to, and be familiar with every thing about him. The art profeſſes to deſcribe the manners and paſſions, and to expreſs them by action, to repreſent men as affected by love, by anger, by grief, by madneſs, and every one of them with its peculiar geſtures. What is moſt aſtoniſhing, is, that in the ſame day is often performed the character of a raging Athamas, an affrighted Ino, an Atreus, or Oerope, and all by one and the ſame perſon.

Other ſpectacles and repreſentations either for the eye or ear, exhibit but one thing, it is the pipe, the harp, the ſong, the comedy, or the tragedy, but dancing comprehends them all; you have the pipe, the harp, the cymbal, the motion of the feet, the chorus ſinging, and the actor ſpeaking, every thing, in ſhort, put together into one: in other things, the functions of the mind and body are ſeparately exerted, but in this they are united: it exerciſes the limbs, and at the ſame time employs the underſtanding; for nothing is done in it without wiſdom and reaſon. Leſbonax, therefore, of Mytilene, one of the beſt and worthieſt of men, uſed to ſay, that dancers had wiſe heads; he went frequently, therefore, to ſee them, as thinking he never came out of a theatre without being the better for it: and his maſter, Timocrates, having been only once, and that when he was far advanced in years, preſent at this entertainment, cried out after it was over, What a ſpectacle hath the fooliſh ſhame of a philoſopher ſo long deprived me of!

If Plato's diviſion of the ſoul into three parts, the iraſcible, the concupiſcible, and the rational, be a juſt one, the good dancer may be ſaid to perform them all when he repreſents the angry man, the lover, and laſtly, the moderate and ſenſible man, who guides every thing by reaſon: reaſon, indeed, preſides over, and directs the whole of this art, being diffuſed through every part, as the touch is in every ſenſe. Whilſt, moreover, it conſults beauty and grace, doth it not demonſtrate the truth of Ariſtotle's aſſertion, who ſays in praiſe of beauty, that it makes one third of the happineſs of this life? And I have heard young men, jeſting on the ſilence of the dancers, obſerve, that it ſavoured much of the Pythagorean doctrine.

Some ſtudies boaſt of the uſeful, and others the agreeable; but this alone poſſeſſeth both: and the profit is ſtill greater, becauſe it is joined with pleaſure. It may be agreeable to ſee the contentions of young men, wreſtling in the ſand, beating one another with their fiſts, and drenched in blood; but how much more pleaſant, ſafe, and decent, is the repreſentation of it in a dance!

dance! where you obſerve their various turns and motions, the bendings and writhings of the body, which at the ſame time that they are entertaining to the ſpectator, are wholſome and ſalutary alſo to the performer; for the exerciſe is both healthful and becoming, that bends and ſupples the limbs, makes them fitter to bear any change, and gives them no ſmall ſtrength and firmneſs.

What then can be ſaid againſt an art ſo univerſally excellent, which ſharpens the mind, exerciſes the body, delights the ſpectator, teaches the knowlege of antiquity, and pleaſes both the eye and ear, amidſt the harmony of flutes, cymbals, harps, and ſongs: if the modulations of the voice attract you, where will you find ſweeter harmony? or, if you take delight in muſic's ſtill more enchanting ſounds, in our art you will have enough of both. Nor need I add, that this entertainment improves the manners alſo, for we always find the ſtage deteſting and abhorring every thing that is evil, ſympathizing with the oppreſſed, and in every reſpect inculcating morality, and the conduct of the ſpectators. Moſt praiſe-worthy it is, in this art, that it promotes both the ſtrength and agility of the limbs; the force of Hercules, and the delicacy of a Venus, are at once exhibited by it.

I will now deſcribe to you what a good dancer ſhould be, both with regard to mind and body: the former I have already touched upon, and obſerved that he ſhould have a fine genius and an excellent memory, a ready wit, and good underſtanding, knowing how to make the beſt of every thing; with a critical judgment of poetry, able to diſtinguiſh the beſt ſongs and verſes, and to reject what is bad.

With regard to his body, it ſhould be according to the rules laid down by Polycletes; he ſhould not be exceſſively tall, nor too ſhort like a dwarf, but of a true and proper height; not fat and bulky, for that can never be agreeable, nor, on the other hand, ſo thin, as to be like a carcaſe, or a ſkeleton.

The people of Antioch, a very ingenious and ſenſible nation, who are very fond of dancing, and ſo nice in their obſervations that nothing eſcapes them, made the following remarks: a * little man one day performing the part of Hector, they cried out, this is Aſtyanax; where is his father? an-

* *A little man, &c.*] This puts me in mind of Quin's facetious remark on Garrick in the part of Othello. I ſee the little black boy, ſaid he, but where is the tea-kettle?—It is but juſtice to add, that Garrick played the part of Othello (though it was not his fineſt character), infinitely better than Quin.

other

other time, an immoderately tall fellow, dancing in the character of Capaneus, who was to ſcale the Theban wall, "get up, they cried, you do not want a ladder:" a fat heavy dancer, attempting to make a great leap, they roared out, "take care you do not beat the ſtage down;" and a poor meagre creature cutting capers, they cried out, "I wiſh you better," as if the man had been ſick. I mention theſe remarks, not for the jeſt's ſake, but that you may perceive that there are whole nations, who conſider the art of ſo much conſequence as to preſcribe what is becoming in it, and what is not ſo.

The body of the good dancer muſt, moreover, be both flexible and compact, that it may bend eaſily, or ſtand firm, as occaſion ſhall require. Dancing, with regard to the motion of the hands, partaking in a great meaſure the nature of boxing in the public games, and borrowing whatever is beautiful and becoming from the rites of Hercules, Mercury, and Pollux. Herodotus tells us, that the † eye conveys more faithful intelligence than the ear: the dancer muſt make uſe of both.

Dancing has ſuch an effect on the mind, that the lover who comes into the theatre is cured of his paſſion by ſeeing the dreadful conſequences of it: and the melancholy man ſhall go away briſk and chearful, as if he had drank the cup of oblivion, as the ‡ poet ſays,

—— Of ſoveregn uſe t'aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage,
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the fearful ſluices of deſpair.

It is a certain ſign that there is in this art ſomething analogous to our nature, if the ſpectator weeps when any thing ſad and mournful is repreſented. The Bacchanalian dance, which is ſo conſtantly performed in Ionia and Pontus, though a ſatirical one, has ſuch an effect on the people there, that at certain ſeaſons they neglect every thing elſe, to ſit whole days viewing the Titans, Corybantes, Satyrs, and ſhepherds: even the nobility and chief perſons there join in the dance, and are ſo far from being aſhamed, that they are more proud of it than of their high birth, honours, and dignities.

† *The eye.*] See Herodotus, B. viii.

‡ *The poet.*] Homer. See Odyſſey, book iv. l. 303. What the Nepenthe of Homer really was, the critics have not yet determined: certain, however, it is, that the deſcription corresponds exactly with our idea of opium, and the uſual effects of it.

The

The perfections of dancing I have already enumerated; it is fit I ſhould now take notice of its faults; thoſe of the body have been juſt now mentioned: what concerns the mind may be eaſily diſcovered: many dancers, from ignorance (and it is impoſſible all ſhould be wiſe), commit dreadful ſoleciſms; ſome move irregularly, and, as we ſay, out of time and tune, the foot pointing out one thing, and the muſic another: others dance in tune, but miſtake the period of time and the circumſtance of action. I remember, for example, when a man was to repreſent in a dance the birth of Jove, and the cruelty of Saturn in devouring his children, he confounded it with the misfortunes of Thyeſtes; and another, who was to perform the part of Semele, who is conſumed by lightning, ran into the ſtory of Glauce, both betrayed into it by the ſimilitude of the events. But the art itſelf is not to be condemned or deſpiſed for the fault of the artiſt, but thoſe only are to take the blame who are ignorant and unſkilful; and thoſe, on the other hand, to be applauded who do every thing properly, and according to the rules of art. Upon the whole, the dancer ſhould be exact and perfect, taking care that all is beautiful, conſonant, and harmonious, ſuperior to criticiſm, deficient in no part, but excellent in all; acute to diſcern, deeply learned, and, above all, poſſeſſed of humanity and benevolence: then will his praiſe be complete, when every ſpectator ſhall in the dancer behold himſelf, and ſee, as in a glaſs, every thing which he is uſed to think and to do: then will they not be able to contain themſelves for joy, but will break forth into rapture, at finding the image of their own minds thus reflected on them. The Delphic precept of "know thyſelf," is thus fulfilled by means of this noble ſpectacle, they go from the theatre inſtructed in what they are to follow, and what they are to avoid, and are there taught that which before they were totally ignorant of.

But there is in dancers, as in oratory, a kind of falſe energy, or affectation, which ſometimes carries them beyond the proper bounds of imitation: if they are to repreſent any thing great, they make it immenſe; if tender, effeminate; if manly and robuſt, ruſtic and ſavage: an inſtance of which I remember in a dancer of the firſt character, and who in every thing elſe deſerved the higheſt admiration, but unaccountably fell into this error from an exceſſive deſire of pleaſing, and performing the part of Ajax, ſo overacted it, that he ſeemed not to imitate a madman, but to be really ſo: he tore the robe

robe of one of the dancers in * iron ſhoes, took the flute away from another who acted Ulyſſes, and, as he was rejoicing in his victory, broke his head with it, and wounded him in ſuch a manner, that if it had not been for the head piece, that took off the force of the blow, our poor Ulyſſes had loſt his life by attacking a madman: the common people, who could not diſtinguiſh right from wrong, thought it the fineſt imitation they ever beheld; and the better ſort, who bluſhed for the performer, did not condemn him by their ſilence, but endeavoured to cover his error by their applauſe, though they eaſily perceived that it was the dancer's madneſs, and not that of Ajax: our noble performer, however, not contented with this, did ſomething ſtill more ridiculous; for, leaping into the middle of the theatre, he ſat himſelf down between two perſons of the † firſt rank, who were not a little frightened leſt he ſhould have taken either of them for a ram and flogged him: ſome were ſurpriſed at this ſtrange behaviour, others laughed, and many began to think, that from extraordinary attention to his part, the man was actually run mad: they ſay that when he came to himſelf, and was conſcious of having appeared like a madman, he fell ſick with grief: it was plain, indeed, he was greatly affected by it, for, being afterwards deſired to perform the ſame part again, he recommended another, and ſaid upon the ſtage, ‡ it was enough to play the fool once in his life: but what gave him the moſt uneaſineſs, was the ſucceſs of a rival, who, being appointed to ſucceed him in Ajax, did it ſo well as to gain univerſal applauſe, keeping within the proper limits of his art, and not ſpoiling the imitation by madneſs and exceſs.

I have laid, my friend, theſe few obſervations before you on dancing, that you may no longer be ſo angry with me for admiring it; and if you will accompany me to the theatre, I am ſure you will be * captivated, and ſoon be fond of it even to madneſs; I ſhall have no reaſon to ſay with † Circe,

* *Iron ſhoes.*] Wooden ſhoes we have ſeen, but the practice of dancing in iron ſhoes is, I believe, confined to antiquity, as I do not remember it has yet been adopted amongſt us; though a dance of ladies in pattens might poſſibly, from the novelty of it, have no bad effect; but this I ſubmit to the managers of the theatres royal.

† *Firſt rank.*] Greek, δυο ὑπατικων μεσσοι, inter conſulares duos, between two perſons of conſular dignity. The people of the firſt faſhion in the ancient theatres ſat cloſe to the ſtage, and not as our's do, at a diſtance, where they can neither ſee nor hear.

‡ *It was enough.*]

Nec luſiſſe pudet ſed non incidere ludum. Horace.

* *Captivated.*] Greek, αλωσομενον, the tranſlation here is literal.

† *Circe*] See Homer's Odyſſey, book x. l. 326.

Amazing

Amazing ſtrength theſe poiſons to ſuſtain.

For ſuſtain them you will: you need not be afraid of having an aſs's head, or a hog's heart, for your underſtanding will be improved, and you will be for putting the cup to your friends, over and over: for what ‡ Homer ſays of Mercury's golden rod, that it

Cauſes ſleep to fly,
And in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,

may be applied to dancing; it pleaſes the eye, makes men watchful, and awakens them to every thing they ought to do.

CRATO.

Lycinus, I am a convert to your opinion, my eyes and ears are open and attentive: therefore, remember, my friend, when you go to the theatre, that I take a place next to you, that you may not come out from thence ſo much wiſer than myſelf.

‡ *Homer.*] See Pope's Odyſſey, book v. l. 60.

THE

EUNUCH.

A DIALOGUE.

About the Time when this was written, a Number of Eunuchs, imported amongſt other eaſtern Luxuries, had ſpread themſelves over Greece, Rome, and other Parts, aſſuming various Offices and Employments, who, probably, finding Philoſophy much in vogue, took upon them to teach it to the young Nobility: this furniſhed LUCIAN, *who, we muſt acknowlege, had a Kind of* Shandean *Propenſity to Things of this Nature, with ſome ludicrous Ideas, which he ſports with no ſmall Degree of Pleaſantry and Humour in the following Dialogue.*

PAMPHILUS, LYCINUS.

PAMPHILUS.

WHENCE come you, Lycinus, and why ſo merry? you are always chearful, but this is ſomething more than ordinary, for you ſeem ready to burſt with laughter.

LYCINUS.

I come, my friend, Pamphilus, from the market-place; and I ſhall make you laugh too, when I tell you, I have juſt now been entertained with a diſpute between two philoſophers.

PAMPHILUS.

For philoſophers to diſpute with one another is truly ridiculous indeed, who, of all men, be the cauſe ever ſo great, ſhould, doubtleſs, make up the matter amicably.

LYCINUS.

Very amicably indeed; for they have thrown * cart loads of abuſe on one another, roaring and wrangling as long as they could.

PAMPHILUS.

About their different tenets and opinions, I ſuppoſe.

LYCINUS.

Not ſo, I aſſure you; for their doctrines and opinions are exactly the

* *Cart loads.*] Greek, ὅλας ἁμαξιὰς βλασφημιῶν, tota plauſtra conviviorum; the tranſlation, we ſee, however, from the familiarity of the expreſſion, it may appear forced, or intruded, to adopt it to one of our own language, is almoſt literal.

ſame;

ſame; it was quite another thing: they have appealed, however, to the judgment of the oldeſt and graveſt men of the city, before whom none, who had any modeſty, would dare to ſay what was improper or indecent.

PAMPHILUS.

Pray tell me the origin of this quarrel, that I may know what made you laugh ſo heartily.

LYCINUS.

A certain ſtipend, you know, is allowed by the emperor to every ſect of philoſophers, Stoics, Platonics, Epicureans, and Peripatetics, to every one the ſame: on the death of any one of theſe, another muſt be choſen in his room, by a majority of votes amongſt the nobility; the reward of this contention is, not what the poets ſing of, a hog, or an ox's hide, but * ten thouſand drachmas a year, for the inſtruction of youth.

PAMPHILUS.

It is ſo; and one of them, I hear, is lately dead, a Peripatetic, I believe.

LYCINUS.

This was the Helen for which they fought; and ſo far there was nothing ridiculous in it, except that thoſe who call themſelves philoſophers, and pretend to deſpiſe riches, ſhould contend about them, as if they were fighting for their country, their religion, and the ſepulchres of their anceſtors.

PAMPHILUS.

It is a maxim, you know, with the Peripatetics, not to deſpiſe riches too much, but to hold them as the † third beſt thing in life.

LYCINUS.

You ſay right; and, agreeably to this doctrine, they went to war about them: now mark what followed; there were ſeveral candidates at theſe funeral games, but the ſtruggle lay particularly between two; and it was doubtful which ſhould ſucceed, either Diocles, you know whom I mean, the quarrelſome old man, or Bagoas, the reputed eunuch. They had diſputed the point before in words, each of them had ſhewed his learning, and proved his attachment and fidelity to Ariſtotle and his tenets, and neither had the ſupe-

* *Ten thouſand drachmas.*] Upwards of three hundred pounds. A better ſtipend, I believe, than moſt of our modern tutors receive from the Engliſh nobility.

† *The third.*] "Of goods (ſays Ariſtotle, the great leader of this ſect), ſome are in the ſoul, ſome in the body, and ſome external: firſt, in the ſoul, are ingenuity, art, virtue, wiſdom, prudence, pleaſure: ſecondly, in the body, health, ſoundneſs of ſenſe, beauty, ſtrength: and thirdly, riches, glory, power, &c."

riority; at length the conteſt ended thus: Diocles, without ſaying any thing about his own pretenſions, attacked Bagoas, and began to find fault with his life and conduct; and Bagoas, on the other hand, enquired narrowly into his.

PAMPHILUS.

There, I think, Lycinus, they were both in the right: the greateſt part of the diſpute ſhould have turned on this point: had I been the judge myſelf I ſhould have dwelt particularly on that, ſhould rather have enquired who was the beſt liver than who was the beſt orator, and decided accordingly.

LYCINUS.

You ſay well, I am entirely of your opinion: at laſt, however, when they had abuſed one another ſufficiently, Diocles inſiſted on it that Bagoas was not fit to teach philoſophy, as being an eunuch; that he could have no title therefore to the reward; that ſuch creatures were not only excluded from things of this kind, but from luſtral vaſes, ſacrifices, and all public aſſemblies; and that it was always counted an * ill-omen'd and abominable ſight if one met any of them when we went out in a morning: he ſaid a great deal likewiſe about their being neither man nor woman, but a kind of ſtrange and wonderful mixture, and ſomething odious to human nature.

PAMPHILUS.

This is quite a new accuſation, and truly laughable: what ſaid the other? did he hold his tongue, or make any reply?

LYCINUS.

At firſt, through fear and ſhame, which theſe people are very ſubject to, he puffed, ſweated, and ſaid nothing; but at laſt, in a feeble, thin, and womaniſh voice, he ſqueaked out, that it was very unjuſt in Diocles to exclude eunuchs from philoſophy, when even women profeſſed it; and then he brought in * Aſpaſia, Diotima, and Thargelia to ſupport his cauſe; and alſo an † Academic from Gaul, an eunuch like himſelf, who flouriſhed in Greece

* *Ill-omen'd.*] Amongſt the Grecians, who were almoſt as ſuperſtitious as the Engliſh of the laſt century, boars, weaſels, hares, and many other things were conſidered as bad omens, and to meet any of them a certain preſage of ill fortune. Lucian adds to the liſt, and brings in his eunuch as an ominous ſight.

* *Aſpaſia.*] See Menage on Female Philoſophers.

† *An Academic.*] Lucian is here ſuppoſed to allude to one Phavorinus, a famous philoſopher mentioned by Philoſtratus; who, though an eunuch, was tried and convicted as an adulterer. He is likewiſe taken notice of in our author's Demonax.

a little

a little before our time. But Diocles, even admitting that there was ſuch a one, and that he had been ſuffered to do this, would not allow the force of the argument, nor pay any regard to the glory he had acquired from an ignorant multitude: he mentioned at the ſame time, ſeveral ſevere jokes thrown out particularly by the Stoics and Cynics, upon his bodily imperfection. The whole matter, therefore, with the judges, reſted on this, whether an eunuch was qualified to teach philoſophy, and to preſide over youth? ſome aſſerting, that a philoſopher ſhould have every part of his body whole and complete, and above all, a long beard, that might procure him reſpect and authority amongſt his diſciples; and render him in every reſpect worthy the drachmas allowed by the emperor, that an eunuch was worſe than one who had been totally emaſculated, for they had enjoyed their virility for ſome time, as the former were deprived of it even from their infancy, and could be conſidered only as an ambiguous creature like the crows, which are reckoned neither amongſt the pigeons nor the ravens.

On the other hand, it was ſtrongly urged, that this was properly a contention of minds, and not bodies; it was a matter of ſcience and learning, and Ariſtotle was cited, who admired Hermius the eunuch, king of Aternæ, to ſuch a degree, that he even paid divine honours to him as to a god. Bagoas had the impudence to add, that eunuchs were the beſt preceptors for young men, as they muſt be free from all ſuſpicion, and could not be accuſed of the crime attributed to Socrates, of corrupting the pupils committed to his care. And when they objected to him his want of beard, he replied wittily, at leaſt as he thought it, "If we muſt judge of philoſophers by the length of their beard, a * goat muſt be preferable to them all."

In the midſt of this buſtle came in a third perſon, whoſe name ſhall not be mentioned; who cried out, "Judges, this † fellow with the ſmooth chin, and woman's voice, who is ſo like a eunuch, if you ſtrip him, will be found as good a man as you could wiſh for; at leaſt, if thoſe ſay true who have accuſed him as an adulterer, and taken him in the fact, when he had recourſe to this artifice, and pretended to be an eunuch; perſuading the judges, from his outward appearance, to acquit him of the crime laid to his

* *The goat.*] The Greek Epigram on this ſubject is well known. See the Anthologia.

† *This fellow.*] It is remarkable, that this circumſtance ſhould, ſo many years after, form the ground-work of an Engliſh comedy. Wycherley's Country Wife turns entirely upon it, and the character of Horner is but a tranſcript of Lucian's Bagoas. Such a plot, to our honour be it ſpoken, would not go down in the preſent age.

charge;

charge; and now, for the ſake of the reward, I ſuppoſe, he would willingly retract again. Upon this, there was, as you may imagine, a general laugh. Bagoas was confounded, changed colour, put himſelf into a thouſand poſtures, and fell into a cold ſweat: not caring to acknowlege the adultery, though at the ſame time, he thought that the ſuſpicion of it might be of ſervice to him in the preſent affair.

PAMPHILUS.

The circumſtance was ridiculous enough, and muſt have afforded you no ſmall entertainment. But pray, what was done at laſt, and how did the judges determine it?

LYCINUS.

They were not all of the ſame opinion; ſome were for ſtripping him as they do the ſlaves, and examining whether, ſo far as certain parts were concerned, he might be deemed a philoſopher: others, to make the affair ſtill more laughable, voted for calling in ſome ladies, ordering him to ſpeak with them in private; ſending along with them ſome credible witneſs, to prove whether he was able to philoſophize. After all, when every one of the company had ſplit his ſides with laughing, they agreed to diſmiſs the cauſe to Italy, to be finally determined there.

The other, it ſeems, is ſtill carrying on the affair, preparing his accuſation, and has taken up the buſineſs of the adultery, though it muſt make againſt himſelf rather than his adverſary: thus, like a bad lawyer, hurting his own cauſe. Bagoas, in the mean time, attends to other matters, and frequently gives proofs of his manhood, hoping he may ſucceed, if he can but ſhew that he has the abilities of a jack-aſs.

This, after all then, my friend, ſeems to be the beſt criterion of philoſophy, and a demonſtration not to be controverted. I ſhall wiſh, therefore, that my ſon (at preſent but a boy) may be poſſeſſed, not of eloquence or underſtanding, but of certain parts, ſtill more neceſſary to make a complete philoſopher.

ON

ASTROLOGY.

This little Tract of LUCIAN'S *has been handed down to us by the ſagacious Critics and Commentators as a ſerious Defence of Aſtrology; though a vein of delicate Irony and Sarcaſm apparently runs through the whole, and muſt convince every intelligent Reader, that his Intention was to turn this abſurd and pompous Science into ridicule. It was probably about his time creeping into ſome Degree of Credit, and our Satiriſt, therefore, took the firſt opportunity of laughing at it. Conſidered in this Light, the Piece has a conſiderable Share of Merit, and we are only ſorry to find it ſo ſhort. Many of the Learned have, notwithſtanding, confidently aſſured us, that it is not* LUCIAN'S. *It is written in the Ionic Dialect, which is remarkable.*

IN the following treatiſe on heaven and the ſtars, I ſhall only conſider their influence over the affairs of human life, with regard to prophecy and divination. Neither do I mean to lay down precepts, or rules, how to excel in this art; but only to lament that the learned, who ſo ſtrenuouſly apply themſelves to other ſciences, neither practiſe nor pay any reſpect to aſtrology.

The art is not of late invention, but delivered down to us by our ancient kings, the favourites of heaven. But the preſent race of men, from ignorance and idleneſs; either, perhaps, becauſe their opinions on thoſe points are different from thoſe who went before them, or becauſe they have lit on falſe prophets and diviners, find fault with the ſtars, and condemn aſtrology as a lying, frivolous, and empty ſcience; without any truth or profit in it. A very unjuſt and cruel ſentence: for the builder's ignorance is no reflection on architecture; nor is the unſkilfulneſs of the muſician a reproach on muſic. Every art is wiſe in itſelf, though the artiſts may be fools.

The Æthiopians were the firſt who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this branch of learning: and this we are to attribute partly to their own wiſdom, for in that they were ſuperior to moſt nations; and partly to the happineſs of their ſituation, for the air is always ſerene and tranquil round them; neither do they

they ſuffer any viciſſitudes of ſeaſons, but remain for ever in the ſame temperate climate. When they perceived, therefore, that the moon appeared in various forms, they conſidered it as a matter worthy of admiration, and diligent enquiry: by which they diſcovered the cauſe of thoſe changes, and found out that the moon had no light of her own, but borrowed it from the ſun. They diſcovered alſo the motion of thoſe ſtars which we call * planets, (as they are the only ones that move,) with their nature, power, and properties; they gave them names alſo, or rather ſigns, expreſſive of their ſeveral ſituations. Such were the obſervations on the heavens, made by the Æthiopians, who delivered down the imperfect art to their neighbours the Ægyptians, who greatly improved it, and meaſured out time, by days, months, and years; their months being determined by the moon and her changes, and their years by the circuit of the ſun. But they ſoon performed much more than this: dividing the ſpace occupied by the fixed ſtars in which the other were moved about, into † twelve parts, and to theſe, aſſigned the forms and names of different creatures, men, beaſts, birds, and fiſhes. The religious ceremonies, therefore, of the Ægyptians, are of different kinds: they did not draw their divinations from the whole twelve, but from particular ſigns; thoſe who looked towards the ram, worſhipped *him*; they would not eat fiſh who lived under ‡ Piſces; nor did thoſe ſacrifice a goat, who were beneath Capricorn. Some propitiate one divinity, and ſome another. Some worſhip a bull in honour of the cœleſtial Taurus; and Apis is an object of adoration to them, becauſe he paſtures in that region, where an oracle is conſtituted by him.

The Libyans, not long after, took up this ſcience; for there we meet with the oracle of Ammon, and they worſhip Jupiter under the figure of a ram. The Babylonians were alſo acquainted with it, as they report, indeed, before all other nations; but, I am of opinion, this knowlege did not reach them till many ages after. The Greeks were not taught aſtrology either by the Æthiopians or Ægyptians, but by Orpheus, the ſon of Oeager and Cal-

* *Planets.*] From the Greek πλανητης, errans, a wanderer.

† *Twelve parts.*] The zodiac, and its twelve ſigns.

‡ *Piſces.*] From the ſolemnity of Lucian's countenance at his firſt ſetting out, an old acquaintance (and ſuch I eſteem myſelf, having had a long converſation with him), may eaſily perceive that he is in jeſt; when he tells us, with a grave face, that the people who lived under Piſces would not eat *fiſh*, nor thoſe beneath Capricorn touch a *goat*, &c. is not the ridicule as ſtrong as poſſible, and does it not ſufficiently point out the author? To apply, what was once ſaid of Eraſmus, aut Lucianus eſt, aut Diabolus.

liope;

liope; neither did he entirely explain it to them, but wrapped up his knowlege in myſtery and incantation; he made orgies for his lyre, and ſung ſacred ſongs, the lyre conſiſting of * ſeven ſtrings, ſymbolically expreſſing the motions of the planets; with this Orpheus ſoftened and prevailed over every thing; and in this lyre alone, and not in any other kind of muſic, the Greeks delighted, and even appointed it a place in heaven, ſome ſtars being to this day called Orpheus's Lyre; and if you ſee a picture or ſtatue of him, he is always repreſented as ſitting down, ſinging, and with a lyre in his hand, and round him various creatures, as a man, a bull, a lion, and the reſt: when you meet with theſe, therefore, remember what the meaning of them is, you will know the reaſon when you look into the heavens.

It is reported amongſt the Greeks that Tireſias, the Bœotian, ſo celebrated for his ſkill in divination, told them that ſome of the planets were maſculine, and ſome feminine, and that their influence differed accordingly, whence aroſe the fable of his being both man and woman.

At the time when Atreus and Thyeſtes contended for their father's kingdom, aſtrology, and the knowlege of the heavens, flouriſhed moſt in Greece, and it was determined by the people, that which ſoever of them excelled in that art ſhould ſucceed to the empire: then it was that Thyeſtes pointed out to them that part of heaven which is called Aries, from whence came the fabulous account of his having a golden ram: but Atreus treated on the riſing of the ſun, and endeavoured to prove that his courſe was directly oppoſite to that of the ſtarry firmament, and that what appeared to be the weſt

* *Seven ſtrings.*] Agreeable to the deſcription given by Virgil,

—— Threicius longâ cum veſte ſacerdos
Obloquitur numeris ſeptem diſcrimina vocum,
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectire pulſat eburno.

The firſt Mercurian lyre had but four ſtrings, others were afterwards added to it by the ſecond Mercury, or Amphion; but it was Orpheus who completed the ſecond tetrachord, which extended the ſcale to a heptachord, or ſeven ſounds, implied by the

Septem diſcrimina vocum.

See the ingenious Dr. Burney's excellent Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. i. page 330.

Orpheus, the ſon of Oleager, was the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongſt the Greeks, and (as Lucian here plainly intimates), of all their moſt ſacred religious rites and myſteries.

of the world, is the riſing of the ſun: for theſe diſcoveries the Greeks raiſed him to the throne, and his wiſdom was held in the higheſt eſteem and veneration: nearly the ſame thing, I am inclined to think, happened to Bellerophon: I can never bring myſelf to believe that he had a * flying horſe, but ſuppoſe he was fond of aſtrology, engaged in the ſtudy of ſublime knowlege, and converſant with the ſtars; that he aſcended into the heavens, not by the aſſiſtance of a horſe, but by the ſtrength of his own mind. A fable of the like nature was told of Phryxus, the ſon of Athamas, who was carried through the air on a golden ram. The ſtory of † Dædalus, the Athenian, is ſtrange and wonderful; my opinion is, that it aroſe from his knowlege of aſtrology, which he was well acquainted with, and which he taught his ſon: but Icarus, being young and raſh, went into abſtruſe diſquiſitions, ſoared too high, and fell down into the unfathomable abyſs: from hence the Greeks deduced their fable of the Icarian Gulph.

Paſiphae was moſt probably told of the ſign Taurus in the heavens by Dædalus, and from thence fell in love with Aſtrology, on which they founded the report of Dædalus having wedded her to a bull.

In proceſs of time, the learned divided the taſk between them; ſome applied themſelves to the ſtudy of the Moon, others of the Sun, others of Jupiter; deſcribing the motions, courſe, and influence of each. Endymion probably took care of what concerned the Moon; Phaeton marked out the progreſs of the ſun, but dying, left the work imperfect; from whence the ignorant have invented a ſtrange and incredible tale of Phaeton's being the ſon of Phœbus: that he came to his father the Sun, and begged to drive the chariot for a day; which was granted him, and rules laid down how he was to guide it; that Phaeton, from youth and inexperience, drove ſometimes too near the earth, and ſometimes too far from it, and killed mortals with the heat and cold, which were inſupportable; that Jupiter being enraged,

* *Flying horſe.*] According to Hyginus, Minerva made Bellerophon a preſent of Pegaſus (the flying horſe here alluded to), to aſſiſt him in his combat with the Chimera. After he had deſtroyed that monſter, having ſo good a beaſt under him, he was for making the beſt of his way up to heaven; but Pegaſus, being unfortunately ſtung by a horſe-fly, threw his rider, who died in the fall.

† *Dædalus.*] This is an excellent burleſque of the ſtory of Dædalus, and plainly ſhews that Lucian's deſign was, by every poſſible application, to turn aſtrology into ridicule.

ſlew him with a thunderbolt; that his ſiſters ſtanding round and lamenting his fall, were turned into poplars, and diſtilled tears of amber. No ſuch things were ever done, nor ſhould we give credit to the fable: the Sun's child never died; the truth, indeed, is, he never had one.

The Greeks tell a thouſand other ſtories, which I do not intirely believe: how can we ſuppoſe, that Æneas was the ſon of Venus; Minos, of Jupiter; Aſcalaphus, of Mars; and Autolychus, of Mercury? all of them, indeed, were beloved of the gods; Venus beheld one, Jupiter another, and Mars another, at their * nativity: for which ſoever god preſided at the time

* *Nativity.*] This is the foundation, as it were, and corner-ſtone of aſtrology; caſting nativities has been practiſed in almoſt every age and nation, from the times of Lucian even to this day. Amongſt us, this ridiculous ſcience flouriſhed greatly during the reigns of the Stuarts, and even at a later period. Some of our greateſt men were weak enough to conſult aſtrologers, and to liſten to their predictions. Amongſt theſe a ſtory is told of Dryden which, as it is a pretty extraordinary one, I ſhall here ſubjoin for the entertainment of my readers.

"Dryden, with all his underſtanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial aſtrology, and uſed to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour of his ſon Charles, he, being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies, then preſent, in a moſt ſolemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which ſhe did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occaſion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and obſerved, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the Earth, and the lord of his aſcendant afflicted with a hateful ſquare of Mars and Saturn. If he lives to arrive at the eighth year, ſays he, he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day, but if he ſhould eſcape, as I ſee but ſmall hopes, he will in the twenty-third year be under the very ſame evil direction, and if he ſhould eſcape that alſo, the thirty-third, or thirty-fourth is, I fear—here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of the lady, who could no longer hear ſuch calamity propheſied to befall her ſon. The time at laſt came, and Auguſt was the inauſpicious month, in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progreſs, and Mr. Dryden at leiſure, he was invited to the country-ſeat of the earl of Berkſhire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him in Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to paſs the remainder of the ſummer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and ſuffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too abſolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and ſhe was obliged to be content with John. When the fated day came, the anxiety of the lady's ſpirits occaſioned ſuch an effervescence of blood, as threw her into ſo violent a fever, that her life was deſpaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womaniſh credulity, and aſſuring her that her child was well, which recovered her ſpirits, and in ſix weeks after ſhe received an eclairciſſement of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned ſuperſtitious, or thinking it a ſcience beneath his ſtudy, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in aſtrology; therefore could not excuſe his abſence, on his ſon's anniverſary, from a general hunting match lord Berkſhire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to ſet the boys a double exerciſe in the Latin

time of their birth, always adopted them as ſons, and formed them after their own divine ſimilitude, in body and mind. Thus, Minos was a king under Jove; Æneas was beautiful, as born under Venus; and Autolychus a thief, from his father Mercury.

Neither do I believe that Jupiter bound Saturn, ſent him to Tartarus, or committed any of thoſe baſe actions which men attribute to him; Saturn, we know, is at a great diſtance from us, has a languid motion, and which is ſcarce to be diſcerned by men; he is, therefore, ſaid to ſtand ſtill, as if bound with chains; and the part in heaven where he reſides, from its great depth, is called Tartarus.

There are many things in Homer and Heſiod, entirely conſonant with aſtrology: when they talk of the chain of Jupiter, and the arrows of the Sun, I imagine they mean the days; and the deſcription of Vulcan's ſhield, with the cities, the dancers, and the vineyard, may all be explained by aſtrology. All the ſtory of Mars and Venus, is apparently drawn from thence. Homer's whole work is a conjunction of Mars and Venus; in his verſes, he has deſcribed their ſeveral qualities and perfections: he ſays to Venus,

* Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care;
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

tongue, which he taught his children himſelf, with a ſtrict charge not to ſtir out of the room till his return; well knowing the taſk he had ſet him would take him up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the ſtag made towards the houſe, and the noiſe alarming the ſervants, they haſtened out to ſee the ſport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to ſee it alſo, when, juſt as they came to the gate, the ſtag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold puſh, and leaped over the court wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall. ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after ſix weeks languiſhing in a dangerous way he recovered; ſo far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled; in the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower, belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occaſioned by the ſwimming of his head, with which he was ſeized, the heat of the day being exceſſive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languiſhing ſickly ſtate. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windſor. He had, with another gentleman, ſwam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was ſuppoſed he was taken with the cramp, becauſe he called out for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetical." Dryden, we ſee by this, if the tale is to be credited, was the true VATES, and poſſeſſed the double character of prophet and poet. See Life of Dryden.

* *Go, let, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 435.

And

And when he is ſpeaking of war,

† To Mars and Pallas only, that belongs.

The ancients obſerving theſe things, drew from them their divinations; nor did they think lightly of this art, for neither would they build walls, or cities, go to war, marry, or do any thing, without firſt conſulting the prophets concerning it: their oracles were always well-verſed. At Delphi, a virgin poſſeſſed the gift of prophecy, a cymbal of the celeſtial Virgo; the dragon under the tripod, was taken from the Dragon in the heavens; and the oracle of Apollo at Didymus, was, in my opinion, ſo called, from the ſign which goes by the name of Didymi, or the Twins. So ſacred was divination held by them.

When Ulyſſes, deſirous of prying into futurity, went down into hell, he did not go, merely

* To tread the downward melancholy way,

but that he might have the opportunity of converſing with Tireſias. When he came to the place which Circe had deſcribed to him, had dug the ditch, and ſlain the ſheep; the dead crouded round about him, and amongſt them his mother, all earneſtly requeſting, that they might drink of the blood, which he would not permit them to do; nor would he ſuffer even the ſhade of his own mother to quench her thirſt, till he had, himſelf, taſted of Tireſias.

Lycurgus always regulated the commonwealth of Sparta by the motions of the heavenly bodies, and enjoined the Lacedæmonians never to hazard an engagement till the full of the Moon; as knowing that every thing was governed by her, though her power was not ſo great, either at the increaſe or decreaſe.

The Arcadians alone neglected and deſpiſed aſtrology; being mad and fooliſh enough to aſſert, that they were much older than the Moon.

Our anceſtors, it is evident, were lovers of divination; but the preſent age deny that there is any foundation for, or dependence on it, eſteeming it not true or faithful; and aſſerting that neither Mars nor Venus in the heavens, pay any regard to us, or concern themſelves in human affairs; but,

† *To Mars.*] Greek,

Ταυλα δ' Αρηϊθοω και Αθηνη παντα μελησει. See Homer's Iliad, E'. l. 430.

Pope has not given, in his tranſlation, the ſenſe of this line, but, as in many other places, a circumvolution of his own inſtead of it.

* *To tread, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 117.

that

that things fall out, or vary, according to their neceſſary rotation. Others acknowlege the truth, but not the utility of the art; affirming, that nothing could be changed by divination, which was already decreed by fate.

To theſe objections I can only anſwer, that the ſtars perform their own rotations in the heavens, and at the ſame time perhaps, together with their own motions, may direct ours. When the horſe runs, and men and birds move, the ſtones are looſened, and the ſtubble is blown about by the wind; and ſhall nothing be effected by the motion of the ſtars? from the ſmalleſt fire, ſome heat comes to us, though the fire burns not on our account, nor ſeemeth to care whether we are warm or not; and ſhall we not feel and acknowlege the influence of the ſtars? It is not, indeed, in the power of aſtrology, to make things better than they are, or to change them from what they were: it is, nevertheleſs, profitable to thoſe who make uſe of it, for, when good events are foretold, it anticipates the pleaſure of them; and teaches us to bear evils withthe greater patience, as they do not come upon us ſo unexpectedly, but become ſofter, and more tolerable, by our fore-knowlege of them.

Such are my ſentiments, concerning aſtrology.

TO

TO

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

THE DEMONAX OF THE PRESENT AGE;

THIS PIECE IS INSCRIBED, BY

A SINCERE ADMIRER OF HIS TRULY RESPECTABLE CHARACTER,

THE TRANSLATOR.

DEMONAX.

LUCIAN *has here reſcued from Oblivion a Character well worthy of being tranſmitted to Poſterity; it is, indeed, ſomething extraordinary, eſpecially as* Demonax *lived to ſee ſo great an Age, that no other Writer ſhould have mentioned a Perſon of ſuch ſingular Accompliſhments. Our Author has ſhewn, in this little Tract, that he could excel as much in Panegyric as in Satire; the Whole being a ſerious well-written Encomium, on a Man whom he was intimately acquainted with, and who ſeems to have been not only a good Philoſopher and virtuous Citizen, but a Man of Wit and Genius alſo. The Collection of Bons-Mots which* LUCIAN *has attributed to his Friend is curious, and gives us an imperfect Idea of that kind of ſocial Pleaſantry, and Repartee, which was faſhionable in thoſe Times. Some of them are very arch and ſevere, others laughable, and a few, to ſay the truth, rather dull and unintelligible.*

THE age we live in cannot be reproached as entirely deſtitute of men worthy to be recorded, either for extraordinary ſtrength of body, or for the more noble accompliſhments of the mind. As inſtances of both, I ſhall mention * Soſtratus of Bœotia, whom the Greeks called Hercules, for as ſuch they eſteemed him, and Demonax, the philoſopher; theſe I have ſeen

* *Soſtratus.*] The ſame man, it is ſuppoſed, as is mentioned by Philoſtratus, who tell us he was eight feet high, &c. Lucian had, it ſeems, written a long hiſtory of him, which, however, is not come down to us. But as he was only remarkable for feats of bodily ſtrength, the loſs is not very conſiderable.

and

and admired, particularly the latter, with whom I was for a long time intimately acquainted. Concerning the former, I have treated in another book, wherein I deſcribed his immenſe ſize, and incredible ſtrength, his living in the open air on Parnaſſus, and feeding on what the woods afforded him, his clearing the road of robbers, building bridges, mending impaſſable ways, and other labours not unworthy of his great * predeceſſor.

With regard to Demonax, I think it highly neceſſary to make honourable mention of him, for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe I ſhould wiſh, as far as in me lies, to deliver down the memory of him to poſterity; and ſecondly, becauſe it would be a recommendation of philoſophy to our young nobility, to ſet before them not only the examples of antiquity, but to give them a recent model for their imitation in our own times, in the life of the beſt philoſopher, whom I have ever ſeen or known.

He was born at Cyprus, of parents not mean or obſcure, but diſtinguiſhed by their wealth and dignity; aſpiring himſelf to much greater honours by the ſearch after every thing that was good and beautiful, he applied himſelf early to the ſtudy of philoſophy, not from the example of † Agathobulus, ‡ Demetrius, or Epictetus, all whom he knew and was converſant with; nor || Timocrates the Heraclian, ſo famous for his wiſdom and eloquence, but excited by the love of honour and virtue, the paſſions of his earlieſt youth, he looked with contempt on all the pleaſures of human life, and attached himſelf to liberty and truth; living a ſober and irreproachable life, and ſetting an example of prudence and wiſdom to all who ſaw and heard him. Nor did he enter upon it, as they ſay, with unwaſhed feet, but was familiar with the poets, and had moſt part of their works by heart; had not lightly ſkimmed over the tenets of the ſeveral ſects of philoſophers, or only touched them, as the common expreſſion is, with the tip of his finger, but knew them all perfectly; keeping his body, at the ſame time, in proper exerciſe, and inured to labour. His ambition was not to be deficient in any thing which any body excelled in; inſomuch, that when he found he was no longer equal to himſelf, he quitted life of his own accord, leaving to the principal perſons in Greece, much to be ſaid concerning him.

* *Predeceſſor.*] Hercules.

† *Agathobulus.*] He lived, according to Euſebius, Ann. Chriſti 120.

‡ *Demetrius.*] A Cynic philoſopher, mentioned by Apollonius Tyaneus, and Phavorinus.

|| *Timocrates.*] This philoſopher flouriſhed, according to Philoſtratus, about the 150th year of Chriſt.

He

He did not, as it were, * cut off his philoſophy from any particular piece, but blended all the ſects and opinions together, and never openly declared which he was moſt attached to. He ſeemed, on the whole, rather partial to Socrates, though, in his habit and manner of living he reſembled Diogenes; not that, with regard to diet, he carried things to extremity, that he might be gazed at and admired, but eat and drank like other people, without pride and oſtentation, aſſociated with all, both public and private. His converſation was full of Attic grace, without the mixture of Socratic irony, ſo that thoſe who kept him company never either contemned his advice, or dreaded the ſeverity of his reproofs, but were always agreeably improved, growing more decent and orderly, as well as more chearful, and forming better hopes of an hereafter.

He was never noiſy or quarrelſome, and though he would often chide, was never angry; he was ſevere on the offence, but pardoned the offender, like the good phyſician, who heals the diſtemper, without fretting at the patient: to commit faults, he thought was human, to repent of, and correct them, was divine. Living in the manner he did, he never wanted any thing for himſelf, but always endeavoured to provide his friends with what was neceſſary: but when they were exalted with the good things of life, he would remind them how frail and tranſitory they were; and when they complained of penury, baniſhment, diſeaſes, or old age, would comfort them, by obſerving with a ſmile, that what afflicted them would ſoon be gone and paſt, that in a ſhort time there would be no more remembrance either of good or evil, but all would enjoy a long and laſting freedom. His conſtant employment was to reconcile contending brethren, and make peace between man and wife. When the people mutinied and rebelled, he interpoſed ſeaſonably, and prevailed on the greater part of them to ſubmit, and lend all reaſonable aſſiſtance to their country. Such was his philoſophy, gentle, mild, chearful, and benignant; nothing deeply affected him but the diſorder or death of a friend, as he eſteemed friendſhip the greateſt bleſſing of life; he was himſelf therefore kind and benevolent to all: to be a † man was a ſufficient title to his regard and affection, nor did he withdraw

* *Cut off.*] Greek, ουκ ἐν ἀποτεμνομενος, the idea of cutting off a piece of philoſophy, like a bit of cloth, from another man's coat, is extremely droll, and quite in Lucian's beſt manner; ſome critics, notwithſtanding, have told us that Demonax was not written by him.

† *A man.*] Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto. Ter.

himſelf from any but ſuch as were wicked beyond all hopes of amendment. Venus and the Graces, in ſhort, attended on every thing he ſpake or did, and, as it is ſaid in the * comedy, "perſuaſion dwelt upon his lips."

Not only the principal perſons in Athens, but the whole kingdom beheld him with admiration, and looked up to him as a divinity; though he at firſt offended many of them by his boldneſs and freedom of ſpeech: nor were there wanting an † Anytus and Melytus, to riſe up againſt and accuſe him; to ſay that he never was ſeen to offer up ſacrifice, nor was initiated into the Eleuſinian myſteries: theſe he confuted like a man; appeared before the aſſembly crowned, and in a white garment, and anſwered them, partly in a meek and gentle manner, and partly with more aſperity than he was wont. With regard to the ſacrifice, "Wonder not, he cried, O Athenians, that I have not ſacrificed to Minerva, when I tell you that ſhe ‡ ſtandeth not in need of my offerings. "And as to the myſteries, he ſaid, the reaſon of his not being initiated was, that || if they were bad, he ſhould not be able to conceal them from the uninitiated, which would deter them from the orgies; and, if they were good, he was afraid that, out of good will and philanthropy, he ſhould be apt to diſcloſe them to every body. Whereupon the Athenians, who had ſtones in their hands ready to deſtroy him, were immediately reconciled to him, and from that time held him in the higheſt eſtimation. Though in the beginning of his diſcourſe he had been very ſevere upon them, "You behold one, ſaid he, before you, crowned like a victim, ſlay me now, therefore, as one, for ye never before ſacrificed to any purpoſe."

I ſhall here ſubjoin a few of his ſmart and excellent § repartees.

Favorinus

* *Comedy.*] From a fragment of Eupolis.

† *Anytus and Melytus.*] The accuſers of Socrates.

‡ *Standeth not.*] A fine ſentiment and agreeable to thoſe of the holy Pſalmiſt.—"Burnt-offerings, and ſacrifice for ſin haſt thou not required.—I will take no bullock out of thine houſe, nor he-goat out of thy folds; thinkeſt thou that I will eat bull's fleſh and drink the blood of goats, &c."

|| *If they, &c.*] Theſe would be excellent reaſons for a man's not chuſing to be made a free maſon.

§ *Repartees.*] Lucian is, I believe, almoſt the only Greek author now extant who has deſcended into the familiarity of converſation, and tranſmitted to us the good things ſaid by his friends and acquaintance: conſidered in this light, he may be called the Joe Miller of antiquity. What he has given us from Demonax are of various kinds, like Martial's Epigrams.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura.

Though many of them are pointed, ſenſible, and to the purpoſe, yet in theſe, as well as in moſt

* Favorinus being informed by ſome body that Demonax had laughed at his diſcourſes, particularly thoſe that were mixed with fooliſh verſes, and ſaid that they were poor, womaniſh, and unbecoming a philoſopher, came to him and aſked what fellow that was who had dared to ridicule his performances: "A man, replied he, who has ears that are not to be impoſed on:" the Sophiſt ſtill preſſing on him, aſked "How it happened that from a child he was a philoſopher?" to which he anſwered, "Only becauſe from a child I became a man." The ſame Sophiſt aſked him another time, "what ſect of philoſophers he belonged to:" "How do you know, ſaid he, that I am a philoſopher?" and then laughed to himſelf, when the other enquiring what he ſmiled at, "I ſmile, ſays he, to think how you can pretend to judge of a philoſopher by his beard, when you have none of † your own. A Sophiſt of Sidonia uſed to praiſe himſelf violently, and boaſt that he was acquainted with every part of philoſophy (but I will give you his own words), "If Ariſtotle, ſaid he, ſhould ſummon me to the Lyceum, I would follow him thither; if Plato to the Academy, I would meet him there; if Zeno to the Portico, I would attend him; if Pythagoras commands me, I will be ſilent." "Hark you, ſaid Demonax, riſing up in the middle of the audience, and calling him by his name, ‡ Pythagoras calls upon you."

A Macedonian youth, mighty handſome, and well-dreſſed, who had a mind to play the fool with him, aſked him a ſophiſtical queſtion, and deſired he would finiſh the ſyllogiſm: "One thing I know, child, ſaid he, that you are § finiſhed yourſelf!" The boy, angry at the jeſt, and threatening him, cried out, "I will ſhew you a man preſently." "I did not know, replied

moſt of the bon mots handed down to us, there ſeems to be a ſtiffneſs, and want of that eaſe and politeneſs, which we frequently meet with in modern times. I am inclined, indeed, to believe that converſation is one of the few things in which we excel the ancients; and I have, myſelf, heard more bon mots, when in company with Foote, Garrick, Warton, Goldſmith, Burke, &c. in one day, than would have ſerved Lucian's friend, Demonax, for a twelvemonth.

* *Favorinus.*] See Bayle.

† *Your own.*] Becauſe Favorinus was an EUNUCH.

‡ *Pythagoras*] Pythagoras enjoined his diſciples, during their noviciate, a five year's ſilence.

§ *Finiſhed.*] Greek, περαινεσθαι, unum inquit, puer, novi, ſays the Latin tranſlation, σε περαινεσθαι, περαινειν, (ſays the commentator on this paſſage) eſt dialecticum, ſignificatque efficere, vel concludere aliquid ex ſumptis quibuſdam. The Latin tranſlator, we ſee, could not find a word in his tongue which would properly explain the ambiguous Greek one.—But ours, which bears more analogy to the original, is a tolerable ſubſtitute, and expreſſes the meaning pretty exactly.

Demonax, you had one there." Another time, Demonax laughing at a common Olympic wreſtler, for wearing an embroidered coat, the fellow ſtruck at him with a ſtone, and made him bleed: every body preſent was enraged at this, as if they had themſelves received the blow, and cried out, he ſhould go immediately to the magiſtrate: "Not to the magiſtrate, my friends, ſaid he, but to the ſurgeon." Happening one day, as he was walking, to find a ring, he put up a note in the market-place, ſignifying, that if any body, who had loſt ſuch a ring, would come and deſcribe the weight, the ſtone, and the impreſſion on it, he might have it again; a handſome young fellow came and demanded it, but not proving any kind of right to it, "My pretty youth, ſaid Demonax to him, take care of your own ring, for you have not loſt this." A Roman ſenator at Athens, brought his ſon to him, a moſt beautiful youth, but rather weak and effeminate: "My ſon ſalutes you," ſaid the father. "A handſome boy, indeed, replied Demonax, worthy of you, and very like his mother." He uſed to call a certain Cynic philoſopher, who was always dreſſed in a bear's ſkin, not Onoratus, which was his real name, but * Arcteſilaus. Being aſked what was the ſummit of human happineſs, he anſwered, liberty; and the other replying that infinite numbers were free, "None, ſaid he, but thoſe who neither hope nor fear." "That, ſaid the other, is impoſſible, for we are all ſlaves to thoſe two paſſions:" "But if, ſaid Demonax, you properly conſider human affairs, you will find that they are not worthy either of our hopes or fears, ſeeing that both happineſs and miſery are here of ſuch ſhort duration."

Peregrinus the philoſopher, commonly called Proteus, uſed to reproach him for laughing too much, and being too familiar with people: "Demonax, ſaid he, you do not act the † dog well:" "No, Peregrinus, replied he, nor you the man." When a certain natural philoſopher was diſputing about the Antipodes, he took him to a well, and ſhewing him his own ſhadow in the water, cried, "Are theſe what you call the Antipodes?" Another man boaſting one day that he was a great magician, and had a certain charm that could perſuade people to give him any thing he wanted; "There is nothing ſo ſurpriſing in that, ſaid Demonax: I am a magician as well as you, and if you will follow me to the baker's, you ſhall ſee me, with a little charm and

* *Arcteſilaus.*] A pun upon the Greek word αρκτος, arctos, ſignifying a bear, and alluding to his being dreſſed in a bear's ſkin. The joke is but a poor one.

† *Dog.*] Meaning the Cynic.

potion

potion that I have about me, perſuade him to give me ſome bread;" he then took out a piece of money, which is as good as any incantation whatſoever. When the famous Herod ſeemed beyond meaſure afflicted at the untimely death of his dear ſon Pollux, and had ordered his chariot and horſes to be got ready, and a ſupper prepared for him; he came to him, and ſaid, "I have got a letter for you from Pollux." Herod giving into the deceit, cried, and what does he want of me?" "He is very angry, replied Demonax, that you do not come to him." The ſame Herod weeping bitterly for the loſs of his ſon, and ſhutting himſelf up in darkneſs; he came to him, and told him "He was a magician, and could raiſe up the ſhade of his ſon, on condition that he produced three men who had never grieved for any thing." Herod beginning to doubt and heſitate, for in truth he could find out no ſuch perſon; "How ridiculous, then, is it in you, ſaid Demonax, to imagine yourſelf the only unhappy man, when you cannot find one who hath not taſted of misfortune!" He uſed to laugh much at thoſe, who, in their converſation affected uncouth and antiquated phraſes; one of theſe being remarkably abſurd, he ſaid to him, "I aſk you a plain queſtion in intelligible terms, and you anſwer me in the language of Agamemnon." One of his companions ſaying to him, "Let us go to the temple of Æſculapius, and pray to him for the health of my ſon;" "Doſt thou ſuppoſe, ſaid Demonax, that Æſculapius is deaf, that he cannot hear us pray juſt as well from hence." One day hearing two ignorant philoſophers in diſpute, one aſking fooliſh queſtions, and the other returning anſwers nothing to the purpoſe, "* One of theſe, ſays he, ſeems to be milking a he-goat, whilſt the other holds the ſieve under him." Agathocles the Peripatetic, boaſting that he was the firſt and only logician, "If you are the firſt, ſaid he, you cannot be the only one; and if you are the only one, you cannot be the firſt." When Cethegus, a man of conſular dignity, was ſent from Greece into Aſia to repreſent his father, he ſaid and did a number of ridiculous things, and one of his companions obſerved, "that he was a wondrous great fool." "Fool enough, ſaid Demonax, but there is no great wonder in it." When Apollonius the philoſopher went off with ſeveral of his ſcholars to attend on, and inſtruct the emperor, "There goes † Apollonius, ſaid

* *One of theſe, &c.*] The image here is a good one, and puts us in mind of the old proverb, great cry and little wool, as the man ſaid when he ſheared his Hog.

† *Apollonius.*] The joke lies entirely in the name, and merely as a pun is not amiſs. Apollonius Rhodius wrote a poem on the Argonautic expedition, to whom Demonax alludes, and as the

ſaid he, with his Argonauts." A perſon aſking him, whether he thought the ſoul was immortal, "Yes, ſaid he, it is immortal, but juſt as every thing * elſe is." Concerning Herod, he remarked that Plato was right in ſaying that men had more ſouls than one, otherwiſe Herod could never have acted ſo ridiculouſly as to ſet † Regillas and Pollux up to ſupper with him, as if they were alive; with other fooliſh actions of the ſame kind. He had the courage once, to aſk the Athenians at one of their public aſſemblies, "Why they excluded barbarians from their myſteries, when Eumolpus who inſtituted them, was himſelf a barbarian of Thrace." When he was going to ſea in the winter, one of his friends ſaid to him, "Are you not afraid of being drowned and eat by the fiſh?" "It would be ingratitude in me, replied Demonax, to murmur at being devoured by fiſh, when I have, myſelf, devoured ſo many of them." He adviſed a certain rhetorician, who declaimed miſerably to exerciſe himſelf frequently for improvement; "That I do, ſaid he, and always repeat it to myſelf:" "No wonder you talk ſo wretchedly, replied Demonax, when you practiſe before ſuch a fooliſh audience." Seeing a diviner who prophecied for money, he ſaid to him one day, "I cannot ſee what right you have to be paid thus for your prophecies, if they can reverſe the decree of fate, take what you will, it muſt be too little; but if all things muſt happen as it is determined by God, of what uſe is your divination?" An old Roman who took care to keep his body in exerciſe by ſham fights with a poſt, ſaid to Demonax, "Don't I fight well?" to which he replied, "Nobly, indeed, againſt a wooden enemy." Nobody was ſo clever as he, at ſolving a difficult point; ſomebody aſked him one day, in a ſcoffing manner, this queſtion, "Pray, Demonax, if you burn a thouſand pounds of wood, how many pounds will there be of ſmoke?" "Weigh the aſhes, ſays he, and all the reſt will be ſmoke." One Polybius, an illiterate fellow, and who did not underſtand his own mother-tongue, acquainting Demonax, that the emperor had honoured him with the freedom of Rome; "I wiſh,

the Argonauts went after the golden fleece, ſo Apollonius the philoſopher, and his ſcholars, followed the emperor for what they could get, ſo that there is a double meaning in the application.

* *Every thing elſe.*] Demonax, we ſee, with all his philoſophy and virtue was a Materialiſt, and, probably, had no better idea of true religion than probably his friend Lucian.

† *Regillas and Pollux.*] His two ſons who were dead. We have all heard of a parallel abſurdity in a modern lady of faſhion, who had ſo partial an attachment to the famous poet Congreve, as after his death to ſet up an image of him, dreſſed in his uſual manner, which ſhe addreſſed, and uſed to converſe with; a farce which, they ſay, was carried on for ſome time.

ſaid

ſaid Demonax, inſtead of a Roman, he had made a Grecian of you." Seeing a fine-dreſſed man who was very proud of his purple robe, he went up cloſe to him, and laying hold of his garment, cried, "This belonged to a * ſheep before you had it." Going to bathe one day in warm water, he ſeemed afraid of ſtepping into it, and ſomebody reproaching him for a coward, he replied, "I do not do this to ſave my country." "What do you think they are about, ſaid ſomebody, in the ſhades below?" "Stay till I get there, ſays he, and I will write you word." Admetus, a very bad poet, telling him he had wrote his own epitaph, which he had left orders in his will ſhould be graved on his tomb-ſtone, (it was only theſe two lines,)

Admetus lies beneath this ſtone,
His better part to heav'n is gone.

It is ſo fine an epitaph, ſaid Demonax, methinks I wiſh it was there already. Somebody obſerving that his calves were a little ſhrunk, as old men's generally are, cried, "What is the meaning of this, Demonax?" he replied with a ſmile, "Cerberus has bit me, that is all." Seeing a Lacedæmonian one day whipping his ſervant moſt unmercifully, he cried out, "Do not put yourſelf thus upon a level with your ſlave." A girl whoſe name was Danae, having a law-ſuit with her brother, "You are in the right, child, ſaid he, to go to law, for you are not Danae the daughter of Acriſius." He was a bitter enemy of all thoſe who profeſſed philoſophy, not for the ſake of truth but from pride and oſtentation; and obſerving a certain Cynic, with his wallet and cloak, and a peſtle inſtead of a ſtaff, who called himſelf the rival of Antiſthenes, Crates, and Diogenes; "Tell no ſuch lies, ſaid he to him, thou art the diſciple of † Hyperides." Seeing ſome bad wreſtlers, who, contrary to the laws preſcribed, were biting one another, "Well, ſaid he, may our wreſtlers be called lions." What he ſaid to a proconſul was ſmart, and at the ſame time very ſevere upon him; he was one of thoſe, it ſeems, who pluck the hairs from off their legs, and every part of the body: a Cynic got up, and accuſed him of effeminacy; upon which, the proconſul being violently enraged, ordered him to be knocked on the head, or ſent into baniſhment: but Demonax interfered and begged him off, telling him, "It

* *A ſheep.*] Agreeable to Pope's obſervation,

The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

The making cloth from ſheep's wool, we ſee, was a very old invention. The application is arch enough.

† *Hyperides.*] It does not appear who this Hyperides was, the Latin tranſlator ſays, Piſtoris vel piſtillarii; that he was a baker, ſo that the joke lies in the peſtle.

was

was a liberty taken by the Cynics, and therefore ought to be pardoned;" "Well, ſays the proconſul, for your ſake I will forgive him now, but if he does ſo again, what puniſhment is bad enough for him?" "O then, ſaid Demonax, order all his hair to be taken off immediately." Another who was appointed by the emperor to the government of a large province, and the command of the army, aſked him how he ſhould manage always to govern well: "Keep your temper, ſaid he, hear every thing, and ſay nothing." Somebody aſking him whether he eat honey-cakes, "Doſt think, ſays he, bees ever made their combs for fools?" Seeing a ſtatue in the portico with one hand, "At laſt, ſays he, * Cynægirus is honoured by the Athenians with a brazen ſtatue." Seeing Rufinus, the lame philoſopher, hopping about the Lyceum, "There is nothing ſo impudent, ſaid he, as a lame Peripatetic." Epictetus one day adviſing him to marry, and get children, for that it was by no means unbecoming a philoſopher to leave ſomething behind him in room of himſelf; "Then, ſaid he, you muſt give me one of † your daughters."

What he ſaid to Herminus the Ariſtotelian, is well-worth recording; obſerving this raſcal doing every thing that was bad, and always talking, at the ſame time, of Ariſtotle and his ‡ categories; "In good truth, ſaid he, Herminus, you are worthy of them all." The Athenians having ſome intention to build an amphitheatre for gladiators in imitation of the Corinthians, he went into the aſſembly, and cried out, "Before you determine this point, O Athenians, you ſhould deſtroy the altar of mercy." When he came to Olympia, the Elians would have decreed him a ſtatue of braſs; "By no means, ſaid he, that would be a reproach to your anceſtors, who never made one either for Socrates or Diogenes." I heard him once tell a lawyer, "he thought laws of very little ſervice to mankind, for the good did not ſtand in need of, and the bad were never the better for them." He uſed frequently to repeat this verſe of Homer,

|| Alike regreted, in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

* *Cynagirus.*] See Bayle.

† *Your daughters.*] Epictetus was older than Demonax, and died a bachelor.

‡ *Categories.*] Every body knows what the Categories of Ariſtotle were; but it is fit the Engliſh reader ſhould know alſo that the Greek word κατεγοριος, categorius, ſignifies alſo, an accuſation. The whole wit, therefore, of this bon mot, if any there be, conſiſts in the pun upon, or double meaning of the word in the original.

|| *Alike, &c.*] Gr. Κατθανὲ ὁ την αεργος ανηρ ὁ τε πολλα εοργως. See Hom. Il. I. l. 320.

He

He always admired Therſites as a kind of Cynic philoſopher. Being aſked, which of the philoſophers he liked beſt: "They are all excellent, ſaid he, but Socrates I venerate, admire Diogenes, and love Ariſtippus."

He lived till near a hundred without pain, grief, or diſorder; without being burthenſome, or under obligations to any man; was always ſerviceable to his friends, and never had an enemy. Not only the Athenians, but all Greece ſo loved and honoured him, that when he appeared in public the nobles roſe up in reſpect to him, and there was an univerſal ſilence. Even in extreme old age, he went about from houſe to houſe, ſupped, and lay all night wherever he pleaſed; the maſter always conſidering himſelf as honoured by the preſence of ſome god, or tutelary genius. The ſellers of bread, would beg him, as he paſſed along, to accept ſome from their hands; and happy were they from whom he would receive it. The boys, too, would offer him fruits, and call him their father. On a ſedition that had been raiſed up at Athens, his preſence alone put an end to the tumult; for the moment he appeared in the aſſembly, they were all ſilent: he perceived their ſhame and repentance, and without ſaying any thing to them, withdrew. When he found he was no longer able to help himſelf, he ſpoke to thoſe who were about him in the language of the Cryer at the public games.

The laurel crown attracts no more,
The games are done, the ſport is o'er;
Paſt is the buſineſs of the day,
And we are ſummon'd; hence, away!

He then voluntarily abſtained from all food, and died, preſerving the greateſt eaſe and chearfulneſs to his laſt moments. A little before his death, ſomebody aſking him, "what orders he would give about his funeral:" "Never fear, ſaid he, when I ſtink, they will bury me." "But ſhall ſuch a man, replied his friend, be given to dogs and birds?" "So much the better, ſaid he, for then I ſhall be of ſome ſervice even after death."

The Athenians honoured him with a magnificent funeral, and long lamented him. They even crowned with garlands, and held as ſacred, the ſtone he uſed to reſt upon. Every body attended at his burial, and the philoſophers carried him to the grave on their ſhoulders.

I have put together theſe few circumſtances relating to Demonax, that poſterity may know how truly great and excellent he was.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR,

TO HIS FRIEND,

THE GREAT PORTRAIT-PAINTER OF ENGLAND,

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE PORTRAIT,

A DIALOGUE.

This Portrait *of* LUCIAN's *is, as the Painters ſay, in his beſt Manner, and finiſhed* CON AMORE: *it contains a charming Deſcription, in the moſt warm and glowing Colours, of*

What never was, or is, or e'er ſhall be,

a perfect Woman; and is ſuppoſed to be a ſtriking Likeneſs of a Miſtreſs, or Wife, (about which the Critics are divided), of the Emperor Verus. The Style, throughout, is finely adapted to the Subject, ſmooth, animated, and poetical.

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

LYCINUS.

POLYSTRATUS, the fate of thoſe who beheld the Gorgon reſembles mine, the ſight of a fine woman has almoſt turned me into ſtone; I am petrified with admiration.

POLYSTRATUS.

What, the impenetrable Lycinus! aſtoniſhing, indeed, * * *

But who is this petrifying Meduſa, and whence comes ſhe? for I muſt ſee her too: you need not be jealous, as I muſt expect the ſame fate, and ſhall be ſtiffened into ſtone as well as yourſelf.

LYCINUS.

Depend upon it, my friend, if you look upon her, even at a diſtance, ſhe will render you motionleſs as a ſtatue: the wound, indeed, will be leſs dangerous

dangerous if you only ſee her, but if ſhe fixes her eyes on you at the ſame time, I know not how you can ever get away; ſhe will hold you faſt, and make you follow her about as the needle does the * loadſtone.

POLYSTRATUS.

Say no more about her wonderful beauty, but tell me who ſhe is.

LYCINUS.

You think me extravagant, but when you ſee her, you will ſay my praiſe was weak in compariſon with what ſhe deſerves. Who ſhe is I know not; but the number of attendants, her ſplendid appearance, eunuchs, maids, every thing, in ſhort, about her ſeemed beyond what any private fortune could afford.

POLYSTRATUS.

Did not you hear her name?

LYCINUS.

No: all I could diſcover was that ſhe came from Ionia, which I gathered from a perſon who, as ſhe paſſed by, obſerved to his neighbour, "ſuch are your Smyrna beauties;" nor can we wonder that the fineſt city in Ionia ſhould produce the fineſt women: the man, I imagine, came from thence himſelf, as he ſeemed to be not a little proud of her.

POLYSTRATUS.

You acted like a ſtone indeed, never to follow her, nor aſk the Smyrna man who ſhe was: but, come, deſcribe her form to me as well as you can, and, perhaps, I may recollect her.

LYCINUS.

You know not what you requeſt of me: it is not in the power of language, at leaſt of mine, to give you an idea of her: ſcarce would Apelles, Zeuxis, Parrhaſius, Phidias, or Alcumenes be equal to the taſk: art is too weak to repreſent her.

POLYSTRATUS.

At leaſt tell me what her features were; there is no danger, be they what they will, in drawing her picture for a friend.

LYCINUS.

I think it would be ſafer to call in the aſſiſtance of thoſe eminent artiſts, to help me to paint her for you.

* *Loadſtone.*] The virtues and properties of the magnet were known to the ancients: the great uſe and advantage of it was reſerved to ſtand at the head of modern diſcoveries.

POLYSTRATUS.

What do you mean? How are thoſe, who have been dead ſo many years, to appear before you?

LYCINUS.

O very eaſily; only anſwer me one queſtion.

POLYSTRATUS.

Aſk it.

LYCINUS.

Have you ever been at Cnidus?

POLYSTRATUS.

Moſt certainly.

LYCINUS.

Then you muſt have ſeen the famous Venus there.

POLYSTRATUS.

I have: the fineſt work of Praxiteles.

LYCINUS.

You have heard the ſtory too, I ſuppoſe, which they tell of a man's falling in love with a ſtatue, and hiding himſelf in the temple that he might enjoy her: you have ſeen too, I imagine, the * garden Venus of Alcamenes?

POLYSTRATUS.

I ſhould be incurious, indeed, to let the nobleſt of his performances eſcape me.

LYCINUS.

I need not aſk you, who have been ſo often in the Acropolis, whether you have not alſo contemplated the Soſandra of Calamides.

POLYSTRATUS.

Many a time.

LYCINUS.

And which of Phidias's works do you moſt admire?

POLYSTRATUS.

The † Lemnian Minerva, which he put his name to; and the Amazon, leaning on her ſpear.

* *Garden Venus.*] It is remarkable that this little piece of Lucian's takes notice of ſeveral famous works of ancient ſculpture and painting, never mentioned by any other author, and gives us a high idea of their extraordinary merit.

† *Lemnian.*] A famous ſtatue of Minerva, by Phidias, and ſo called from the inhabitants of Lemnos, who dedicated it to her. See Pauſan. Attic.

LYCINUS.

Very well: now we have artiſts enough: from all theſe I propoſe to make one picture, ſelecting what is moſt excellent in each of them.

POLYSTRATUS.

And how is this to be done?

LYCINUS.

With the greateſt eaſe: let us only transfer the ideas to language, whoſe buſineſs it ſhall be to mix together the ſeveral parts, adorn, and form them into one complete whole.

POLYSTRATUS.

Well, take and try: for my part, I cannot conceive how you can make uſe of them in ſuch a manner, as from ſo many different parts, not to form one ill-compacted and ridiculous work.

LYCINUS.

You ſhall ſee: and firſt, from the Cnidian Venus I ſhall take the head alone; the body, being naked, we have no occaſion for: the forehead, hair, and perfect ſhape of the eye-brows, exactly as Praxiteles has made them: together with that * ſwimming ſoftneſs, and vivacity of the eyes, which he has ſo finely repreſented: the cheeks, and look of the † full face, with the extremeties of the hands, the fine-proportioned wriſt, the delicate fingers growing thin at the tips, from Alcamenes. Phidias, and his Lemnian, will ſupply us with the general turn of the countenance, and ſize of the noſe; the mouth and neck we will take from his Amazon. Calamides ſhall furniſh us with the modeſty of his Soſandra, the ſweet half-ſmile on her countenance, the tucked up, and becoming robe; her head, however, ſhall be undreſſed: the age may be about that of the Cnidian Venus, according to Praxiteles. What think you, my friend, will not the picture be charming, if it be well finiſhed?

* *Swimming.*] The Greek expreſſion is inimitably elegant,

Οφθαλμων το ὑγρον αμα τω φαιδρω,
Oculorum mobilem hilaremque gratiam,

Agreeable to Anacreon's

Το δε βλεμμα ——
Αμα γλαυκον ὡς Αθηνης
Αμα δ' ὑγρον ὡς Κυθηρης. Ode xxviii.

† *Full face.*] Greek, τω παντος προσωπω περιγραφην.

POLY-

POLYSTRATUS.

Are you ſure, my friend, you have omitted nothing in the compoſition of your beauty?

LYCINUS.

Not that I know of, unleſs, perhaps, you think it cannot be complete without the proper colouring; there, indeed, we muſt be deficient; for how ſhall we procure it? Shall we call in all thoſe painters who are famous for blending their colours with taſte and judgment, Polygnotus, Euphranor, Ætion, and Apelles? let theſe divide the taſk. Euphranor ſhall lend us his Juno's hair, Polygnotus the handſome eye-brow, and roſy cheeks of his Delphian Caſſandra: he too ſhall furniſh us with a robe of the fineſt work, moſt of it flowing in looſe folds, and only ſuccinct where it ought to be ſo. The reſt of the body we will take from the * Pacata of Apelles, with a ſkin not too pale and fair, but ſhewing the † blood within. ‡ Ætion ſhall give us the lips of his Roxana: we will borrow from Homer too, that beſt of painters, even in the preſence of Euphranor and Apelles, the thighs of Menelaus, which he compares to § ivory ſtained with purple, will ſuit her alſo; he ſhall give her the eyes: the ‖ Theban poet too ſhall aſſiſt, and lend us his even brows; and Mæonides ſhall make her ‡ white arm'd, and roſy-finger'd, far more like golden Venus than his Briſeis.

Thus far the ſtatuary, the painter, and the poet may be of ſervice to us; but for that grace which is diffuſed through every part, or rather all the

* *Pacata.*] Greek, Παχατην, probably miſtaken by the tranſcribers for Panchaſte, mentioned by Ælian, and who, as Pliny tells us, was the ſame as Campaſpe, the celebrated beauty, and miſtreſs of Alexander the Great, whom Apelles fell in love with as he was drawing her picture.

† *The blood.*] See Shakeſpeare.

‡ *Ætion.*] See the deſcription of this famous picture in Lucian's Ætion.

§ *Ivory.*] As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed,
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry, with a lively red.
With equal luſtre various colours vie,
The ſhining whiteneſs of the Tyrian dye;
So, great Atrides, ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
And, down thy ſnowy thigh, diſtill'd the ſtreaming blood.
Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 170.

‖ *The Theban poet.*] Pindar, who calls Evadna, ισοθλιφαξον. See Olymp. vi.

‡ *White-arm'd, &c.*] Epithets frequently uſed by Homer, and applied to Juno, Venus, &c.

Graces

Graces and all the Loves united, that dance around her; who ſhall imitate, or who ſhall deſcribe them?

POLYSTRATUS.

Lycinus, thou ſpeakeſt of ſomething more than human, ſent down from Jove, the progeny of heaven. But, tell me, how was ſhe employed?

LYCINUS.

She held in her hand a book doubled in two, part of which ſhe ſeemed to have gone through, and was reading the other; ſpeaking at the ſame time to one of her attendants, but ſo low, that I could not diſtinguiſh what ſhe ſaid. When ſhe ſmiled, ſhe ſhewed a ſet of teeth ſo white, ſo even, ſo well put together, it is impoſſible to deſcribe them to you: if you have ſeen a beautiful necklace, of the moſt brilliant pearls, all of the ſame ſize and ſplendour, you may have ſome idea of them; adorned as they were by her ruby lips, and ſhining through them; like Homer's * boſom of ivory, not one broader than another, ſticking out, or ſeparated as others have them, but all of one ſize and colour, and entirely even: upon the whole, ſhe was a moſt aſtoniſhing ſight, and infinitely beyond our conceptions of mortal beauty.

POLYSTRATUS.

Stop a moment: for, by what you have ſaid, I am ſure I know who ſhe is; you told me what country ſhe was of, and that ſhe had eunuchs and ſoldiers attending her; it muſt be the celebrated beauty who lives with the emperor.

LYCINUS.

What is her name?

POLYSTRATUS.

That too is ſoft and lovely like herſelf, the ſame as that of † Abradatas's wife: you muſt have heard of the modeſt charming woman whom Xenophon ſpeaks ſo highly of.

LYCINUS.

I remember her well; and as often as I read that beautiful paſſage, methinks I hear her ſpeak, ſee her arming her huſband, and preparing him for the battle.

* *Boſom.*] And the pure iv'ry o'er her boſom ſpreads.
See Homer's deſcription of Eurynome, in the eighteenth book of the Odyſſey.

† *Abradatas's wife.*] Panthea. See the whole ſtory in the Cyropædia of Xenophon, one of the beſt written and moſt affecting tales to be met with amongſt the writers of antiquity.

POLY-

POLYSTRATUS.

You, my friend, have only ſeen her once, glancing, like lightning by you, and ſpeak only, therefore, of that which ſtruck you then, her external form; but you ſaw nothing of her mind, nor know how far that exceeds it in every beauty. I am her countryman, am well acquainted with, and have often converſed with her. You very well know, I prefer good-nature, benevolence, magnanimity, learning, and wiſdom, to beauty; theſe, doubtleſs, are far ſuperior, and not to eſteem them ſo, were as abſurd as to prefer the garment to the body which is cloathed in it. Where the virtues of the mind and body are united in one perſon, there, and there only, is true beauty. I could point out numbers whoſe form is excellent, but who diſgrace it by their manners; whoſe beauty fades and dies away, the body confeſſing, as it were, by its indecent actions, that it is ruled by the worſt of miſtreſſes, an evil ſoul. Such women put me in mind of Ægyptian idolatry; the temple is large and beautiful, adorned with precious ſtones, gold, and pictures; whilſt the god within, is, perhaps, an ape, an ibis, a goat, or a cat: of theſe there are but too many amongſt us. But beauty alone is not ſufficient, unleſs it is properly adorned; * not by purple robes, by necklaces, or toys; but by modeſty, truth, benevolence, philanthropy, and the reſt of thoſe virtues which crown the complete woman.

LYCINUS.

You, therefore, Polyſtratus, muſt give me deſcription for deſcription, meaſure for meaſure, as they ſay, or rather ſomething over (for you are very well able): let me have the portrait of her mind, that I may no longer admire only one half of her.

POLYSTRATUS.

It is no ſmall trial of ſkill which you have exacted of me; it is much eaſier, let me tell you, to praiſe that which every body has before their eyes, than to deſcribe that which cannot be ſeen by any; for my portrait, I muſt call in the aid not of painters and ſtatuaries only, but of philoſophers alſo, that I may finiſh the figure by their rules, and according to the complete model of antiquity.

* *Not by purple, &c.*] "Whoſe adorning (ſays a better moraliſt than Lucian), let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet ſpirit, which is in the ſight of God of great price."

To the buſineſs then. And firſt, She is eloquent, and witty: with much more reaſon might Homer have ſaid of her than of the Pylian ſage,

* Words, ſweet as honey, from his lips diſtill'd.

The tone of her voice is inexpreſſibly ſoft and harmonious, not ſtrong or maſculine, nor thick and broken; but like that of youths juſt before the age of manhood, ſweet and pleaſant, ſtealing gently on the ear, ſo that even when it ceaſes, the words ſtill dwell upon the ſenſe, like echo lengthens out the ſound, and leaves a pleaſing remembrance on the mind, full of grace and perſuaſion; when ſhe ſings or plays, ſwans, graſhoppers, and halcyons, muſt be ſilent; for, compared with her, they are rough and inharmonious; and the † daughter of Pandion, with all her power of voice, would appear ignorant and unmuſical. Orpheus and Amphion, who ſo charmed their audience that even things inanimate were attracted by their ſongs, if they heard her, would leave their lyres, and liſten in ſilent attention to her. So well does ſhe know how to preſerve true harmony, ſo to accompany her inſtrument, as never to be out of time or tune, to ſwell and ſink in ſuch a manner, as that the voice and lyre ſhall ſet off each other, with that eaſy touch of the finger, and motion of the limbs, which ſo diſtinguiſhed the great ‡ muſician of Thrace, and || him who touched the lyre as he fed his cattle on Cithæron. Truſt me, Lycinus, if ever you hear her ſing, you will not, like thoſe who beheld the Gorgon, be turned into ſtone; but will experience the fate of them who were allured by the Syrens; you will ſtand amazed and confounded, regardleſs of your country, your family, and your friends. Stop up your ears ever ſo cloſe, her voice will penetrate through all; for ſuch is the ſong of Terpſichore, of Melpomene, and Calliope, with a thouſand enchantments of every kind to adorn and recommend it. Think, in a word, what the harmony muſt be which paſſes through ſuch teeth, aud is uttered by ſuch lips as her's. You have ſeen part of what I tell you, imagine to yourſelf that you hear the reſt.

That ſhe ſhould ſpeak correctly and in pure Ionic, that her converſation is full of wit and Attic grace, is by no means to be wondered at; ſhe had it

* *Words, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 332.

† *Daughter, &c.*] Who was turned into a nightingale.

‡ *Muſician.*] Orpheus.

|| *Him who, &c.*] Amphion.

from her country and her anceſtors: nor is it ſurpriſing that ſhe ſhould be fond of poetry, who is a native of that * place which gave birth to Homer. Thus much for her voice, both with regard to ſpeaking and ſinging. I ſhall now proceed to her other perfections; and here, I do not intend, like you, to mingle all the beauties together, to make one complete model, but to deſcribe at large every virtue of her mind, and refer them ſingly and ſeparately to this great original.

LYCINUS.

You invite me, Polyſtratus, to a noble feaſt indeed, and ſeem reſolved to give me, as I deſired, full meaſure; pour away, therefore, as faſt as you pleaſe, you cannot do me a greater favour.

POLYSTRATUS.

As knowlege then, particularly that which ariſes from ſtudy and contemplation, is, doubtleſs, of all human perfections the moſt deſirable, let us take it in all its various forms, that our model may be as complete as your's. Let her, therefore, have all the gifts of Helicon, not as Clio, Polyhymnia, or Calliope, and the reſt; each poſſeſſing one, but endowed with them all, together with thoſe of Mercury and Apollo. Adorned with whatever poets have feigned, hiſtorians recorded, or philoſophers taught; theſe ſhe muſt be perfect miſtreſs of; not moiſtened only by this dye, but totally tinged and ſaturated with it. Of this, indeed, I can produce no living example, nor recollect one, even in the ſtores of antiquity. Such, however, let our portrait remain; you will think it, perhaps, no poor or contemptible one.

LYCINUS.

It is, indeed, moſt excellent, and comprehends every point of perfection.

POLYSTRATUS.

Let us now produce the portrait of wiſdom and prudence: and here, I ſhall want many examples, particularly from the ancients: amongſt whom, I ſhall ſelect Socrates and his friend Æſchines, the moſt ſkilful of all artiſts, who painted with peculiar energy and grace. As the beſt model of prudence, we will take Aſpaſia of Miletus, who lived with the famous Pericles, and was ſo renowned for her knowlege and acuteneſs in all civil affairs; for quickneſs of parts, penetration, and ſagacity. Theſe we will all transfer to our own portrait, though one is but a ſmall picture, the other a Coloſſus in compariſon with her.

* *Place.*] Smyrna.

LYCINUS.

How is that?

POLYSTRATUS.

I mean that pictures may be very like, though not of the ſame ſize; as the republic of Athens may reſemble the preſent ſtate of Rome, though the latter is ſo much ſuperior, becauſe upon a larger ſcale.

Our third portrait ſhall be taken from * Theano, the Leſbian poeteſs, and Diotima. Theano ſhall lend her magnanimity, Sappho her elegance of manners, and † Diotima, not only what Socrates has ſo commended in her, but her wiſdom and prudence alſo. Such is our ſecond portrait.

LYCINUS.

And it is truly admirable: let us now have a picture of humanity and benevolence, that may repreſent her ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and charity to the poor.

POLYSTRATUS.

For this we ſhall find a model in the wife of Antenor, Arete, and her daughter Nauſicae: and for her chaſtity and affection, we will take Penelope, whom Homer celebrates for thoſe virtues, or her name-ſake, Panthea, before mentioned.

LYCINUS.

You have now, I think, Polyſtratus, beautified her all over, and we want no more portraits; for you have gone through her whole mind, and ſufficiently praiſed every part of it.

POLYSTRATUS.

Not ſo, Lycinus; for the greateſt of her virtues is ſtill behind: her humble and modeſt behaviour in that exalted ſtation: never elated by her good fortune, nor relying too much on human proſperity, ſhe is not inſolent or ridiculous, but keeps herſelf ſtill on the level; is affable to all, treats all as her equals, without pomp, or affectation; a conduct ſo much the more agreeable, as it comes from one of her rank and condition: thoſe who thus uſe their riches, not for pride and oſtentation, but for the purpoſes of charity and benevolence, are worthy of the gifts which fortune beſtows on them: they alone can eſcape envy, for none grudge riches to thoſe who enjoy them with temperance and moderation: ſuch as do not, like Homer's ‡ Ate,

* *Theano.*] The wife, or, as ſome tell us, the daughter of Pythagoras. See a full and true account of this lady in Menage's Catalogue of Female Philoſophers.

† *Diotima.*] See Plato's Sympoſium.

‡ *Ate.*] Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples on mankind. See Pope's Hom. Il. b. ix. l. 628.

ſtalk over the heads of men, and trample on every thing beneath them, which often happens to low and groveling ſouls, unuſed to riches and proſperity: when Fortune lifts up ſuch men, and ſeats them in her high and winged chariot, they will not look down below, but ſoar into the clouds, melt their wings like Icarus, and ſoon fall into the waves, and become the ſcorn and deriſion of all: but thoſe who, like Dædalus, remember what their wings are faſtened with, aſpire not too high, content to be borne juſt above the waves, and dip their pinions in them, theſe fly with eaſe and ſafety; and thus it is ſhe alſo gains univerſal admiration: for all wiſh thoſe * wings may ever remain unhurt, which ſcatter bleſſings on every ſide of them.

LYCINUS.

Long may ſhe do ſo, Polyſtratus! for ſhe is not only beautiful as Helen in her external form, but boaſts a mind alſo ſtill more beautiful and lovely. Happy, therefore, is our good and beloved emperor, as in every thing elſe, ſo above all to have ſuch a woman born in his dominions, and thrice happy to be beloved by her: nor leſs happy is that fair one, to whom we may apply thoſe lines of Homer,

† She who, like golden Venus, charms the heart,
And vies with Pallas in the works of art.

For no woman can be compared to her, who, as the ſame poet ſays, is,

‡ —— Unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.

POLYSTRATUS.

True, Lycinus. Let us, therefore, join our portraits together, your's of the body, with mine of the mind, and form of them one complete picture to be given to the preſent age, and delivered down to poſterity: it may, perhaps, be more durable than thoſe of Apelles, Parrhaſius, and Polygnotus, as it is not made of wood, or wax, or paint, but the work of the Muſes, and exhibits a perfect reſemblance of her, both in body and mind.

* *Wings*] This is to the laſt degree elegant: the whole deſcription is, indeed, inimitable. It is, perhaps, impoſſible for an Engliſh reader at the preſent juncture, to read the latter part of it, without applying it to the beſt of women, our own amiable and beneficent queen Charlotte.

† *She who, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 512.

‡ *Unmatch'd.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 141.

DE-

DEFENCE

OF THE

PORTRAIT,

A DIALOGUE.

The Empreſs, whom LUCIAN *had ſo highly complimented in the* Portrait, *not liking, or, perhaps, like other fair Ladies, rather pretending not to like, ſuch extraordinary Praiſes, having ſignified to his Friend her Diſapprobation, the Author enters here into a ſerious Defence of his Encomium, and ſupports it with ſome Reaſoning, and a great deal of Politeneſs. It is, indeed, full of as courtly and delicate Flattery as could have fallen from the Lips of a French Marquis, though, probably, with a much larger Portion of Sincerity.*

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

POLYSTRATUS.

I AM obliged to Lycinus, ſaid the Lady, for his commendations, as it ſhewed his affection and reſpect for me; no man could be ſo laviſh of his praiſes without ſome real regard: but I would have him know I hate flatterers, whom I look upon but as ſo many baſe impoſtors, mean and illiberal. When I am praiſed beyond meaſure, and much more than I deſerve, I always bluſh, and, if poſſible, would ſtop my ears againſt that which appears more like ridicule than applauſe. Panegyric is only to be borne ſo long as we are conſcious of poſſeſſing thoſe qualities for which we are extolled; all beyond this belongs not to us, and is downright flattery: and yet many I know, who love to be praiſed for what they have not: there are old men who would be celebrated for their ſtrength and proweſs; crooked and deformed, who wiſh to be called beautiful as Nireus or Phaon: they think, perhaps, that compliment will change their forms, and flatter themſelves, like * Pelias,

* *Pelias.*] Medea, the famous enchantreſs, we are told, put old Æron, Jaſon's father, into a kettle of medicated herbs, and boiled him till he became young again: ſuch extraordinary ſucceſs, in a project ſo univerſally deſirable, put the daughter of Pelias, tyrant of Iolchos, on requeſting the ſame favour of her for their father: ſhe accordingly dipped him alſo in her cauldron, where ſhe perfidiouſly left him to be conſumed by the fire, and never brought him to life again. See the ſtory told at full length by Ovid.

that

that they ſhall grow young again. Flattery would be valuable, indeed, if it could produce ſuch effects; but it will prove the direct contrary: for the ſame thing muſt happen to ſuch, as would to an ugly man putting on a handſome maſk, and boaſting of his beauty, though it might ſo eaſily be taken off by any body, and he of courſe only become the more ridiculous, when his own face appeared from under the vizard, and detected him: as if a little fellow ſhould put on a cothurnus, and then pretend to meaſure with a man taller by three foot than himſelf ſtanding on the plain ground. She then told me a ſtory of a woman of the firſt rank, and who was, withal, handſome and agreeable, but ſhort, and much below the common ſtature, who was extolled by a poet in his verſes for her height, as well as her other accompliſhments, and compared, for her ſize and ſtraitneſs, to a poplar: the woman was highly pleaſed with the compliment, and ſtretched her arms out, as if ſhe grew taller at every verſe, and the poet obſerving how much ſhe was delighted, repeated them over and over, till one of the company whiſpered in his ear: "Have done ſoon, my friend, or you will make the woman * get up, and ſpoil all."

Similar to this, though infinitely more ridiculous, is what they relate of Stratonice, the wife of Seleucus, who offered a talent of gold for the beſt poem to be written on her hair, though ſhe had not one upon her head; every body well knowing ſhe was bald, and that it was occaſioned by a long illneſs: ſhe ſate, nevertheleſs, to hear a ſet of execrable poets praiſing her Hyacinthin locks, making them up into curls, and comparing them to leaves of parſley, though, in fact, there was not one belonging to her.

Panthea, therefore, laughed at all thoſe who yielded themſelves up to adulation, and obſerved, that praiſes were like pictures, which pleaſed only becauſe they flattered and deceived: many, ſaid ſhe, only admit thoſe painters who can draw a handſome likeneſs of them; there are even ſome who will bid the artiſt take off part of a noſe, make the eyes blacker, or add any other beauty, which they would be thought poſſeſſed of: forgetful that they are all the while crowning with applauſe ſuch pictures as do not in the leaſt reſemble themſelves.

Such were her obſervations on your book, which, however, in many parts ſhe much admired, though ſhe could not bear your comparing her to Juno

* *Get up.*] A ſhort perſon, whilſt ſitting, may be imagined tall, but ſtanding upright muſt always diſcover the real ſize and height.

and

and Venus. They, ſays ſhe, are far beyond me; beyond, indeed, any thing human: nor do I deſire to be put on a level with Penelope, Arete, and Theano, any more than with the firſt of the goddeſſes. I am a religious worſhipper of the gods, and fearful of offending them, and were I to admit ſuch flattery, ſhould dread the fate of * Caſſiopeia, though ſhe only compared herſelf to the Nereids, and adored Juno and Venus. This part, therefore, ſhe deſired you would alter; ſhe would, otherwiſe, call thoſe goddeſſes to witneſs, it was not written by her deſire, or with her approbation, but was entirely diſagreeable to her, as void of piety and religion. She ſhould look upon it as impious, to ſuffer herſelf to be compared to the Cnidian or Garden Venus; and begged you would recollect what you ſaid yourſelf, towards the end of your book, when you praiſed her modeſty and humble behaviour, that never ſoared above human nature, but confined its flight within the limits of mortality; and yet you lift her up to heaven, and compare her to the inhabitants of it. She would rather wiſh you thought her capable of imitating Alexander, who, when the ſculptor promiſed to make mount Athos into a ſtatue of him, with two cities in his hand, would not encourage ſuch a ridiculous ſcheme, but adviſed the man to let it remain as it was, and not attempt to faſhion a mountain of ſuch an immenſe ſize, into the ſhape and reſemblance of a diminutive mortal. She praiſed, at the ſame time, the conqueror's greatneſs of mind, which, ſhe ſaid, would raiſe a nobler ſtatue to him than Athos itſelf in the opinion of poſterity, as it was doubtleſs a proof of the higheſt magnanimity to deſpiſe and reject ſo great an honour.

For herſelf, ſhe ſaid, ſhe much admired the ingenuity and perfection of your portraits, but could by no means admit of their likeneſs to her, as neither ſhe, nor any other woman, could ever arrive at ſuch perfection. She begs leave, therefore, to return the intended honour back upon your hands, and with all humility adores your archetypes; begs you would praiſe thoſe virtues only, which are within the reach of humanity, and that you would not make the ſhoe too big for the foot, leſt it ſhould throw her down, when ſhe walks in it.

* *Caſſiopeia.*] Wife of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, and mother of Andromeda. She boaſted that ſhe was handſomer than Juno, which the goddeſs, as we may naturally ſuppoſe, was highly incenſed at, and took the firſt opportunity to make an end of her. She met, however, afterwards with a noble recompence for her ſufferings on earth, being placed, with all her family, in heaven, where ſhe ſtill ſhines as a conſtellation.

I have

I have heard, ſaid ſhe, (whether it be true or not, you men know beſt,) that the victors at the Olympic games are not permitted to have ſtatues of them made bigger than themſelves; that the judges always take care of this, and are even more nice in the examination of them than of the candidates. Take care, therefore, that your meaſure alſo is exact, or the judges will reject your portraits.

Such is her opinion of your performance: I would adviſe you, therefore, Lycinus, to reviſe and correct it, that you may not be accuſed of impiety. She appeared, indeed, herſelf, highly diſpleaſed at ſome parts, and ſeemed to ſhudder at them, deprecating the wrath of the goddeſſes, to render them propitious to her, and incline them to pardon a weak woman. To ſay the truth, I am, myſelf, a little of her opinion: when I heard you, indeed, firſt repeat it, I found no fault; but after what ſhe ſaid, began, I own, to think as ſhe did. It is the ſame thing with regard to opinions, as with objects of ſight; when the thing is cloſe to us, and juſt before our eyes, we cannot obſerve it diſtinctly; but if we draw back a little, and view it at a proper diſtance, it is all clear and plain, and we ſee immediately what is right, and what is wrong in it.

To compare a mere mortal with Juno and Venus, what is it in effect but to depreciate the goddeſſes? for, in this caſe, the leſſer is not made ſo much greater by the compariſon, as the greater is diminiſhed and degraded by it; for, if two men walk together, one very tall, and the other extremely ſhort, if you would make them appear of equal height, you cannot do it by ſetting the little one on his tip-toes, but by the tall man's ſtooping down to him; and, in like manner, the divine nature muſt be diminiſhed and made lower by your compariſon. If, indeed, for want of terreſtrial objects, you are obliged to have recourſe to celeſtial ones, the fault will be more venial; but when you had ſo many mortal women before you, to compare her to Venus and Juno was totally unneceſſary. Take off, therefore, my good friend, what is more than ſufficient, and what is obnoxious: this whole piece, indeed, is foreign to your nature and diſpoſition; for you are ſeldom inclined to panegyric, though at preſent ſo wonderfully altered, that from a niggard in praiſe, you on a ſudden are grown prodigal of it; but never be aſhamed of mending. Phidias did ſo, when he made his Jove; for when he firſt produced his work, he ſtood behind the door and liſtened to thoſe who either praiſed or condemned it. One found fault with the noſe becauſe it was too broad,

broad, another with the face for being too long, and a third with ſomething elſe. When they were all gone, he ſhut himſelf up again, and corrected his figure according to the ſeveral obſervations on it; the opinion of numbers, he thought, was by no means to be deſpiſed, and that many muſt of neceſſity judge better than one, even though he were a Phidias.

This I have faithfully delivered from her, and beg you will take the ſame advice from your old friend and companion.

LYCINUS.

I proteſt, Polyſtratus, I did not know you were ſo great an orator; you have made ſo long a ſpeech, and brought ſo heavy a charge againſt my poor book, that I ſhall never be able to anſwer it. But, let me tell you, it is contrary to the uſual form of proceeding, to paſs ſentence on a man before the cauſe is tried, or his advocate appears for him. "It is very eaſy, as the proverb ſays, to win the race when you run by yourſelf;" and it is no wonder I ſhould be caſt, when I had not the liberty to defend myſelf; but what was worſt of all, you were, yourſelves, both accuſers and judges. What am I to do then? muſt I ſubmit to your decrees, or, like the poet of * Himera, ſing a palinodia; or will you permit me to have a re-hearing?

POLYSTRATUS.

By all means, if you have any thing proper to urge in your own behalf; nor will you plead before enemies as you ſeem, to think us, but amongſt your beſt friends; for myſelf, I am a party concerned, and ſhall be ready to aſſiſt you.

LYCINUS.

I am only ſorry that ſhe is not preſent, for now I muſt tranſmit my defence by another hand; however, if you will be as faithful a meſſenger from me to her, as you were from her to me, I will e'en caſt the dye.

POLYSTRATUS.

Never fear that, Lycinus, I will repeat your ſpeech like a good actor, you may depend on it; but be brief, I deſire, that I may be able to remember it.

LYCINUS.

So heavy an accuſation will require a long defence, but for your ſake I ſhall contract it; tell her, therefore, this from me ——

* *Of Himera.*] Steſichorus, the famous Sicilian lyric poet, who, having in one of his odes taken ſome liberties with the character of that immaculate lady, the celebrated Helen, was puniſhed for it by her brothers with blindneſs. He made his peace, however, with their godſhips, by recanting, in a palinodia, and, in conſueqence of it, was reſtored to his ſight.

POLYSTRATUS.

You had better ſpeak as if ſhe was now before you, and then when I go to her, I will imitate you.

LYCINUS.

We will ſuppoſe her, here then if you pleaſe, and that ſhe has juſt ſpoke what you told me ſhe did, and now I am going to anſwer her; yet I muſt fairly acknowlege to you, the affair becomes dreadfully ſerious: I know not why, but as you ſee, I abſolutely ſweat, and am frightened out of my wits. I think I ſee her before me, and am terrified: I muſt begin, however, for now ſhe is come, there is no retiring.

POLYSTRATUS.

But ſee! her countenance is full of benignity, ſhe ſmiles propitious on you; therefore, be confident, and proceed.

LYCINUS.

Moſt noble and illuſtrious lady, laviſh as I have been of your praiſes, for ſo you ſay I am; nothing which I ever extolled you for, is equal to your piety to the gods, which incited you to find fault with your poor admirer: this is infinitely ſuperior to all I ever ſaid of you; you will pardon, if through ignorance alone, amongſt my portraits, I omitted it; for this, above all others, I ſhould have repreſented. Here, therefore, at leaſt, you muſt acknowlege, I went not too far, but fell ſhort of what you deſerved; I left out that, indeed, which contributes more than all to purity of manners, and a perfect mind; inaſmuch, as thoſe who moſt truly worſhip God, always behave beſt towards man. If, therefore, I correct my picture, it muſt be, not by taking any thing away from it, but by adding this as the crown of all. There is one thing, moreover, which I am infinitely obliged to you for, and that is, when I praiſed your moderation and humility, and ſaid that your good fortune and proſperity had never made you proud or inſolent, you condemn me for it, and by that very cenſure confirm the truth of it; for, ſurely, not greedily to ſwallow ſuch praiſe, but to be confounded at, and ſay you did not merit, is but to ſhew yourſelf ſtill more deſerving of it. One may apply to you the anſwer of Diogenes, who, being aſked how glory might be acquired, replied, "By contemning it:" and, if I were aſked myſelf, who was moſt worthy of praiſe, I ſhould anſwer, "Thoſe who wiſh not to be praiſed at all."

But this, you will ſay, is foreign to the purpoſe, and has nothing to do with the cauſe in hand: I ſtand accuſed of comparing you, in the picture which

which I drew of your perſon, to the Cnidian and Garden Venus, and likewiſe to Juno and Minerva. It is an old obſervation, that painters and poets are not to be called to account for what they ſay; much leſs, conſequently, ſuch as write in humble proſe, like myſelf: praiſe is free, nor is there any law to limit the ſize and extent of it:- all it is bound to is, to prove the object praiſed worthy of admiration, and of imitation alſo. But I ſhall not dwell on this argument, leſt you ſhould ſay, it is becauſe I have no other to produce: all I ſhall now contend for is, that in panegyric we have a right to make uſe of images and ſimilitudes, and the principal merit is to draw a fit compariſon. We muſt not compare one thing with another that is equal to it, or that is inferior, but with what is more excellent: if you ſpeak of a dog, and ſay he is better than a ſow or a cat, what extraordinary praiſe is it? or, if you compared him to a wolf, would it be any great encomium? What then would be the proper ſimilitude? Doubtleſs, to ſay, he was equal in ſize and ſtrength to a lion. When the * poet ſpeaks of Orion's dog, he calls him the lion-tamer: this is the higheſt praiſe he could beſtow on him. If a man were to make an encomium on † Milo the Crotonian, Glaucus of Caryſtus, or Polydamas, and ſhould ſay, that each of them was ſtronger than a woman, would not you think him in jeſt? nor would it be ſufficient to ſay, that either or theſe would be ſuperior to any one man. But how has the noble poet deſcribed Glaucus,

Doth he not put forth
The ſtrength of Pollux, or the iron ſon
Of great Alcmena ——

You ſee how he compares him to the gods, nay, even makes him ſuperior to them; and yet neither did Glaucus reſent his being likened to the gods, nor did the gods puniſh Glaucus or the poet; both, on the contrary, were held in the higheſt eſteem and veneration by the Greeks; Glaucus for his wonderful ſtrength, and Homer for the celebration of him. Wonder not, therefore, if, when I wanted a compariſon to illuſtrate my ſubject, I made uſe of the nobleſt I could procure. You ſay, you hate flatterers, and I commend you for it; but I would have you diſtinguiſh between praiſe and adulation; the flatterer, who conſults his own intereſt without any regard to

* *The poet.*] The paſſage here quoted is probably from Pindar, but is not to be met with in any of his works now extant.

† *Milo.*] The famous wreſtler.

truth, loads every thing with praiſe, ſays what he pleaſes, makes no ſcruple of aſſerting that Therſites was handſomer than Achilles, and that of all the warriors who fought at Troy, Neſtor was the youngeſt; he will ſwear that the * ſon of Crœſus could hear better than † Melampodes, and that ‡ Phineus had ſharper eyes than ‖ Lynceus, if he could get any thing by it: whilſt the true encomiaſt never ſays the thing that is not, but where good qualities are planted by nature, he improves, increaſes, and ſets them off to the beſt advantage. If he would praiſe a horſe, I mean a ſwift courſer, he ventures to ſay,

§ He lightly ſkimming, when he ſweeps the plain,
Nor plys the graſs, nor bends the tender grain.

Nor would he ſcruple, perhaps, to call the fleeteſt of them ¶ ſtorm-footed. If he was to commend a beautiful and well-built houſe, he might cry out,

† Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

A flatterer would ſay juſt the ſame of a ſwine-herd's cottage, if he thought the maſter would pay him for it. Like Cynæthus, the flatterer of ** Demetrius, who, when he had worn out very mode of adulation, at laſt complimented him on his cough, and vowed that he hawked and ſpit moſt harmoniouſly. The difference between them, therefore, is, that the flatterer heſitates not to tell the moſt direct falſehoods, if he can pleaſe his patron; the encomiaſt only raiſes and illuſtrates what is true; add to this, that the one makes uſe of all the hyperboles he can meet with, whilſt the other is moderate even in them,

* *Son of Crœſus.*] Who was deaf and dumb.

† *Melampodes.*] Or, as he is called by other authors, Melampus, was an eminent phyſician, of whom many wonderful ſtories are told, and amongſt the reſt, that he could diſtinguiſh ſounds ſo well, as even to underſtand the language of birds. See Plin. x. 49.

‡ *Phineus.*] The ſon of Agenor, he married Cleopatra, the daughter of Boreas, but afterwards repudiated her, and commanded the eyes of two children which he had by her to be put out. Boreas, in revenge, puniſhed him with blindneſs.

‖ *Lynceus.*] The moſt ſharp-ſighted of mortals.

§ *He lightly, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 269.

¶ *Storm-footed.*] Gr. ἀελλοποδων, an epithet made uſe of by Homer, in the Hymn to Venus, generally attributed to him.

† *Such, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. iv. l. 89.

** *Demetrius.*] Demetrius Poliorcetes, of whom Lucian ſpeaks in another place.

and

and keeps within proper limits. Theſe, out of many that might be mentioned, are the ſpecific differences of praiſe and adulation, which I muſt beg you to remark, that you may not ſuſpect all of flattery, but diſtinguiſh between them, and give to each its proper meaſure.

Let me then be judged by this rule; apply it to what I have written concerning you, and ſay to which claſs I belong. Had I compared an ugly and deformed wretch to the Cnidian Venus, I had been, indeed, an impoſtor, a worſe flatterer than Cinæthus, but when I ſpoke of one who, as every body knew, deſerved all that could be ſaid of her, ſurely it could not be cenſured as deviating from the truth.

But, perhaps, you will ſay (you have, indeed, already ſaid), that I might have praiſed your beauty, but that I ought not thus invidiouſly to compare a mortal to a goddeſs: but, for I muſt tell you the real truth, I did not compare a mortal to a goddeſs, but only to the work of an eminent artiſt in braſs, ſtone, or ivory. There could be no impiety in ſaying that reſembled a mortal which was made by one; unleſs you will ſay the picture by Phidias was the true Minerva, or the ſtatue made at Cnidus but a few years ſince, by Praxiteles, was the celeſtial Venus: take heed, noble lady, you think not thus of the immortals, whoſe true image is far beyond the reach of human imitation.

But if I had even ſaid, you were like the goddeſſes themſelves, I am not the firſt who ſtruck out this path; many of our beſt poets have done it before me, and particularly Homer, your own fellow-citizen, whom I here call upon to plead for me, for he muſt fall under the ſame condemnation: let me aſk him, or rather let me aſk you for him (for you remember, and happily for you, all his charming verſes), does he not tell us, when ſpeaking of the captive Briſeis, that ſhe, who reſembled golden Venus, wept over Patroclus, and a little after, as if not ſatisfied with comparing her to Venus only, he ſays,

* Prone on the body fell—the HEAVENLY fair.

And do you abhor him for this, do you throw by his book, or do you allow him the liberty of praiſe? if you refuſe, poſterity hath already beſtowed it on him; I know none who accuſe him of impiety, nor is there a man to be

* *Prone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xix. Pope here calls her the HEAVENLY fair, which is a bad tranſlation of Homer's Εικτα Θεησι.

found

found who will dare to beat his ſtatue, or to mark theſe verſes as † ſpurious, and not belonging to him. Shall Homer then, liken a weeping Barbarian to golden Venus, and I, becauſe you will not be praiſed for beauty, muſt not compare even to the ſtatue of a goddeſs the moſt lovely of women, whoſe chearful countenance is ever covered with ſmiles? for in ſmiles, at leaſt, we reſemble the immortals. Obſerve, in his Agamemnon, how ſparing he is of his divinities, giving him a proportion of each, his eyes and head are like Jove, his belt like Mars, and his breaſt like Neptune; dividing the man into parts, to ſuit his repreſentation of the deities: in another place he compares him to Mars, the man-ſlayer. Phryges, he tells us, had the form of a god; and often calls Achilles the godlike ſon of Peleus. But I muſt return to examples of women; you remember where he ſays,

Like Dian ſhe, or golden Venus ——

And again,

As Dian wand'ring o'er the mountains ſtrays.

He not only likens men themſelves to gods, but even talks of Euphorbus's hair, and that ſtained with blood, as reſembling the Graces. There is not, in ſhort, any ſpecies of poetry that is not adorned with divine images: blot them all out, therefore, or indulge me in the ſame liberty. So far, indeed, are ſimilitudes of this kind from being liable to cenſure, that Homer frequently praiſes his deities by images drawn from inferior nature: compares Juno's eyes to thoſe of an ox, another poet tells us, Venus had eye-brows like violets, and who, that knows ever ſo little of the blind bard, does not remember his roſy-finger'd goddeſs?

To be likened to the gods in ſhape and form is ſurely venial: how much bolder are thoſe who aſſume their names, like Dionyſius, Hæpheſtion, Zeno, Poſidonius, and Hermæus! The wife of Evagoras, king of Cyprus, called herſelf Latona; and yet the goddeſs reſented it not, though ſhe might have turned her, like Niobe, into ſtone. I need not mention the Ægyptians, who, though the moſt ſuperſtitious of all people, make uſe of the divine names perpetually: every thing with them comes from heaven.

You need not, therefore, be ſo fearful of praiſe; if there be any thing impious or profane in what I wrote, it is not your fault, unleſs you think it

† *Spurious.*] Greek, νη νοθα, the Engliſh, it is obſervable, anſwers exactly to the original.

one,

one, even to have read it: the gods will puniſh me for it, when they have firſt revenged themſelves on Homer, and the reſt of the poets; but they have not yet ſhewn their reſentment againſt the * firſt of philoſophers, who has ſaid that, man is the image of god.

I had a great deal more to ſay, but muſt leave off for the ſake of this Polyſtratus, who will otherwiſe not be able to remember it.

POLYSTRATUS.

I do not know, indeed, Lycinus, whether I can or not, for you have been very long, and much beyond your glaſs already; but I will endeavour, as well as I can, to recollect what you have ſaid, and ſhall go to her immediately, firſt taking care to ſtop my ears, that nothing may get in and diſturb the order of things; for then, perhaps, I ſhall be † hiſſed for my pains.

LYCINU

I have given you your part, Polyſtratus; it is your buſineſs to act it well. I muſt be gone; when the judges have paſſed ſentence, I ſhall come back, to know the fate of my performance.

* *Firſt of philoſophers.*] Plato.

† *Hiſſed.*] Alluding to the image he had before made uſe of, when he ſaid, that, like a good actor, he would play the part of Lucian before the empreſs as well as he could, and hoped to repreſent him faithfully.

TOXARIS,

A DIALOGUE ON FRIENDSHIP.

This Dialogue is very entertaining. The Stories are well told and extremely intereſting: at the ſame Time that a ſtriking Contraſt between the Grecian *and* Scythian *Manners preſents a Degree of Light and Shade which greatly embelliſhes the Picture.*

MNESIPPUS, TOXARIS.

MNESIPPUS.

IS it ſo, indeed, Toxaris? do you Scythians ſacrifice to Pylades and Oreſtes, and believe them to be gods?

TOXARIS.

We ſacrifice to them, Mneſippus, not as gods, but as good men.

MNESIPPUS.

Have you a law, then, which obliges you to ſacrifice to good men after their deaths, as if they were divinities?

TOXARIS.

We have; and not only that, but to honour them alſo with public feſtivals and ſolemnities.

MNESIPPUS.

And for what purpoſe? that the dead may be propitious to you?

TOXARIS.

There would be no harm, perhaps, in that; but * we do it principally for the ſake of the living, paying due honours to the memory of our departed heroes, in hopes of perſuading others to follow their example.

MNESIPPUS.

There you are certainly in the right: but how came you to fix on Pylades and Oreſtes as worthy of divine honours, who were ſtrangers, and, what is worſe, enemies to you? who, when your anceſtors, the Scythians of that time, had ſeized on, and were going to ſacrifice them to Diana, bribed the keepers, broke through the guard, killed your king, ſtole away the prieſteſs, and took the goddeſs herſelf along with them, and, ſetting all your laws at defiance, eſcaped from you. If for this, indeed, you honour them, it can-

* *We do it, &c.*] This is the papiſt's plea for his worſhip of ſaints and martyrs.

not

not fail but you will find enough to imitate their conduct. Look back on what is paſſed, and judge whether it would be to your advantage to call in any more ſuch gueſts as Pylades and Oreſtes. If the reſt of your divinities ſhould be carried off in the ſame manner, you will ſoon be left without any gods at all, and you muſt make them of thoſe very men who came to deprive you of your deities. Formerly you would not own them for divinities, but now you ſacrifice to them, and offer up victims to thoſe who were very near being victims themſelves. This appears to me, I own, truly ridiculous, and beyond all example.

TOXARIS.

What they did at that time I think great and noble, for ſo, in my opinion, it was. To attempt ſuch an undertaking, to ſail ſo far from their own country, through ſeas unknown and untried by any Grecians except thoſe who went to Colchis, not terrified by the reports of its being an inhoſpitable climate, inhabited by ſavage nations: to behave ſo bravely when taken, and, not content with eſcaping from us, to revenge the injuries they had received on our tyrant, and bear away the goddeſs with them, ſurely theſe were deeds truly admirable, and worthy of divine honours. But know, my friend, it is not for this alone we look upon Pylades and Oreſtes as our greateſt heroes.

MNESIPPUS.

Let me know, then, what they ever did beſides which was ſo wonderful and god-like: for, as to their ſkill in navigation, I can ſhew you ſome merchants, who are much more divine voyagers than either of them; particularly amongſt the Phœnicians, who will not only ſail to Pontus, Mæotis, and Boſphorus, but through the Greek and Barbarian ſea; who run over the whole coaſt every year, and return home at the latter end of it: theſe you may juſt as well make gods of, though three parts of them are no better than victuallers and fiſhmongers.

TOXARIS.

Mark, now, my friend, how much better judges of good men we Barbarians are than you. Neither at Argos or Mycenæ is there any monument to Pylades or Oreſtes, whilſt we have erected a temple, offer ſacrifice, and pay every honour to them both, as friends and companions. Nor becauſe they were ſtrangers did Scythia eſteem them leſs worthy of her notice: we never aſk of what country a good man is, nor, if they have done noble ac-

tions, whether they are our friends; but when they are praiſe-worthy, conſider them as our own. But that which above all excited our applauſe and admiration of theſe men was, that they ſeemed to be the beſt friends that ever lived; the great legiſlators, appointed, as it were, by heaven, to teach mankind how friends ſhould act in all ranks and circumſtances of life; and therefore intitled to the praiſe and worſhip of every noble Scythian. What they did for each other, and what they ſuffered, our anceſtors ordered to be engraved on a pillar of braſs, in the Oreſteum, and made a law that this ſhould be the firſt ſtudy of their children. Sooner would one of them forget the name of his father than the acts of Pylades and Oreſtes. On the walls of the temple is painted, by ancient artiſts, the whole hiſtory, as engraved on the pillar. There you ſee Oreſtes ſailing with his friend, his ſhip ſplit on the rock, himſelf taken, and Iphigenia preparing to ſacrifice him: in another part he is repreſented freed from his chains, ſlaying Thoas, and ſeveral other Scythians: their ſetting ſail with Iphigenia and the goddeſs; the Scythians attempting to board the ſhip, and hanging on the rudder, ſome wounded, and repulſed, others frightened, and ſwimming back to ſhore. On the oppoſite ſide of the wall is pourtrayed the mutual affection of the two friends in their battle with the Scythians: the painter has drawn one of them driving away the enemies who attacked the other, without regarding thoſe who fell on himſelf, as if careleſs of his own life, if he could but preſerve that of his friend, covering him on every ſide, and receiving the ſtrokes that were aimed at him. That ſtrong attachment, that mutual participation of dangers and afflictions, that truth, honour, fidelity, love, and kindneſs, which they ſhewed for each other, we regarded as ſomething more than human, as proofs of a mind far ſuperior to the generality of mankind, who, when the * wind ſets fair, and the voyage is proſperous, reſent it highly if they are not admitted to a ſhare in the happineſs of their friends, and yet, if it turns about, retire, and leave them alone,

* *When the wind*, &c.] There is a ſtriking elegance and propriety in this image. Prior has finely improved upon it in his beautiful poem of Henry and Emma, where he makes his heroine ſay to her lover,

Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea,
While gentle zephyrs play in proſp'rous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails,
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?

expoſed

expoſed to all the dangers of the ſtorm. The Scythian eſteems nothing ſo much as true friendſhip: there is not any thing which gives him more pleaſure and ſatisfaction than to partake with his friend of every ſorrow and calamity, nor doth he hold any thing more ſhameful and ignominious than to deſert and betray him; for this we honour Pylades and Oreſtes, becauſe they excelled in that virtue which we moſt admire: for this reaſon, we call them the Coraci, which, in our language, ſignifies, the gods of friendſhip.

MNESIPPUS.

I find, Toxaris, you Scythians are not only famous for the ſwiftneſs of your arrows, and ſkill in war, but for your eloquence alſo. Formerly, I own, I did not think ſo of you; but muſt now confeſs you ſeem to have a proper ſenſe of juſtice, by the honours which you pay to Pylades and Oreſtes: nor did I know, my friend, that you were, yourſelf, ſo excellent a painter; your pictures in the Oreſtrum, the battle, and the wounds which the noble friends received for each other, are finely drawn. I little thought that friendſhip was held in ſuch high eſteem amongſt the Scythians, whom I always looked on as a ſavage and inhoſpitable people, paſſionate, quarrelſome, and contentious, ſtrangers to friendſhip, even amongſt their neareſt kindred and relations; which, I was inclined to believe, as well from many other things that I have heard concerning them, as from their cuſtom of devouring their own parents after death.

TOXARIS.

With regard to our treatment of, and veneration for our parents, I ſhall not at preſent enter into diſpute with you; but that the Scythians are much more faithful to their friends, and have a better idea of friendſhip than the Greeks, is paſt a doubt. By your own gods, I intreat you, therefore, do not be offended, if I tell you what I have remarked, during the long time that I have lived amongſt you: my opinion is, that you talk better about friendſhip than any other people, but are ſo far from practiſing what you preach, that you entirely content yourſelf with only praiſing, and ſhewing what a fine thing it is: when there is the leaſt occaſion to exerciſe this virtue, you bely your own words, and fall off from your promiſes. When your tragedians bring on the ſtage ſcenes of exalted friendſhip, you applaud them moſt furiouſly, and ſometimes even ſhed tears at the repreſentation, though, at the ſame time, ye will none of you do any thing to ſerve your own friends: if they come to want or miſery, your tragic ſcenes all fly off as ſo many

dreams, and leave you, like thoſe mute perſonages in the drama, who gape with immenſe wide mouths, and ſay nothing. We, on the other hand, by as much as we fall ſhort of you in words, by ſo much do we excel you in our actions, at leaſt with regard to this ſubject.

Let us then make this agreement; we will permit, on both ſides, the friends of former ages to remain in peace; for there, I think, you would have the better of me, as your poets bear witneſs, who, in moſt harmonious metre, have ſung the praiſes of Achilles and Patrocles, Theſeus and Pirithous, with others of equal renown; and let each of us produce ſome few examples in our own times, I from Scythia, and you from Greece; and whichever ſhall bring inſtances of the moſt noble and diſintereſted friendſhip, ſhall be declared victor in this honourable conteſt. For my own part, rather would I be conquered in ſingle fight, and have my right hand cut off, (which is the puniſhment inflicted amongſt us,) than be overcome, eſpecally a Scythian by a Greek, in this particular.

MNESIPPUS.

It is no eaſy taſk, let me tell you, Toxaris, to engage hand in hand with ſuch a warrior as you are, one who ſo well knows how to aim the * arrows of his wit and eloquence. Challenged, however, unexpectedly as I am, I will not tamely give up the cauſe of Greece; ſhameful and ignominious, indeed, would it be, when † they two alone could conquer ſo many Scythians, as fame and your ancient pictures record, which you have juſt now ſo tragically ſet forth; if, after this, ſo many cities, and nations, all Greece ſhould yield the palm, and be overcome by you alone: were this to happen, I ſhould deſerve not to loſe my right hand, as you ſay, but to have my tongue cut out. But how is it to be? muſt each of us produce juſt ſo many friendly actions, or, is he who can bring the moſt, to be declared conqueror?

TOXARIS.

By no means: we are not to conſider the quantity of examples, but the quality of them. If your arrows are ſharper, and more penetrating than mine, though only equal in number, they will make the deeper wounds, and I ſhall yield the ſooner to them.

* *The arrows.*] In alluſion to the manner of fighting generally made uſe of by the Scythians with bows and arrows, in which they were remarkably ſkilful.

† *They two.*] Pylades and Oreſtes, as repreſented by Toxaris in the picture.

MNE-

MNESIPPUS.

You are right: let us, therefore, fix how many they ſhall be, five, I think, from each of us, will be ſufficient.

TOXARIS.

I think ſo too: do you begin then, but, firſt, you muſt ſwear that what you relate is true, otherwiſe it would be very eaſy to invent ſtories of this kind, and very difficult to prove the falſehood of them; whereas, if you ſwear, to doubt would be impiety.

MNESIPPUS.

Let us ſwear then if you think it neceſſary: let me ſee, by which of our gods now — what ſay you to Jupiter * Philius?

TOXARIS.

With all my heart, and I will call upon one of our gods, that will beſt anſwer to yours.

MNESIPPUS.

Bear witneſs then, O Jupiter Philius, that what I am about to ſay, either of my own knowlege, or which I have gathered from the certain information of others, is ſtrictly true; that I will make no fabulous, or † theatrical addition to it. Firſt, therefore, I ſhall relate the friendſhip of Dinias and Agathocles, ſo much celebrated amongſt the Ionians. This Agathocles, who has not been long dead, was of Samos, not diſtinguiſhed from his countrymen for birth or fortune, but by the ſincerity of his friendſhip for Dinias of Epheſus, the ſon of Lycion, with whom he was acquainted from his infancy. Dinias was immenſely rich, and, as is uſual with ſuch as come ſuddenly into great fortunes, was viſited by a number of people, who came to eat, drink, and be merry with him; but who, at the ſame time, little merited the title of real friends. Amongſt theſe, Agathocles, though he delighted not much in ſuch company, was admitted: Dinias paying little more regard to him than to the flatterers who ſurrounded him, he was at laſt even affronted at the freedom which he took to reprove him, by reminding him

* *Philius*] The friendly. Jupiter was called ξενος and φιλιος, as the great protector of friends and gueſts. Cleodemus, in Plutarch, calls the table, the altar of the gods of friendſhip and hoſpitality.

† *Theatrical.*] Alluding to the liberties generally taken by the ancient dramatic writers, of repreſenting facts in any manner that beſt ſuited their purpoſe, without a ſtrict regard to hiſtorical truth; a freedom which the ſupercilious critics of modern times are always exclaiming againſt, with a degree of aſperity, which the crime, (if ſuch it be,) by no means deſerves.

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of the dignity of his anceſtors, and adviſing him to be careful of that eſtate which his father had acquired by his induſtry, and bequeathed to him. For this reaſon Dinias no longer invited Agathocles to his feaſts and entertainments, but drank with the reſt of the company, and ſhunned him as much as poſſible. At length, this unfortunate young man was, by the ſycophants about him, drawn into an affair with one Chariclea, the wife of Demonax, a man of the firſt quality in Epheſus, who, they made him believe, was violently in love with him. They took care ſhe ſhould ſend him letters, garlands half-faded, apples bit by her own ſweet lips, and other ſuch tokens of love, with which artful women allure young men. Theſe things, they well knew, go a great way towards drawing in the unwary, eſpecially ſuch as fancy themſelves handſome, and eaſily fall into the ſnare. This Chariclea was a moſt agreeable woman, but the true lady of pleaſure, and always ready for any man who ſhewed the leaſt inclination to her; whoever looked at her, ſhe would anſwer with a nod, and there was no fear of Chariclea's refuſal. She had, moreover, beyond any other harlot of her time, the art of attracting and engaging her admirers, of ſubduing the indifferent, and fixing the fond lover, of increaſing his paſſion by flattery, by reſentment, by coyneſs, by feigning an inclination for others; ſhe was, in ſhort, completely ſkilled in every trick and device that could ſeduce and ſecure admirers.

This Chariclea, the flatterers of Dinias, who acted the under parts in the play, endeavoured, by all the means in their power to make him in love with; whilſt ſhe, who had already ruined many a wealthy family, and with pretended paſſion had inveigled hundreds, when ſhe perceived that ſhe had laid hold on this weak and unexperienced young man, would not let him eſcape out of her * talons, but held him faſt, till ſhe got the entire poſſeſſion of him, deſtroyed herſelf, and involved him in a thouſand calamities. She firſt ſent him private letters, and diſpatched her maid to him, who was to watch all his motions, to weep, and tell him how deeply her miſtreſs was enamoured with him; till the happy youth was thoroughly perſuaded he was the moſt beautiful of men, and the admiration of every wife in Epheſus. At length, overcome by her ſolicitations, he met, and had frequent intercourſe with her. From that time, one may naturally ſuppoſe, he was eaſily and totally ſubdued by a beautiful and lovely woman, who well knew how to charm him by her converſation, and who, in the midſt of it, would

* *Talons.*] Greek, εκ των ονυχων, the tranſlation is literal.

frequently

frequently burſt into tears, and fetch deep ſighs, run out to meet him with ardour, and embrace him tenderly at his departure from her; who always took care to wear every thing that was agreeable to him, who ſung and played admirably; for all thoſe arts did ſhe practiſe againſt the unhappy Dinias; when, at length, ſhe perceived he was † ſteeped in love, ſhe had recourſe to an artifice, which ſhe knew would be a finiſhing ſtroke; ſhe pretended to be with child by him; ſhe would come no more to him now, ſhe ſaid, for ſhe was confined by her huſband, who had heard of her intrigue with him. This was more than he could bear; not to ſee her was abſolutely intolerable; he wept, and raved before the ſycophants, called on the name of Chariclea, and embraced her ſtatue, which had been made for him of white marble, and cried out in agonies, then threw himſelf down on the ground, and was almoſt diſtracted: inſtead of apples and garlands, he ſent her whole fields and houſes, ſervants, fine cloaths, and as much gold as ſhe could deſire; in ſhort, in a very little ſpace of time, the richeſt and nobleſt houſe in all Ionia was emptied, and its treaſures entirely conſumed. When Dinias was at length ſucked dry, and totally exhauſted, ſhe got another lover, a Cretan youth, of a good fortune, whom ſhe pretended to be fond of, and who thought himſelf equally beloved by her. Dinias now deſerted, not only by Chariclea, but by all his flatterers, who with her had gone over to the new lover, came to Agathocles, who already knew in how bad a ſituation he was, and after confeſſing, not without ſhame, his own folly, related to him every thing that had happened, his paſſion, his poverty, the pride and inſolence of the woman, her reception of the Cretan rival, aſſuring him after all that he could not live without Chariclea. Agathocles thought it was then an unſeaſonable time to reproach him for his paſt behaviour, in rejecting ſuch a friend for ſycophants and flatterers, but went immediately, ſold his paternal eſtate at Samos, which was all that he had, for two talents, and brought them to him. After the receipt of this, Dinias was again fit to be ſeen by Chariclea, again he appeared beautiful to her, letters again came to him, and the maid was ſent to reproach him for his tedious abſence, the flatterers too once more came about him, finding that he was once more fit to be fed upon: he appointed a time to meet her, and came to her houſe accordingly, where he was no ſooner entered than Demonax, the huſband of Chariclea, whether

† *Steeped.*] Greek, διαβροχον και ταχερον τω ερωτι, maceratum et mollitum ab amore.

he

he had by chance diſcovered the affair, or it had been ſo concerted between them (for the ſtory is differently told), on a ſudden ſprang out of ſome private place, ordered the doors to be ſhut, and Dinias to be ſeized on; drawing his ſword on the adventurer, and threatening to beat him, or throw him into the fire. Dinias, perceiving what a wretched ſituation he was in, ſnatched up a bar that lay by him, and ſtriking Demonax on the temples, ſlew him, then turning to Chariclea, firſt with the bar, and afterwards with the ſword of Demonax, repeating his blows, made an end of her: the ſervants, who ſeemed ſtruck dumb with an event ſo unexpected, endeavoured to lay hold on him, but, he purſuing them ſword in hand, they retired. Dinias got off as privately as he could, and ſtayed with Agathocles till morning, deliberating on what it was beſt to do on this occaſion; the magiſtrates having intelligence (for the thing was now become public), came early, ſeized upon Dinias, who did nor deny the fact, and carried him before the governor of Aſia, who ſent him to the emperor: a little while after he was tranſported to * Gyarus, one of the Cyclades, being condemned by the emperor to perpetual baniſhment. Agathocles alone, of all his friends, accompanied him into Italy, attended him to the tribunal, and aſſiſted him in every thing: neither, when he went into baniſhment, did this faithful friend deſert him, but, condemning himſelf to voluntary exile, remained with him in Gyarus, and when he became ſo poor as to want common neceſſaries, hired himſelf to one of thoſe who dive for the † purple-fiſh, and with the wages he received ſupported Dinias, took care of him during a long illneſs, and even after his death would not return to his own country, but ſtayed in the iſland, as if to guard the remains of his departed friend. This is a very recent example, as I believe it is ſcarce five years ago ſince Agathocles died there.

TOXARIS.

I wiſh, Mneſippus, you had told this ſtory without ſwearing to it, as I might then have called the truth of it in queſtion: this Agathocles was really quite a Scythian friend. I am afraid you will be puzzled to find ſuch another.

MNESIPPUS.

By no means: for I am now going to tell you a fact no leſs extraordinary, as related to me by Simylus, a pilot of Megara, who will ſwear he was an

* Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum. Juv.

† *Purple-fiſh.*] The murex, from which they extracted the purple dye, and which always lay at bottom near the ſhore.

eye-

eye-witneſs of it. This man, ſays he, was ſailing once from Italy to Athens, about the ſetting of the Pleiades, with ſeveral paſſengers on board the ſhip, amongſt whom was Euthydicus, and his friend Damon of Chalcis, the former a ſtout, robuſt man, the latter weak and pale, being juſt recovered from a violent illneſs: they had a proſperous voyage as far as Sicily, but juſt as they were got into the Ionian ſea, were overtaken by a moſt dreadful ſtorm. We will not dwell upon the whirlwinds, ſhowers of hail, high waves, and other conſequences of the tempeſt; ſuffice it here to obſerve, that when they came near to Zacynthus, with their ſail-yards all torn, and their ropes hauled out to ſtop the force of the current, Damon, who was ſick with the toſſing of the veſſel, had laid himſelf down with his body hanging over the ſea, and the ſhip leaning that way, a wave waſhed him headlong into the ocean, and, which was worſe, with all his clothes on, ſo that he could not well ſwim: he kept himſelf up with ſome difficulty, for a time, and cried out that he ſhould be drowned. Euthydicus, who was naked in bed, heard his cries, jumped out, and threw himſelf immediately into the ſea, took him up in his arms as he was juſt ſinking, and ſwam with him towards the ſhip. The reſt of the paſſengers would willingly have aſſiſted the unhappy ſufferers; but the wind was ſo high, that they were not able: all they could do was to throw out ſome pieces of cork, a few oars, and a large ſhip ladder. And now, I beſeech you, conſider for a moment, whether you can conceive a nobler inſtance of friendſhip, than for a man thus, in the middle of the night, to throw himſelf into a tempeſtuous ſea, at the hazard of his life; place before your eyes the deſperate ſituation of them both, the dreadful roar of the waves, the darkneſs of the night, the foam daſhing upon them, one almoſt drowned, with his head ſcarce above water, ſtretching out his hand to implore aſſiſtance, the other leaping boldly in, and ſwimming towards him, afraid that Damon ſhould periſh before him: think of this, and acknowlege with me, that Euthydicus was no idle or unprofitable friend.

TOXARIS.

Did they periſh, Mneſippus, or were they, beyond expectation, preſerved? I am in dreadful apprehenſions for them.

MNESIPPUS.

You have no occaſion: for they were both ſaved, and are now philoſophers at Athens. Simylus only relates what he ſaw that night, that one fell

overboard, the other leaped in after him, and that they ſwam ſome time: it was dark and he could ſee no more, Euthydicus himſelf tells the reſt, and informs us that they firſt got on ſome pieces of cork, which kept them up with difficulty for a few hours, and that in the morning they ſpied the ladder, which they got upon, and came ſafely to Zacynthus.

After theſe two inſtances, which are no bad ones, I ſhall now produce a third, not leſs remarkable.

Eudamidas, of Corinth, who was himſelf very poor, had two rich friends, Aretæus, a Corinthian, and Charixenus, a Sicyonian: when he died he left a will, which to many may perhaps appear ridiculous; though to a good man, like yourſelf, who knows the merit of friendſhip, and is now contending for the nobleſt example of it, it cannot poſſibly appear ſo: in this will was the following article, "I leave to Aretæus the care of nouriſhing and providing for my mother in her old age, and to Charixenus the portioning out of my daughter, which he will do to the beſt of his abilities:" for he had at that time a mother who was very old, and a daughter marriageable: "If either of theſe, it went on, ſhould happen to die, the other is to perform the part of the perſon ſo dying, as well as his own." The will being opened, in the preſence of ſome who were acquainted with the poverty of Eudamidas, but not with the ſincerity of his friends, they turned it into ridicule; how happy, ſaid they, laughing, will Aretæus and Charixenus be, and what a noble legacy will they receive, when they are to pay for Eudamidas, and whilſt living themſelves, have a dead man to inherit their eſtates! The heirs, notwithſtanding, to whom it was bequeathed, as ſoon as they heard the contents of the will, reſolved to execute it according to his deſire: Charixenus, however, died himſelf within five days after; but Aretæus, the beſt heir, perhaps, that ever lived, moſt nobly performed the part of both, for he took care of the mother, and not long ago gave the daughter a portion, and out of five talents, which were all he was worth, gave two to the daughter of his friend, and two to his own; and they were both married the ſame day.

What think you, Toxaris, of this Aretæus; was it not a noble inſtance of affection, to pay ſuch a regard to the will of his friend, will you allow this to be one of the five?

TOXARIS.

He is, indeed, an excellent example; but I admire Eudamidas ſtill more, for the confidence which he placed in his friends: it is a proof that he would

would himſelf have acted in the ſame manner for them, even though they had not mentioned it in their will.

MNESIPPUS.

I believe ſo: but proceed we now to my fourth inſtance, Zenothemis of Maſſilia, the ſon of Charmoleus. He was ſhewn to me in Italy, when I was on a public embaſſy there; a tall, handſome young man, and, as they informed me, very rich; in the chariot by him ſat a woman, extremely ugly, and deformed, her right ſide ſhrunk up and withered, with only one eye, in ſhort, a perfect * fright: on expreſſing my ſurprize, that a youth ſo beautiful ſhould have ſuch a woman with him, the man who ſhewed them to me, and who was himſelf a Maſſilian, explained the affair to me, which he was perfectly acquainted with: Zenothemis, ſaid he, was the intimate friend of Menecrates, father to that ugly woman; they were both, indeed, of equal rank and fortune; it happened, however, that, on a certain occaſion, Menecrates was at once deprived of all his riches, and ſtripped of his honours and dignities by the † ſix hundred ſenators, for giving ſentence contrary to law; for ſo we puniſh offenders of this kind in Maſſylia: the unhappy man was deeply affected at being thus reduced from affluence to penury, from honour and reputation to infamy and diſgrace; but what gave him the greateſt uneaſineſs was this daughter, now marriageable, being about two and twenty, whom before this, rich as her father then was, nobody, even of the loweſt rank or condition, choſe to marry, ſo ‡ unhappy was her form and appearance; beſides, that ſhe was ſubject to falling fits, at the increaſe of the moon.

As he was one day lamenting theſe misfortunes to his friend Menecrates, ſaid Zenothemis to him, "Be comforted, you ſhall never want, and your daughter ſhall marry a man of family equal to her own." Saying this, he took Menecrates by the hand, carried him home with him, and gave him an equal ſhare of his fortune, which was very conſiderable; ordered a ſplendid entertainment to be got ready, to which Menecrates, with other friends, were invited; intimating, that he had procured a huſband for his daughter. When they had ſupped, and made a libation to the gods, he took a bowl

* *Perfect fright.*] Greek, μορμολυκειον, terriculamentum.

† *Six hundred.*] Venenum datur ei qui cauſas ſexcentis (id enim ſenatus ejus nomen eſt) exhibuit. See Valer. Max. lib. ii. cap. 6.

‡ *Unhappy.*] Literally from the Greek ουκ καλοδαιμονα.

full of wine, and holding it in his hand, receive, ſays he to Menecrates, this cup of friendſhip from a ſon-in-law, for this day I mean to wed your daughter Cydimache, already I have received the portion, which is five and twenty talents. Zenothemis, replied the father, this muſt not be, never can I bear to ſee a beautiful youth, like thee, wedded to a girl ſo deformed and diſagreeable. Zenothemis, however, led her forth into the bride-chamber, and, after conſummation, returned to Menecrates: from that time he has lived with her, treats her with the greateſt tenderneſs and affection, and, as you ſee, carries her every where along with him; ſo far is he from being aſhamed of this match, that he ſeems to glory in it, ſhewing thus his indifference with regard to the external form, whether it be beautiful or ugly, and manifeſting at the ſame time his contempt of riches and ſplendor, conſidering only the happineſs of his friend, whom he did not eſteem leſs worthy of his affection from the judgment of the ſenate againſt him. For this integrity he hath been rewarded by Fortune, having ſince had a moſt beautiful boy by this ugly woman, whom he but the other day carried into the ſenate, with an olive branch round his head, and clothed in mourning, the more to excite their pity in favour of his grand-father, when the child ſmiled, and clapped its hands before the ſenators, who, touched at the ſight, pardoned Menecrates, and he is now reſtored to his honours, by means of this little advocate. Such, according to the Maſſilian's report of it, was the behaviour of Zenothemis to his friend; an example, I believe, which will ſcarce be paralleled by Scythians, who, they ſay, always take care that their miſtreſſes ſhall be handſome.

For my fifth and laſt example, I muſt not forget Demetrius of Sunium, who travelled into Ægypt with Antiphilus the Alopecian. They had been brought up together from children, one applying to the Cynic philoſophy under the famous ſophiſt of Rhodes, and the other ſtudying phyſic. It ſo happened, when they were there, that Demetrius took a journey to viſit the pyramids, and the ſtatue of * Memnon; the former of theſe, he had heard, though

* *Memnon.*] A large coloſſal ſtatue of Memnon, was erected at Thebes in Ægypt, which, we are told, whenever the rays of the ſun ſtruck upon it, aſtoniſhed the ſtanders-by with the moſt raviſhing and harmonious ſounds, though nobody could tell how the muſic was produced. Strabo, a moſt grave and reſpectable author, gives us this account of it: "I went one day, (ſays he,) with Ælius Gallus, and a number of friends, to ſee the coloſſus, when we heard a wonderful noiſe iſſue from it, but could not tell whether it proceeded from the ſtatue, the baſe, or from any of the perſons who ſtood round about it; it was impoſſible to ſuppoſe that ſtones

though immenſely high, made no ſhadow, and the latter ſounded wonderfully at the riſing of the ſea: to ſee and hear theſe extraordinary things, he took a voyage of ſix months up the Nile, leaving behind his friend Antiphilus, who was deterred by the length of the journey, and heat of the climate, from accompanying him thither. During this time it was, that Antiphilus met with one of thoſe misfortunes which ſeem more peculiarly to call for the aſſiſtance of a good and generous friend: his ſervant, it ſeems, one Syrus, had entered into a confederacy with ſome ſacrilegious villains, who broke into the temple of Anubis, and ſtole away two golden cups, a ſceptre, ſome ſilver ſeals with the dogs head on them, and other things, all of which, they brought to, and lodged with Syrus. Being afterwards taken and put to the * torture, they confeſſed the fact, and ſent the officers to Antiphilus's houſe, where they found the ſtolen goods hid under the bed. He, and Syrus, were both taken, bound, and ſent to priſon; not one of thoſe who had before kept him company, daring to relieve or aſſiſt him, concluding him to have been guilty of ſacrilege, and that thoſe would be impious and defiled, who even eat or drank with him. His two other ſervants, after pillaging the houſe of every thing that remained, ran away. The wretched Antiphilus was now confined in a dungeon, and treated as the worſt of malefactors; the goaler himſelf, who was a ſuperſtitious Ægyptian, thinking he did a meritorious ſervice to his God, revenged the injury offered to him, by oppreſſing this unhappy criminal, who, if at any time he denied the fact, was only deemed the more inſolent, and was treated accordingly. He ſoon grew ſick and emaciated, as well he might, laying on the ground, and not able even to ſtretch out his feet, which were bound tight with a cord. In the day-time, indeed,

ſtones placed in any particular manner could produce ſuch ſounds." Others imagined, "That it was ſome ſecret contrivance, probably an inſtrument concealed in the body of the ſtatue, the chords of which, after being relaxed by the moiſt night air, recovered their tone and elaſticity, by the heat of the ſun;" which, with all due deference to the learned Strabo, is but an aukward ſolution of the riddle. It was more probably ſome trick of the ancient prieſts, for the ſtatue of Memnon was oracular once in ſeven years. Cambyſes, in order to find out the myſtery, broke the ſtatue in two, but it ſeems to little purpoſe, for the remaining part, we are aſſured, poſſeſſed the ſame power, and gave, for a long time afterwards, moſt excellent muſic.

A fine application of this fable, is made by Dr. Akenſide in his Pleaſures of the Imagination, one of the fineſt poems in our language.

* *Torture.*] Gr. στρεβλωμενοι επι τω τροχω, cum rota torquerentur, when they were tortured on the wheel. This ingenious method of tormenting our fellow-creatures, and bringing them to a confeſſion of what they did, and frequently of what they did not, had, we ſee, been in faſhion for ſome time before the church of Rome took it up, and humanely brought it into univerſal practice.

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he had only a log on one hand, but at night, chains were put on every limb. The ſtench of the priſon, the heat from ſo many people ſtuffed cloſe together, and ſcarce able to breathe, the noiſe of the fetters, with the total want of reſt and ſleep, were altogether dreadful and intolerable, eſpecially to a man who had never experienced ſuch calamities. He at length gave himſelf up to deſpair, and refuſed to taſte any food or nouriſhment. When Demetrius, hitherto a ſtranger to all this, returned; the moment he heard of it, he ran to the priſon, but could not get admittance, for it being then late in the evening, the goaler, leaving other matters to the care of his ſervants, had locked up the gate, and was gone to ſleep. Early, however, in the morning, after much intreaty, he was let in. He enquired for Antiphilus, who was ſo altered by his misfortunes that he could not be known, and ran about examining all the priſoners, like the friends of the ſlain looking for their dead bodies half-corrupted on the field of battle. At length, he called out ſeveral times to him by name, and Antiphilus knowing the voice, and putting aſide the diſhevelled hair that hung over his face, diſcovered himſelf. The melancholy ſpectacle had ſuch an effect, that they both fainted; and when, in a little time after, they came to themſelves, Demetrius, as ſoon as he had heard the whole ſtory of his misfortunes, bade him be of good chear, took away the rags he had been clothed in, and wrapped him up in part of his own cloak. From that time he conſtantly, whenever he could find time and opportunity, attended on him. He even worked with the merchants in the port, and carried burthens every morning, and with the money he got by it, for he was well paid, provided for his friend, and, withal, bribed the goaler to behave with kindneſs and civility to him. In the day-time, he ſtaid with, and comforted him, and at night made himſelf a bed of leaves juſt on the outſide of the priſon gate, where he always ſlept. In this manner they lived for ſome time, Demetrius having free acceſs to the priſon, and Antiphilus bearing his misfortunes more eaſily, from the ſociety of his friend.

It happened ſome little time after that a robber died in priſon, as it was ſuppoſed by poiſon: a ſtricter guard was immediately placed, and no ſtranger admitted into the goal. Demetrius, in the utmoſt anxiety on this account, went to the commanding officer, and accuſed himſelf of being concerned in the robbery of the temple; upon which he was immediately ſent to priſon, where he prevailed on the keeper, by many prayers and ſupplications,

cations, to place him near to Antiphilus, and to bind him with the ſame chain; that he might embrace, aſſiſt, and though he was ill himſelf, take care of his ſick friend; thus did they both, with leſs pain and uneaſineſs, ſupport themſelves under their common calamity. An event at length took place, which, unexpectedly, put an end to their misfortunes: one of the priſoners, having by ſome means or other procured files, by the aſſiſtance of his fellow-captives, ſawed off the great chain that linked them together, and ſet them all at liberty; they then eaſily murthered the few keepers, and made their eſcape; they ſoon diſperſed, and ſeveral of them were re-taken. Demetrius and Antiphilus, however, remained there, having ſeized Syrus juſt as he was getting off: in the morning, when the governor of Ægypt heard of it, he diſpatched his officers in purſuit of the fugitives, ſending at the ſame time for the two friends, whom with many commendations of their behaviour, in not going away with the reſt, he ſet at liberty. Demetrius, however, not content with ſuch a diſmiſſion, ſaid he thought it would be an affront on them to receive their pardon thus as a favour or reward, he ſolicited the judge, therefore, for a public trial, who granted it; and finding, on examination, that they were innocent, let them go, not without his praiſe and admiration, eſpecially of Demetrius, whom he preſented with * twenty thouſand drachmas, out of his own private fortune, giving at the ſame time half as much to Antiphilus, to make them amends for the puniſhment which they had unjuſtly ſuffered. Antiphilus is now living in Ægypt: Demetrius gave away all his fortune to Antiphilus, and retired amongſt the Brachmans in India, ſaying, before his departure, that he hoped his friend would forgive his leaving him, that, "as for himſelf, he, who was content with a little, could not want riches; and on the other hand, he, whoſe circumſtances were perfectly eaſy, could not ſtand in need of a friend."

Such, Toxaris, are our Grecian friends. We are apt, you ſay, to dwell too long upon things, I would otherwiſe have repeated to you what Demetrius ſaid upon the trial, pleading not for himſelf, but his friend, with tears and ſupplications taking all the blame, in order to acquit him, till, at length, Syrus, whipped into confeſſion, acknowleged the crime, and acquitted them both.

Theſe few inſtances, out of many, being the firſt that occurred to my memory, I have produced of good and faithful friends: I ſhall now take my leave, and give the cauſe into your hands. Your part is now to

* *Twenty, &c.*] About ſix hundred pounds.

begin;

begin; take care that your Scythians are better than my Greeks; if you expect to preſerve your right hand, you muſt exert all your ſkill, as it would be truly ridiculous for you, who have ſo learnedly harangued for Pylades and Oreſtes, to prove a bad orator in the defence of your own country.

TOXARIS.

It is very kind in you, Mneſippus, to give me this warning, as if your own * tongue was not in juſt as much danger in caſe I ſucceed. I ſhall begin, however, immediately, without affecting all that pomp of eloquence, which you have been ſo laviſh of, and which would but ill become a Scythian, eſpecially where facts will ſpeak better than words. I ſhall not, like you, extol a man for marrying an ugly woman without a fortune, or giving two talents to his friend's daughter; no, nor for going to priſon of his own accord, when he knew he ſhould ſoon be let out again: theſe are poor inſtances; nor do I ſee any thing ſo great or magnanimous in them. I ſhall tell you of wars waged, ſlaughters made, and deaths ſuffered for friends, ſuch as will make your examples look like mere trifles in compariſon with mine. The little things, however, which you have produced, are ſuitable enough to your country: you, who live always in peace, meet with no ſignal occaſions of ſhewing friendſhip; in fine weather the pilot's excellency is not ſeen: the tempeſt only proves his ſkill and conduct. With us, there is perpetual war; we are always invading, or invaded; for ever ſkirmiſhing in defence of our paſtures, or our prey: here is room for friendſhip, and thoſe which we contract are ever firm and laſting, as holding them to be the moſt invincible arrows we can make uſe of.

But I will firſt tell you how we chooſe our friends: not at our drinking matches, as you do, nor becauſe any one was brought up with us, or is our neighbour: but if we ſee a man brave, generous, and fit for great and noble actions, to him we all fly with ſpeed, and, as you do by your women, whom you wiſh to marry, court and ſolicit him, endeavouring, by all the means in our power, to make ourſelves worthy of his affection. The happy choſen friends enter into a ſolemn oath and covenant, that they will live with, and, if occaſion calls, die for each other: and thus it is performed; each cuts his finger, and drops the blood into a bowl; they then dip the points of their ſwords in the blood, and both drink together of it, after which nothing can diſſolve the bond. Three may be admitted, but never

* *Tongue.*] Alluding to their firſt argument.

more:

more: for he who has many friends is, in our opinion, like a common harlot: nor do we think that friendſhip can ever be firm which is divided into ſo many channels.

I will begin then with Dandamis, and the relation of an event which happened but very lately. Dandamis, in the war with the Sauromatians, his friend Amizoces being taken priſoner.—But firſt, for our uſual oath, according to agreement: by the * wind then, and by this falchion, here I ſwear, to tell thee nought but truth concerning our Scythian friends.

MNESIPPUS.

I did not want any oath at all from you: you were right, however, not to ſwear by any of the gods.

TOXARIS.

Do not you call theſe gods? Are not life and death of the greateſt conſequence to mankind? When, therefore, we ſwear by theſe, do we not, in effect, ſwear by them? ſeeing that air is the cauſe of life, and the ſword the inſtrument of death.

MNESIPPUS.

For the ſame reaſon you may make gods of arrows, ſpears, ropes, hemlock, and many other things; for death is a divinity of various powers, and numerous are the paths that lead us to him.

TOXARIS.

This is only wrangling, on purpoſe to interrupt me.

MNESIPPUS.

I do not know but it may: come, I will do ſo no more, go on with your diſcourſe as if I was not here, for I aſſure you I ſhall ſay nothing.

TOXARIS.

Four days after Dandamis and Amizoces had taſted the bowl of friendſhip, the Sauromatians invaded our kingdom, with ten thouſand horſe, and three thouſand three hundred foot: as they came unexpectedly upon us, we were ſoon routed, and put to flight; many of our ſoldiers were killed, and many taken priſoners, all, indeed, who could not make their eſcape, by ſwimming over to the other ſide of the river, where half our army and part of the carriages were poſted; for, our generals, I know not why, had thought

* *The wind.*] The Scythian's oath, though a ſerious matter to him, has ſomething, it muſt be confeſſed, rather comical in it; and Lucian, who never miſſes an opportunity of this kind, has accordingly endeavoured to throw it into ridicule.

proper to encamp them on both banks of the Tanais. They took a great deal of ſpoil, plundered our tents, ſeized on our carriages, with the drivers, and raviſhed our women before our eyes, whilſt all we could do was to lament our misfortunes.

Amizoces, being amongſt the reſt taken priſoner, and bound in chains, called loudly on his friend, reminding him of the ſolemn bond, and the bloody bowl: Dandamis heard his cries, and immediately leaped into the river, and ſwam towards the enemy; the Sauromatians obſerving, levelled their arrows at him: when he cried out, Ziris! this, if any one repeats, he is never ſlain, as they conclude he comes to redeem a captive: he was accordingly carried to the general, and demanded the reſtitution of his friend; they ſignified to him that a very large ranſom would be expected, if they let him go: upon which Dandamis ſaid, "Every thing which I had you have already taken from me, if, naked and deſtitute as I am, there is aught which you will accept, command, and I obey: take me inſtead of him, and do what you will with me." "We want not, replied one of them, your entire perſon, eſpecially as you came a ſuppliant, but muſt have a part, if you would redeem your friend." "What part, ſaid Dandamis do you require?" they inſiſted on his eyes, which were immediately taken from him; and he then took his friend, leaned on, and ſwam over with him ſafe to our camp.

This action ſo animated and encouraged our troops, that they no longer conſidered themſelves as vanquiſhed, when they ſaw that the greateſt of human bleſſings was not taken from them, but that there ſtill remained in Scythia a noble mind, and the confidence of diſintereſted friendſhip: nor did it fail to aſtoniſh and terrify our enemies, when they reflected what kind of men they had to contend with hereafter, and how they would fight when prepared, though when thus taken at unawares, they had ſo eaſily ſubdued them: the very next night, therefore, leaving a great quantity of their cattle, and ſetting fire to the carriages, they retreated. Amizoces could not bear the thought of enjoying his ſight, whilſt Dandamis was deprived of it, but put out his own eyes; and they now ſit together, are maintained at the public expence, and held in the higheſt eſteem and veneration by every Scythian.

Can you, Mneſippus, produce any thing equal to this? no, not if you were to bring ten more, beſides your other five, and without ſwearing to the truth of them. I have told you nothing but the plain naked fact. If you had

had related the ſtory, I know how you would have embelliſhed it, and told us what Dandamis ſaid in his petition, how he was blinded, what he ſpoke on the occaſion, how he got back, and with what applauſe he was received, with other things which you Grecians ſo well know how to flouriſh on.

Now attend to another inſtance no leſs worthy of admiration. Belittas, a near relation of that Amyzoces, ſaw his friend Baſthes, as they were hunting together, dragged off his horſe by a lion, who had ſeized him by the head, and was going to tear him in pieces with his claws, when leaping down, he ruſhed upon the beaſt, put his fingers within his teeth, and endeavoured, but in vain, to ſave Baſthes from his devouring jaws; the lion then leaving his firſt prey juſt expiring, turned upon Belittas, and, with a graſp, killed him alſo, after having received a mortal wound from Belittas's ſword; ſo that they all three periſhed together. We buried them near to each other, raiſing on one ſide of the path a monument, with an effigies of the two friends, and on the other, that of the lion.

I will now relate to you a third, concerning the friendſhip of Macentes Lonchates, and Arſacomas. The latter of theſe being ſent on an embaſſy to Leucanor, a ſovereign in the Boſphorus, to demand the tribute which had been due to us from thence, three months, fell deeply in love with his daughter Mazæa, a tall and beautiful virgin. The buſineſs he went upon was now finiſhed, the king had given his anſwer, and the feaſt was prepared for his departure. It is a cuſtom in the Boſphorus for ſuitors to demand their virgins in marriage at their public feſtivals; and it ſo happened, that at this time, there were many of them who came in purſuit of Mazæa, kings and the ſons of kings; amongſt whom were Tigrapates, king of the Lazi, Adyrmachus, prince of Machlyna, with ſeveral others. Thoſe who come on this occaſion, firſt ſup peaceably together, and when the feaſt is over, each takes a cup, ſprinkles the wine on the table, declares himſelf a ſuitor to the virgin, and ſupports his pretenſions with regard to power, rank, and fortune. After many, in compliance with this cuſtom, had laid in their claim, and boaſted of kingdoms and treaſures in their poſſeſſion, Arſacomas, laſt of all, ſtepped forth, and taking the cup, did not, like the reſt, make a libation, (for we never pour out the wine, as thinking it an affront to the deity,) drank up the whole at one draught, and thus ſpake; "Give me, O king, thy daughter Mazæa to wife, for I have greater riches and poſſeſſions by far than either of theſe." Leucanor, who well knew that Arſacomas was poor,

and of no rank in Scythia, ſeemed aſtoniſhed, and ſaid, "How many herds and waggons may you be poſſeſſed of? for theſe, I know, are your riches." "I have neither, replied Arſacomas, but I have two good and worthy friends, ſuch as no Scythian can boaſt of beſides me." They laughed at him for this ſpeech, as if he had been mad or drunk; and the next day, Adyrmachus being preferred to all the reſt, prepared to carry off the bride into his own country.

No ſooner was Arſacomas returned home, than he acquainted his two friends how contemptuouſly he had been treated at the feaſt, and laughed at on account of his poverty; "and when, ſaid he, I told them how rich I was in having ſuch friends as you, ſo much more valuable than all their treaſures, the king deſpiſed and derided you alſo, and gave his daughter to Adyrmachus, becauſe he had ten golden veſſels, and four-ſcore waggons, and many flocks and herds, preferring cattle, trifling cups, and heavy carriages, to men of honour and virtue. I am doubly injured, my friends, for I love Mazæa, and am not a little hurt beſides, by an affront ſo publicly given; nor do I think you have been better treated than myſelf: the ignominy reaches to you alſo, for, from the moment we entered into the great bond of friendſhip, we are one, we muſt all rejoice in the ſame good, and be afflicted by the ſame calamity." "Not thus far alone, ſubjoined Lonchates, but each of us receives, and muſt feel the whole injury which you have ſuffered." "What then, ſaid Macentes, is to be done on this occaſion?" "The buſineſs, replied Lonchates, muſt be divided between us; I promiſe, on my part, to bring Arſacomas the head of Leucanor; be it your taſk to ſecure the bride for him: be it ſo, and do you, ſays he, Arſacomas, in the mean time, remain here; and, as we muſt expect a ſpeedy war, prepare arms, horſes, and men for it: you are a good man, and we have many ſervants and dependents; numbers, therefore, I doubt not, will join your cauſe, eſpecially if you ſit on the bull's hide." The thing was immediately agreed on, Lonchates ſet out for the Boſphorus, and Macentes for Machlina, on horſe-back, whilſt Arſacomas ſtayed at home to arm the forces: at length he ſat on the hide.

The cuſtom of ſitting on the hide is as follows: if any man is highly injured by another, and is unable to revenge himſelf, he ſacrifices an ox, cuts up the fleſh, and dreſſes it, then ſpreading the ſkin on the ground, ſits down on it with his hands placed behind his back, as if chained at the arm: this,

with

with us, is looked upon as the ſtrongeſt mode of ſupplication. Whoever pleaſes then comes, takes a-part of the fleſh, and placing his right foot on the hide, makes a ſolemn promiſe to aſſiſt him to the utmoſt of his abilities: one to raiſe five horſemen with pay and provender, or ſo many foot ready armed, ſome ten, and others more, according to their rank and fortune, and the pooreſt offers his own ſervice. A prodigious multitude is ſometimes thus aſſembled on the hide, and theſe armies are generally firm and invincible, being all bound by oath; for, to ſtand upon the hide, is always conſidered as the moſt ſolemn obligation. In this buſineſs Arſacomas was now deeply engaged, and had got together about five thouſand horſe, and of light-armed, and other foot, near twenty thouſand.

In the mean time, Lonchates made the beſt of his way privately into Boſphorus, and being introduced to the king, who was then buſied in ſome affairs of the ſtate, told him, that he was juſt arrived with a commiſſion from the commonwealth of Scythia, and had, withal, ſome matters of importance to communicate to him in ſecret. Being deſired by the king immediately to acquaint him with them; "The Scythians, ſaid he, with regard to the former part of my embaſſy, do, by me, require and inſiſt, that your ſhepherds will not wander over into their fields, but keep within the Trachon: they likewiſe aſſure you, that the robbers whom you complain of for making incurſions into your territories, are not authoriſed by the public, and if you ſeize any of them, you may puniſh them as they deſerve: this they requeſted might be made known to you. I muſt now, moreover, acquaint you, that Arſacomas, who lately came here on an embaſſy, is now raiſing a great army againſt you; incenſed, I believe, at the repulſe he met with, when he aſked your daughter in marriage. For theſe ſeven days paſt, he hath ſat on the hide, and has already collected together no inconſiderable number of forces." "I have heard, replied Leucanor, of forces raiſed on the hide, but did not know before, that they were deſigned againſt me, or that Arſacomas was to be their general." "Againſt you, and you alone, rejoined Lonchates, the whole expedition is pointed: but, between ourſelves, Arſacomas is my avowed enemy, he cannot bear to ſee me preferred before him by the elders of Scythia, and in every thing to be accounted ſuperior to him. If, therefore, you will promiſe to give me your other daughter Barcetis, (and you will find me not unworthy of her,) I will undertake, in a very ſhort time, to bring you the head of Arſacomas." "You

ſhall

ſhall have her," replied Leucanor, who well knew the cauſe of Arſacomas's reſentment, and was, beſides, greatly alarmed, as he always ſtood in fear of a Scythian army. "Swear then, ſaid he, Lonchates, that you will ſtand by this agreement, and never deny what you have now promiſed." The king, lifting up his hands to heaven, was about to ratify it by an oath, when Lonchates interrupting him, ſaid, "Not here, O king, leſt any obſerving us, ſhould ſuſpect the cauſe: let us retire to the temple of Mars, ſhut the doors after us, and ſwear in ſecret; for, if Arſacomas ſhould be appriſed of this, he will certainly deſtroy me before the battle, and he has already got a powerful guard to defend him." "Let us then go in, replied the king: do you retreat, and let none follow without my command." This ſaid, the guards retired, and they went together into the temple; when, * Lonchates with one hand drawing his ſword, and with the other ſtopping the mouth of Leucanor, leſt he ſhould cry out, plunged it into his breaſt, then cutting off his head, hid it under his garment, and as he came out of the temple, pretended to be talking with him, and as if he had been ſent on ſome errand, and was to return thither. He then immediately got back to the place where he had left his horſe tied, and mounting him, rode off with all ſpeed to Scythia. The Boſphorians, who were for a long time ignorant of the affair, never purſued him; and when they came to the knowlege of it, were employed in diſputes concerning the ſucceſſion.

Thus did Lonchates fulfil his promiſe of bringing with him the head of Leucanor. Macentes, who in the courſe of his journey had been acquainted with what happened in Boſphorus, came to Machylia, and having firſt informed Adyrmachus of the death of Leucanor, thus addreſſed him, "The city (ſaid he), look on the king's ſon-in-law as heir to the throne; you ſhould haſte, therefore, to ſettle a diſtracted ſtate, and take poſſeſſion of the kingdom: let your wife follow you in the chariot, for the ſight of the king's daughter will conciliate the affections of the people. I am myſelf an Alanian, and related to her by the mother's ſide, for Maſtira, whom Leucanor married, was of our family: I come from her brothers, who are now in

* *Lonchates.*] Lonchates and Macentes might, according to Lucian's account, be very good and determined friends, but they were certainly very bad men, breaking through all laws human and divine, that they might fulfil their promiſe. To ſay the truth, after all the romantic ſtories which our author has produced in favour of his Scythian heroes, we can only gather from them, that amongſt theſe illuſtrious ſavages, friendſhip was at that time, as charity is at preſent amongſt us, the favourite and faſhionable perfection; and that they found it no very difficult taſk to practiſe one virtue at the expence of all the reſt.

Alania,

Alania, and who requeſt you to make all poſſible haſte to Boſphorus, leſt the empire ſhould devolve to Eubiotus, a baſtard brother of Leucanor's, a friend to the Scythians, and our avowed enemy." Macentes, who ſaid this, had greatly the reſemblance of an Alanian, their arms, indeed, and language are the ſame with ours, and there is only this difference, that the Scythians wear longer hair, and he had taken off juſt ſo much as would make him more like one of them: they, therefore, gave full credit to what he had ſaid, and he paſſed for a near relation of Maſtira and Mazæa. "And now, continued he, Adyrmachus, I will either accompany you to Boſphorus, or ſtay here behind, and conduct the bride. As you are a relation, replied Adyrmachus, you had better remain, and come along with her; if you go with me you will only add to a number of attendants, but if you ſtay to accompany her, your preſence will ſupply the place of many: it was accordingly thus determined. Adyrmachus ſet forward, leaving Mazæa, who was yet a virgin, to the care of Macentes: he put her for that day into a carriage, but as ſoon as night came on, he placed her on his own horſe (having taken care to have another to follow him), then mounted himſelf on the ſame ſaddle with her, and, inſtead of going on towards Mæotis, turned aſide to the Mediterranean, keeping the Mitræan mountains on his right hand, and reſting his beautiful charge at proper intervals, reached Scythia with her on the third day. His horſe, at the end of the journey, after ſtanding a few minutes, fell down and died. Macentes delivered Mazæa into the hands of Arſacomas; there, ſaid he, take her, I have performed my promiſe. The lover, ſtruck beyond meaſure with a ſight ſo unexpected, and pouring forth his thanks in great abundance, "Ceaſe, ſaid Macentes, thus to treat me as a perſon different from thyſelf; to return thanks to me for this, is as if my * right hand were to thank the left for healing it when wounded, or ſtroaking it when in pain; how ridiculous were it to ſuppoſe that, united as our members are, one limb performed any thing extraordinary, when it contributed to the uſe and advantage of the whole body! ſeeing it acted for its own good, as being itſelf a part of that which received the benefit."

Thus ſpoke Macentes to his friend Arſacomas: in the mean time Adyrmachus, apprized of the deceit practiſed on him, proceeded not on his journey to Boſphorus, for Eubiotus, being called in by the Sauromatians,

* *Right hand.*] According to the old age, χειρ χειρα νιπτει, the ſentiment here is noble and natural, the image made uſe of puts us in mind of Shakſpeare's Lear.

with

with whom he had formerly lived, ſucceeded to the empire: he returned, therefore to his own country, and having got together a large army, made an irruption through the mountains into Scythia: Eubiotus alſo, not long after, invaded us, bringing all his Grecians, together with the Alani and Sauromates, making about twenty thouſand; the forces of Eubiotus and Adyrmachus united, formed together an army, of not leſs than ninety thouſand men, a third part of which were archers, who fought on horſe-back. We, for I was myſelf at that battle, furniſhing a hundred horſe at my own expence, having collected about thirty thonſand forces, made head againſt them under Arſacomas; and when we ſaw them advancing, ſent out a party of our horſe to attack them. The battle was hardly fought for a long time, till in the end our troops began to give way: our phalanx was broken, and the whole Scythian army cut, as it were, into two parts; one of which, partly ſubdued, ſaved themſelves by a retreat, and the Alani did not chooſe to purſue them; the other, which was the ſmaller diviſion, was ſoon incloſed, and totally ſurrounded by the Alani and the Machlinians, who, by their darts and arrows, made great ſlaughter amongſt us. Thus locked in on every ſide, we were in the greateſt diſtreſs, and many laid down their arms. Amongſt theſe unfortunate victims, were Lonchates and Macentes, who, expoſing themſelves bravely to every danger, were both wounded, Lonchates in the thigh, and Macentes in the ſhoulder with a ſpear, and likewiſe on the head by a battle-ax; which being perceived by Arſacomas, who was then with us, and who could not bear the thought of deſerting his friends, he ſet ſpurs to his horſe, and brandiſhing his ſword, rode ſo furiouſly through the enemies ranks, that the Machlinians, unable to reſiſt his impetuoſity, gave way, and let him paſs quite up to them. He recovered the wounded heroes, and exhorting them to join him, ruſhed upon Adyrmachus, and with one blow of his ſword, clave him in two. On the death of their leader, the ſoldiers ſoon turned their backs and fled; as did, in a little time after, both the Alani and the Grecians. Thus were we once more victorious, purſuing and killing numbers, till night coming on, put an end to the ſlaughter. The next day we received ambaſſadors from them with terms of peace; the people of Boſphorus ſubmitted to pay us double tribute, the Machlinians offered hoſtages, and the Alani, to make us amends for this invaſion, promiſed to reduce the Sindians, who had long held out againſt us, to obedience. On theſe conditions we were prevailed on, in compliance with the opinion of

Arſacomas,

Arſacomas and Lonchates, who tranſacted the whole affair, to make peace with them. Such things, Mneſippus, will Scythians dare to do for their friends.

MNESIPPUS.

A moſt tragical ſtory indeed, Toxaris, and bordering on the fabulous. The wind and ſword you ſwore by, will pardon me, if I really think thoſe not much to blame, who ſhould not believe it.

TOXARIS.

I wiſh, my noble friend, your credulity does not proceed from envy. Your want of faith, however, ſhall not prevent my producing ſome more actions of the ſame kind, which I know to have been done by Scythians.

MNESIPPUS.

I beſeech you then, my good man, not to be tedious, and long-winded in your diſcourſe, that you would not carry me up and down from Scythia to Machlyia, to Boſphorus, and back again, to wear out my patience.

TOXARIS.

You are the legiſlator, and muſt be obey'd in every thing, I ſhall, therefore, be as ſhort as poſſible in what I ſay, and not tire your ears with my travels for the future.

You ſhall hear what a friend did for me, whoſe name is Siſinnes. When in ſearch of Grecian literature, I left my own country to go to Athens, I went by ſea to Amaſtris, this city being in my way, and conveniently ſituated for thoſe who come from Scythia, and not far from Carambis. Siſinnes, who had been my companion from a child, accompanied me thither. We immediately looked out for a lodging near the harbour, and removing our bundles to it out of the ſhip, without ſuſpecting any miſchief, left them there, and went to the market-place. In the mean time, ſome thieves broke open our trunks, and ſtole out every thing we had, not leaving ſo much as would ſerve us even for one day. When we came back, and heard what had happened, we knew not what to do; publicly to accuſe the neighbours, who were very numerous, or the maſter of the houſe, we did not think adviſeable; to give it out that we were robbed of fourſcore Dariuſſes, a quantity of cloaths, bedding, and other things, would only have made us appear to the populace as cheats and impoſtors. Thus ſtripped of every thing in a ſtrange country, we were much at a loſs how to act: for my own part, I was rather for making an end of ourſelves at once, than ſubmitting to any

thing mean or baſe for a ſubſiſtence; but Siſinnes begged I would, on no account, do any ſuch thing; and endeavoured to conſole me, by ſaying, he had thought on a method to procure victuals for us. He hired himſelf as a porter, to carry wood from the harbour, and with the money bought us ſome proviſion. Next morning, as he was walking in the forum, he ſaw a proceſſion of well-made, noble, youths; theſe, he underſtood, were to fight as gladiators for a conſiderable ſum of money in three days after. As ſoon as he had learned this, he came to me, and ſaid, "Toxaris, no longer complain of being poor, for in three days time I will make you rich." During the interval, we made what ſhift we could to live, and the appointed time for this ſpectacle now approaching, we reſorted to it. He had led me there, indeed, as to a Grecian fight, which had ſomething new and extraordinary in it. We ſat down in the theatre, and firſt ſaw ſeveral wild beaſts hunted by dogs, wounded with ſpears, and then ſet on to fight with ſome men, who we ſuppoſed were malefactors: the gladiators then came on the ſtage, and the crier bringing on a tall luſty youth, proclaimed, that if any man would fight with him, he ſhould come forth, and as a reward, he ſhould receive ten thouſand drachmas. Upon this, Siſinnes got up, and leaping into the middle of the theatre, declared himſelf ready to fight, demanded the arms, and receiving the money, brought it to me; "Toxaris, ſaid he, if I conquer, we ſhall have enough to live on, and will go away together; if I fall, you will bury me, and return to Scythia." He then took the arms, and put on every thing but the helmet, chooſing to fight with his head bare. At the firſt onſet he was dreadfully wounded, having his knee cut with a hooked ſword, and bleeding plentifully. I perceived it, and was almoſt dead with fear. He ruſhed, however, on his adverſary, whom he obſerved coming on with great impetuoſity, and ſtruck him on the breaſt with ſuch force, that he fell down at his feet. Siſinnes was, himſelf, ſo weak with the wound he had received, that he almoſt fainted as he ſtood over his dead foe, and ſeemed juſt expiring. I ran to, raiſed up, and comforted him; as ſoon as he was declared conqueror, I took him in my arms, and carried him home with me. By degrees, with great care, he at length recovered, and is now in Scythia; having married my ſiſter, though he is ſtill lame of the wound.

This, Mneſippus, was not done in Alania, or amongſt the Machlinians, ſo that it doth not ſtand in need of witneſſes, nor can the truth of it be called in queſtion;

queſtion; as there are many Amaſtrians now alive, who remember the combat of Siſinnes.

I will now give you for my fifth inſtance the ſtory of Abanchas, and then I have done. This man came ſome time ago into a city of the Boryſthenes, with a wife whom he was extremely fond of, and two children, one a boy then at the breaſt, the other a girl about ſeven years of age. He was accompanied by his old friend Gyndanes, who was lame from a wound in his thigh that he received in reſiſting ſome robbers on their journey, and which was ſo painful, that he was not able to ſtand. It happened, that they were lodged at the upper part of the houſe, and in the middle of the night, whilſt they were all aſleep, a great fire broke out, and the whole houſe was ſurrounded by the flames. Abanchas being awakened, left his children who were crying round him, and puſhing away his wife who had laid hold of him, adviſed her to ſhift as well as ſhe could for herſelf; and taking his friend on his ſhoulders, made the beſt of his way out, eſcaping at that part of the building, where the fire was leaſt fierce: the woman followed with the infant in her arms, and the girl after her: half-burned herſelf, ſhe let the boy fall, and, together with the girl, with great difficulty got through the flames, at the peril of her life. When Abanchas was afterwards reproached for leaving his * wife and children, and carrying out Gyndanes, "I may eaſily get more children, ſaid he, and it is uncertain whether thoſe I had would turn out good or bad, but I ſhould not eaſily find ſuch another friend as Gyndanes.

I have now, Mneſippus, out of many examples which I could have produced, ſelected five only: it is now time to decide whether my hand or your tongue is to be cut off. Who ſhall determine this point?

MNESIPPUS.

Nobody; for we never fixed on any arbitrator. What are we to do then? ſince at preſent we have only aimed our darts at random, and at no particular mark, let us chooſe an umpire, and produce other examples before him; then the vanquiſhed muſt ſuffer, and I muſt loſe my tongue, or you your hand. But if, after all, this appears rather ſavage and uncourteous, ſince you on your part ſeem to have the higheſt opinion of true friendſhip, and I

* *Wife and children.*] This ſtory, it muſt be acknowleged, though it may redound to the honour of Abanchas, with regard to the delicacy of his friendſhip, gives us but a very moderate idea of his conjugal affection; nor does it, indeed, pay any great compliment to the ladies, who will be pleaſed, however, to remember, that this was a SCYTHIAN, and not an ENGLISH huſband.

on mine hold nothing to be more great and noble; why ſhould we not, ourſelves, agree from this moment to be friends, and to continue ſo: thus ſhall we both remain conquerors, both enjoying the greateſt rewards; inſtead of one tongue, and one hand, thus ſhall each of us poſſeſs two, four eyes, four feet, and every thing double. The painters, we know, repreſent Geryon, as a man with three heads, and ſix hands; what was this, but three friends acting always together, and joined in one!

TOXARIS.

You ſay right, and it ſhall be ſo.

MNESIPPUS.

We want no * ſword, my Toxaris, to confirm this friendſhip; our taſte for the ſame pleaſures, and this our conteſt, will bind it faſter than the bloody cup you drank of; the heart and not the oath muſt ratify it.

TOXARIS.

I approve your ſentiments; henceforth, therefore, be we friends, and gueſts, whilſt I remain in Greece, and when you come to Scythia.

MNESIPPUS.

And know, I would not grudge to take a much longer journey, were I ſure to find ſuch friends as you have deſcribed to me.

* *Sword.*] Alluding to the method mentioned by Toxaris, of contracting friendſhips.

THE

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LUCIAN's Aſs *has, to do him juſtice, a good deal of Mirth and Entertainment about him, but, as it is the Nature of the Beaſt to be ſometimes lewd and ſkittiſh, I was obliged (to uſe his own Phraſe), to dock him a little, before he could be properly introduced to modeſt Company. Curtailed, however, as he is, the Reader will find him no diſagreeable Companion. The* Golden Aſs *of* Apuleius, *ſpun out to an immoderate Length, is apparently founded on the Idea of this Metamorphoſis, which has likewiſe ſuggeſted a Number of Adventures of the like Nature to ſeveral modern Writers.*

NOT many years ago I had occaſion to go into Theſſaly, to ſettle ſome acounts of my father's with a perſon who lived there. I had a horſe to carry my baggage, and one ſervant to attend me: in this manner we jogged on, and, as it happened, met with ſome people going to Hypata, whom we joined company with; and after a long journey, through a very diſagreeable road, got very near to the city, when I aſked our companions, who were natives of Theſſaly, whether they were acquainted with one Hipparchus, who lived there, as I had letters of recommendation to him, and was to lodge in his houſe: they ſaid they knew him very well, told me whereabouts he lived, that he was very rich, and had nobody with him but a wife, and one ſervant maid; for he was extremely covetous. When we came into the city, they directed me to his habitation, where I found a little garden, and a tolerable looking houſe: my fellow-travellers took their leave, and I knocked at the door: after making me wait ſome time, a girl came out; I aſked whether Hipparchus was within: "Yes, ſaid ſhe; who are you, and what do you want with him?" "I have letters, replied I, from Decrianus, the Sophiſt." "Stay here, ſaid ſhe, till I come back;" and ſhut the door upon me: ſhe returned, however, in a ſhort time, and deſired me to walk in. I did ſo, ſaluted Hipparchus, and gave him my letters: he and his wife were juſt ſet down, on a very ſmall couch, as if to ſupper, though I obſerved there was nothing upon the table: he read my letters. Decrianus, ſays he, is one of the beſt of Grecians, for thus ſending his friends to

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me without ceremony: you ſee, Lucius, I have but a ſmall houſe, it is big enough, however, to entertain a gueſt, and your company, if you can put up with it, will make it a great one. He then, calling the maid, "Go, ſaid he, ſhew my friend his bed-chamber, put his things into it, and then conduct him to the bath; for he comes a great way, and muſt be fatigued." Palæſtra, upon this, immediately ſhewed me to my room: "You, ſaid ſhe, muſt ſleep in this bed, I ſhall make up a couch for your boy cloſe to you, and will get him a pillow:" ſaying this, ſhe led us to the bath, where we waſhed ourſelves, and gave her ſome money to get provender for our horſes. We then went back into the houſe, where Hipparchus, embracing me, deſired me to ſit down by him: the ſupper was by no means a ſcanty one, and the wine ſweet and very old: after ſupper we drank and chatted, and ſpending the evening in a chearful and hoſpitable manner, went to bed. The next day he aſked me to what place I was going, and whether I meant to continue there. I told him I was on my journey to Lariſſa, where I propoſed to ſtay four or five days: this, however, was only a pretence, for I meant to remain where I was, in hopes of meeting ſome woman ſkilled in the magic art, or ſeeing a man fly, or turned into ſtone, or, in ſhort, ſome miracle or other of that kind: with this view I traverſed the city, not knowing at the ſame time how or where to enquire about it. I rambled round, notwithſtanding, and, as I was going along, I obſerved a woman, young, and, as I imagined, of good rank and condition, being well dreſſed, and with ſeveral ſervants after her. She came up to, and ſaluted me: I returned the civility: ſhe then addreſſed herſelf to me, "My name, ſaid ſhe, is Abræa, a particular friend of your mother's, I love her children as dearly as my own; why, my ſon, would not you come and live with me?" "That, replied I, I ſhould be glad to do, but know not how I can leave my friend, whom I have no reaſon to complain of; my heart, however, ſhall be with you, though I cannot." "And where do you lodge?" ſaid ſhe. "With Hipparchus, ſaid I." "What, with that miſer!" "Call him not ſo, I beg you, ſaid I, my good mother, for to me he has behaved nobly, and with the greateſt generoſity, inſomuch that I have more reaſon to blame him for extravagance." She ſmiled, and laying hold of my hand, "Beware, ſaid ſhe, of the wife of Hipparchus; ſhe is a great magician, and withal caſts a wanton eye on every young man that comes in her way: if he does not behave as ſhe would wiſh, ſhe makes uſe of her art to revenge herſelf on him: ſhe has turned ſome into beaſts, and entirely made

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an end of others. You are a young man, my ſon, and handſome enough to pleaſe any woman, and a ſtranger beſides, who, in this country, is thought but ſlightly of." Hearing this, and finding that what I was in ſearch of might be had at home, I paid no more attention to my mother's friend; but as I returned back, entertained myſelf with theſe reflections, "If thou art ſo fond of ſights, Lucius, why doſt not thou procure them for thyſelf, and wiſely think on ſome ſcheme for that purpoſe? Make up to the maid Palæſtra, keeping as far off as you can from your friend's wife; if you can get poſſeſſion of her, you may eaſily learn what you pleaſe; ſervants always know what their maſters and miſtreſſes do, either good or bad: mind this, and go about it immediately." Thus parlying with myſelf, I came into the houſe; neither Hipparchus nor his wife were at home; Palæſtra ſtood by the fire-ſide, getting ſupper ready for us. I took occaſion from this to begin upon her. "How charmingly, ſaid I, my pretty Palæſtra, do thoſe pretty * fingers of your's turn and toſs that haſh about; happy ſhould I be to be ſo handled by them." "If you value your life, replied ſhe, (for ſhe was a ſmart and lovely wench), keep off, for I am full of fire and ſmoke; if you do but touch me, I ſhall burn you in ſuch a manner, that the god of phyſic himſelf will not be able to heal your wound: nobody can cure you but myſelf, and what is more extraordinary, I ſhall only increaſe your diſorder, and the pleaſing remedy itſelf will always give you pain; you will not eaſily get over it, I aſſure you: you ſmile, I perceive; but I am a true † cooker of men, that is to ſay, I not only dreſs and prepare ſuch vile eatables as theſe, but that great creature, called man, I kill, and cut in pieces, aye, and devour him too, heart and all." "I find it ſo, indeed, replied I, for even before I came near, you not only burned, but abſolutely threw me into the fire: the flames, though I did not ſee them, have already conſumed me; and yet I have never done you any injury: cure me, by the gods I intreat you, cure me! with that ſweet bitter medicine which you talked of: I am ſlain already, flea and dreſs me as you pleaſe."

At this ſhe burſt into a loud delightful laugh: from that moment ſhe was mine, and we agreed, that when ſhe had put her her maſter and miſtreſs to bed,

* *Fingers, &c.*] Here the aſs, as I obſerved in the argument, is a little friſky; I have, therefore, given him a ſmall check, as the learned reader will ſee by turning to the original. This being one of the paſſages where a free and modeſt is rather better than a ſtrict and literal tranſlation.

† *Cooker.*] Greek, Ανθρωποφαγεσον.

bed, ſhe ſhould ſteal up to my chamber. At length, Hipparchus returning home, we bathed, and went to ſupper, talked, and drank plentifully: I pretended drowſineſs, and retired, in hopes of ſeeing the charming Palæſtra, who kept her word with me, and made me ſo happy * * * * * * that I almoſt forgot my journey to Lariſſa, and the buſineſs which I came about: deſirous, however, before we parted of getting ſome intelligence concerning this matter, "My dear Palæſtra, ſaid I to her, cannot you ſome day or other ſhew me your miſtreſs practiſing her magic, and transforming herſelf into ſomething or other, for it is a ſight which I much long for; or rather, if you know any tricks of this kind yourſelf, ſhew me ſome, and it will be the ſame thing, as I may judge of one by the other: I make no doubt but you alſo are well ſkilled in the art, as I know, indeed, by experience, for never before did I caſt an eye of love on any woman, and they uſed to ſay I was as hard as adamant, but you ſoon made a captive of me, and ſubdued my very ſoul." "Leave off your jokes, replied Palæſtra, for where is the magic that can create love, that maſter of every art? No, by your dear ſelf I ſwear, I know nothing of it; I am totally illiterate, and my miſtreſs is to the laſt degree jealous with regard to her art: if I have an opportunity, however, I will endeavour to ſhew her to you whilſt ſhe is about ſome transformation."

This was accordingly agreed upon, and in a few days after ſhe brought me word that her miſtreſs intended very ſoon to turn herſelf into a bird, and fly off to her lover: "Now then, ſaid I, is the time to ſatisfy the longing of your poor petitioner." "Never fear," replied Palæſtra; and, accordingly, in the evening, ſhe led me towards her miſtreſs's bed-chamber, and bade me look through a crevice in the door, and ſee what was going forward. There did I behold a woman, who firſt undreſſed herſelf, and then putting two grains of incenſe into the flame of the lamp, repeated certain words, as if talking to it, after which ſhe opened a large drawer, that had ſeveral boxes in it, and out of one of them took ſomething, what it was I could not tell, but it looked like an ointment: with this, beginning from her toe-nails, ſhe rubbed herſelf all over, when immediately wings ſpread themſelves out on each ſide of her, her noſe grew hard and crooked, ſhe had every thing, in ſhort, all over her like a bird, and became a complete owl: as ſoon as ſhe ſaw herſelf thus feathered, ſhe ſet up a horrible ſcreech, as theſe birds do, and flew out at the window. For my part, I looked upon it as a dream, and rubbed

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my eyes, not knowing whether I was aſleep or awake, and when at length I found that it was a real fact, I begged Palæſtra would let me have ſome wings too, and, anointing me with ſome of the ſame ointment, permit me to fly a little: as I wanted much to try whether, when I had quitted the ſhape of a man, I ſhould have the underſtanding only of a bird. She took the firſt opportunity, therefore, of opening the chamber door privately, and took out the box: I undreſſed as faſt as poſſible, and anointed myſelf all over: when, lo, to my great mortification, I was not turned into a bird, but on a ſudden a tail ſtuck out behind me, my fingers vaniſhed, and of all my nails only four remained, which were changed into hoofs; my hands and feet reſembled thoſe of a beaſt, I had a large face, with long ears, and viewing myſelf all round, perceived that I was metamorphoſed into an aſs; my human voice was entirely gone, ſo that I could no longer converſe with Palæſtra, and all I could do was to ſtretch out my lips, look miſerable, and as well as I could, accuſed her for making an aſs inſtead of a bird of me. "Wretch that I am, cried ſhe, beating herſelf with both her hands, what have I done! in my hurry I miſtook the box, for they were both alike, and miſſed that which makes the wings; but be not uneaſy, my dear, for this may be eaſily remedied: if you only eat ſome roſes, you may at any time ſhake off the beaſt, and give me my lover again: but continue an aſs, I beſeech you, for this night only, and to-morrow morning, early, I will bring ſome roſes, that ſhall ſet you right." An aſs, therefore, I remained to all intents and purpoſes, ſaving that in ſenſe and underſtanding I was ſtill a man, and the true Lucius, though dumb.

Not a little diſpleaſed, therefore, at Palæſtra for her miſtake, I bit my lips in ſilence, and made the beſt of my way to the ſtable, where my own horſe ſtood, and an aſs belonging to Hipparchus: as ſoon as they ſaw me come in, being afraid I ſhould take part of their hay, they bent down their ears, and ſeemed determined that their heels ſhould revenge the cauſe of their bellies, which I perceiving, got as far as I could from the manger, and laughed at them: though my laugh was nothing but a bray. I ſaid to myſelf, "What a fooliſh curioſity was this of mine! if a wolf now, or ſome other wild beaſt ſhould break in, though I have done no harm, there would be an end of me." Whilſt I was making theſe reflections, little did I think of the misfortune that was juſt coming upon me: for in the middle of the night, when all were ſilent and aſleep, a dreadful noiſe was heard on

the outſide of the wall, as if ſomebody was breaking in; and ſo it proved, for in a ſhort time there was a great gap in it, big enough for a man to enter at: ſomebody ſoon came in, and another followed him, and then ſeveral more, all armed with ſwords. They had bound Hipparchus, Palæſtra, and my ſervant, in their beds, ranſacked the whole houſe, and were now carrying off the money, cloaths, and furniture. When they had got it all together, they took me, the other aſs, and the horſe, and putting on our pack-ſaddles, placed the baggage on our backs: with this heavy burthen they drove us on, beating us with ſticks through the mountains and by-paths, that they might not be diſcovered. What became of the other beaſts I know not, but for myſelf, having no ſhoes on, and not uſed to travel over ſharp-pointed rocks, and with ſuch a weight, I was half-dead: often did I ſtumble, though not ſuffered to fall, as there was ſomebody always behind me, with a good ſtick to keep me up. I tried often to cry out, "O maſter," but could only bray: the O, indeed, came out, and made noiſe enough; but Maſter would not follow: even for this I was handſomely cudgelled, for fear my braying ſhould diſcover them: perceiving, therefore, that I could not cry out as I ought, I determined to jog on in ſilence, and ſave my carcaſe.

It was now day-light, and we had paſſed over ſeveral mountains: they had tied the bridle, however, over our mouths, that we might not loſe our time in feeding as we went along; an aſs, therefore, I was obliged ſtill to remain. About the middle of the day we were turned into a ſtable, belonging to ſome of their brethren, ſuch at leaſt, by their behaviour, we imagined them to be, for they ſaluted them, invited them to dinner, and ordered us ſome barley: the reſt of us fell to, but as I had never been uſed to raw barley, though I was almoſt famiſhed, I could not taſte it, but looked about me for ſomething elſe, when, behind the ſtable, I ſpyed out a garden, with a good many fine herbs in it, and above them, ſomething which I took for roſes: immediately, unobſerved by the men who were employed within at dinner, I got into the garden, partly to fill my belly with the raw herbs, and partly for the ſake of the roſes, which I thought, if I could lay hold on, I might have a chance of being a man again. I fell upon the lettuces, radiſhes, and parſley, and feaſted as long as I could ſtuff; but as for the roſes, they proved not to be real ones, but what they call the * laurel-roſe: woe be to the horſe or aſs that feeds on ſuch, for if they taſte

* *Laurel-roſe.*] The rhododendron, a poiſonous plant.

of

of it, they die immediately. The gardener, chancing to ſpy me out, came into the garden, and perceiving what deſtruction I had made of his pot-herbs, even, juſt at the * thief-deteſting conſtable lays hold on the culprit, ſeized on, and belaboured me with a large club, ſparing neither ſides nor thighs, ſlit my ears, and tore my face: I grew out of all patience, and lifting up my heels, laid him flat on the ground, and fled towards the mountain: as he ſaw me going off, he cried out, and bade them ſet the dogs at me; for there were a number of them hard by, very large, fierce, and fit to fight with bears. I concluded that if they laid hold on, they would tear me in pieces, and deeming it, as they ſay, better to run backward than not to run well, I returned as faſt as I could to the ſtable: they called off, and tied up the dogs, but perſecuted me themſelves with ſtick and ſtaves, till I fairly gave up all the herbs that I had ſwallowed. It was now time for us to ſet out again, when they loaded me with the greateſt part of their ſtolen treaſures: weighed down as I was by the burthen, with my hoofs worn away by the road, and quite deſponding, I had reſolved to lay me down, and, let them beat me ever ſo much, not to riſe up again; ſatisfied that I ſhould profit by this reſolution, and imagining, that, overcome at laſt by my obſtinacy, they would divide the burthen between the horſe and the other aſs, and leave me to be devoured by the wolves. Some malicious dæmon, however, was apprized of my reſolution, and counter-acted it: for, the other aſs, probably with the ſame deſign, fell down in the road; they would fain have prevailed on him, by repeated blows to get up again, but finding it was to no purpoſe, and that he laid like a ſtone, entirely knocked up, concluding at laſt that they laboured in vain, and that it was only loſing time to wait any longer on a dead aſs: they divided all his load between me and the horſe, then taking my fellow-priſoner, and fellow-labourer, they threw him down a precipice, and he died immediately. Seeing, by the fate of my companion, what my *former reſolutions* would have brought me to, I determined to bear my *preſent misfortunes with patience*, and to puſh on boldly, in hopes that I might one day light on ſome roſes, and recover myſelf: I heard, beſides, from the † robbers, that we had not far to go, and that the cattle would ſoon be releaſed; we ran for joy, and got home that very evening. There

† *Thief-deteſting conſtable.*] Greek, δυναστης μισοπονηρος.

* *Robbers.*] The cave ſcene, amongſt the robbers in Gil Blas, ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by this paſſage, though the French author, it muſt be acknowleged, has greatly improved on the original.

we found an old woman, ſitting by a large fire, who took all the baggage, and put it up for them; they aſked her why ſhe ſat there, and did not get the ſupper ready; it is all ready, ſaid ſhe, there is bread, and good old wine, and ſome fleſh of wild beaſts for you; every thing in order. They thanked the old woman, pulled off their cloaths, anointed themſelves at the fire, and as ſhe had a cauldron of hot water ready, poured it out, and uſed it as a temporary bath on the occaſion. In a little time after, there arrived ſeveral young men, with gold and ſilver, and men's and women's apparel of various kinds; theſe were all brought into the common ſtock, and depoſited here, The men bathed: after this, there was a magnificent ſupper, and a long converſation amongſt the ruffians. The old woman provided barley for me and the horſe, who made all the haſte he could to devour it, as fearing I ſhould come in for a dinner with him. I never touched it, but whenever the old woman turned her back, got to the bread which was in the houſe, and eat it. Next day they all went out on their buſineſs, leaving me with the old woman, and one young fellow. I lamented the ſtrict confinement, for though I could have eaſily got away from the old woman, the young man was very ſtout, and looked formidable, ſtanding always at the gate with a ſword in his hand. About three days after, in the middle of the night, the robbers came back, bringing nothing along with them but a young and beautiful virgin in tears, with her hair diſhevelled, and garments almoſt torn off her: they brought her in, deſired her not to be frightened, and ordered the old woman to ſtay with and take care of her. The girl would neither eat nor drink, but wept, and tore her hair in ſuch a manner, that even I, who was ſtanding at the manger, could not help ſhedding tears with her. The robbers went to ſupper in an outer room. Towards morning, one of their ſpies, whoſe buſineſs it was to look out ſharp for the crew, came to give them notice, that a ſtranger who had a great deal of money with him, was to paſs by that way. As ſoon as they heard this, they roſe immediately, took their arms, and ſaddled both me and the horſe, to go along with them. As I knew I was going to a battle, I hung behind, and went on very ſlowly, but was ſoon made to mend my pace with a good club. When we came to the place where the ſtranger was to paſs, the robbers all ruſhed upon the carriage, ſlew him and his ſervants, and put all the booty which they got of great value, upon the horſe and me, hiding the reſt of their ſpoil in the wood. Thus loaded, we were returning home, when beſides, being beaten and

banged

banged about, I ſtruck my hoof againſt a ſharp ſtone, which wounded me ſo terribly, that I went lame almoſt all the reſt of the journey. They cried out, "What do we keep this aſs for, that is always ſtumbling, let us get rid of ſuch an ill-omen'd beaſt." "Aye, ſays another, let us throw him down headlong, by way of an expiatory offering for the company." They ſeemed then to come round me for that purpoſe; but hearing what they were about, I put on, and thought no more of my wound, the fear of death taking away my ſenſe of pain.

When we got back to the inn, they took off our burthens, lodged them ſafe, and went in to ſupper; but night coming on, they ſallied forth again to take care of the baggage which they had left behind. "There is no occaſion, ſaid one of them, to take that lame aſs with us, he can be of no ſervice, therefore, ſome of us muſt carry part of the burthens, and the horſe the reſt." They took the horſe, and went off: it was a bright moon-light night. "And why now, Lucius, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhould I then ſtay here for vulturs and the offspring of vulturs to devour me? you heard what the thieves ſaid about you, why would you chooſe to be thrown down a precipice? it is night, and the moon ſhines, there is nobody here, fly off, and ſave thyſelf from theſe murtherers." Whilſt I was making theſe reflections, I perceived I was quite looſe, for the bridle hung up juſt by me; this encouraged me, and I ran out of the ſtable as faſt as I could: the old woman obſerving that I was marching off, caught hold of my tail, and hung by it. Thrice worthy, thought I, ſhould I be of the precipice, or any other death, ſhould I ſuffer myſelf to be taken by an old woman, and away I dragged her after me: ſhe cried out for aſſiſtance on the young captive within, who coming out, and ſeeing the old woman hanging like an aſs's tail, immediately conceived a moſt noble deſign, and worthy of a deſperate heroine, ſhe jumped up, and ſeated herſelf upon me. I, partly from the hopes of eſcaping, and partly to oblige my young rider, galloped off with all the ſpeed of a horſe, leaving the old woman behind us. The virgin put up her prayers to the gods that ſhe might get off ſafe; and, addreſſing herſelf to me, "If, ſays ſhe, my lovely creature, you will carry me to my father's houſe, I will ſet you free from all labour for the future, and you ſhall have as much barley as you can eat every day for your dinner." Thus encouraged, both by the hopes of eſcaping from the ruffians, and the advantages I expected by ſaving my young miſtreſs, I ran away nimbly, without ever thinking of my lame foot.

Coming

Coming at length to a place where the road divided, we ſpied the robbers who had ſeen us at a great diſtance by the light of the moon, and now ruſhed upon us; they ſeized on the poor girl; "So, ſaid they, fair virgin, why would you leave us ſo ſuddenly, were you afraid of *ghoſts? but come, you muſt go back with us, we will reſtore you to your friends." This they ſaid with a † Sardonic ſmile, and then turned me back. I began immediately to recollect my wounded hoof, and went lame. "Oho, ſaid one of them, now you are taken, you are lame, but when you wanted to get away, you were as nimble as a horſe, and as briſk as a bird." Saying this, he laid on me with a large ſtick, which made a freſh wound in my thigh. When we came home, we found the old woman hanging from a part of the rock, afraid, probably, of her maſters' anger, on account of the young woman's eſcape; ſhe had put a rope round her neck, and diſpatched herſelf. The robbers admired her fidelity, and without farther ceremony, threw her, rope and all, down the precipice. They then took the virgin, bound her faſt, and locked her up in the houſe, after which, they went to ſupper, and carouſed plentifully: they then entered into a conſultation about their fair priſoner. "What ſhall we do, ſays one of them, with this run-away?" "What can we do better, ſays another, than ſend her after the old woman, ſhe has done us all the miſchief ſhe could, and had like to have ſpoiled our whole buſineſs. You muſt very well know, my friends, that if ſhe had once got home, not one of us would have been left alive; for the enemy would have made head againſt us, and we ſhould have been all taken. Let us, therefore, be revenged on her; if we throw her down the precipice, ſhe will die too eaſily, let us think on ſome bitter, lingering death, that ſhe may be firſt tortured, and afterwards expire by degrees." "I have thought on a method, ſays another, which I am ſure you will approve; we muſt deſtroy that lazy aſs, not only for ſhamming lame, but for aiding and abetting her in her flight; to-morrow morning, therefore, we will kill him, take out his bowels, and ſow her up in the inſide of him, with her head juſt out to prevent ſuffocation, and her body within his; we may then leave them both,

* *Ghoſts.*] Gr. Τα δαιμονια.

† *Sardonic*] In the iſland of Sardos, ſays the Greek ſcholiaſt, on this paſſage, grows an herb reſembling parſley, (probably hemlock,) which, whoever taſtes of, falls into a fit of immoderate laughter, and dies. Whence aroſe this proverbial expreſſion of a Sardonic laugh, to ſignify a malevolent exultation, portending misfortune, miſery, and death. See Suidas and Eraſmus.

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as a freſh meal for the vulturs. You will ſee what an excellent torture this will be, to be ſhut up in a dead aſs, to be burned up in the heat of ſummer, in the inſide of a beaſt; dying with hunger, and not able to procure any other means of death; to be eat up with worms, and ſuffer the ſtench of the carcaſe; to have the vulturs, after they have got through him, preying upon her even whilſt ſhe is alive; I need not ſay what a puniſhment this will be."

This admirable ſcheme was received by them with the higheſt approbation. I lamented, as you may ſuppoſe, my inevitable fate; not only that I was to be killed, but, even after death, not ſuffered to lie peaceably down, but condemned to be a ſepulchre for the unhappy virgin.

It was now day-break, when, on a ſudden, there ruſhed in upon us a band of ſoldiers, who had been ſent to take up the robbers; all of whom they immediately bound, in order to carry them before the governor. Amongſt our deliverers was a young man, beloved by, and who was ſoon to be married to the beauteous captive; he it was, it ſeems, who had traced out, and directed them to the habitation of the ruffians. He took the virgin, placed her on my back, and accompanied her home. The villagers ſaw us afar off as we were returning, and eaſily gueſſed at our ſucceſs. I took care, indeed, to proclaim the glad tidings to them with a loud bray; they ran out to ſalute us, and conducted us in with many congratulations.

The virgin, who conſidered me as the partner of her captivity and of her flight, and withal, as one who had been in danger of death along with her, paid every poſſible attention to me; I had my large meaſure of barley, and as much hay as would have ſerved a camel: I curſed Palæſtra for turning me into an aſs, inſtead of a dog, for then I might have ran, as I ſaw many of them do, into the kitchen, and taſted of all the dainties which we generally meet with at a rich wedding. A few days after the nuptials, my young miſtreſs, to make me amends for all my trouble, requeſted it as a favour of her father, and he ordered me to be turned looſe into the field, and to feed with the mares: "There, ſaid he, you may live happily, and divert yourſelf with them." He then called one of the ſhepherds, and gave me to his care. He put me into graſs among the mares, and happy I thought myſelf, that I was to carry no more burthens. This reward was, doubtleſs, in the opinion of a jack-aſs, no contemptible one. The lady's favour, however, proved fatal to me as it did to Candaules; for the maſter of the ſtud left me entirely to the will and pleaſure of his wife, who put me into a mill, and made me

grind

grind all the corn and barley. An aſs of any gratitude, indeed, would never grudge grinding for his maſters; but the good woman muſt needs aſſiſt her friends, of whom ſhe had a great many, with corn alſo, and my neck ſuffered for it. She would even put the barley for my own dinner into the mill, and make cakes of it for herſelf, whilſt I was forced to take up with the bran: beſides that, when I was let in among the mares, the horſes grew jealous, and fearing I ſhould be too intimate with their wives, kicked and bit me moſt furiouſly. In a ſhort time, I grew terribly thin and lank, being not very happy at the mill when within doors, and when I got out, well beat and bruiſed by my companions in the field. I was often, moreover, ſent up to the mountain, and obliged to carry wood; this, indeed, was the worſt of my misfortunes; for, in the firſt place, the mountain was very ſteep, and in the next, I had no ſhoes on in a rough road. They ſent, withal, a mule-driver along with me, a raſcally boy, who was always whipping me without mercy; though I went on as faſt as I could, he kept ſtill beating me, not with a plain ſtick, but nobbed, always ſtriking me on the ſame part of the thigh, till it was laid quite open, and ſtill followed his blow; putting ſuch burthens upon me, at the ſame time, as an elephant would ſcarce have been able to carry. Though the deſcent was very ſteep, he continued thumping me; and when he ſaw the load go on one ſide, inſtead of ſhifting part of it to the other, he would increaſe it with great ſtones, till I fell down, ſtones and all. If there was a ſmall ford in the way, to ſave his ſhoes, he would get up and ride over it. If weary and overburthened, I chanced to fall, it was ſtill worſe with me; for he would never get down to help me, but continued belabouring my back and ſides, till he had raiſed me up again; and, for this purpoſe, he got a bundle of thorns, which he tied to my tail; theſe pricked me as I went along, and wounded my poſteriors in the moſt dreadful manner; whilſt I could by no poſſible means relieve myſelf, as what inflicted the wound, hung always cloſe to me; and if I went ſlow to eſcape the thorns, the club ſaluted me, and if I puſhed on to avoid the club, the thorns ſtuck in me immediately: the villain plyed them both, with a deſign to make an end of me. At length, after a thouſand inſults, being out of all patience, I lifted up my heel, and gave him a kick, which he never forgave me. Being one day ordered to carry ſome ſtubble out of one field into another, he ſaddled me with it, and taking a rope, tied me to the load; not without deſign, for having ſtolen a hot pocker out of the fire, he put it into the ſtubble, which,

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as might be ſuppoſed, was ſoon in flames: perceiving that I muſt be inevitably burned, I looked out for water, and ſpying a marſhy place, threw myſelf down in the wetteſt part of it, and by turning and rolling about, quenched the fire, and got rid of part of my burthen; nor could he light the other again, as it was well moiſtened with mud. When we came home, he told them, "I had ran into the flames of my own accord." I got ſafe, however, this time, and eſcaped a burning.

A little after this, he played me a trick worſe than all; for one day when I went up with a load into the mountain, he ſold the wood I had carried on my back to a countryman, and when we came home, invented this tale againſt me to his maſter; "I don't know, ſays he, what we keep that lazy aſs for, he loves ſomething elſe better than work, if he ſees a pretty mare upon the road, away he flies after her; it was but this very morning that he went out to carry wood, and ſpying a filly juſt before him, he pranced off, threw the wood off into the road, nobody knows where, and would have been very rude, if he had not been prevented by the neighbours, who ſaved the mare, and put a ſtop to his gallantry." "If that be the caſe, ſaid his maſter, and he is ſo lazy that he will not work, nor carry any burthens, and is, beſides, ſo very amorous, cut his throat, and give his carcaſe to the dogs; if any body aſks what is become of him, you may ſay he was devoured by a wolf." The boy was happy at the news, and prepared to make an end of me: but a countryman who lived in the neighbourhood, coming in by chance, ſaved me from immediate death, by ſuggeſting ſomething not much better; "By no means, ſaid he, kill the aſs, whilſt he is able to grind and carry burthens; if he is amorous, let him be properly docked; the thing is eaſily done, he will ſoon be quiet and grow fat, and bear his loads the better. If you do not know how to go about it, I ſhall be here again in two or three days, and will do it for you; I warrant, I can make him as meek as a lamb." They approved of his advice, and ſaid "it was the beſt thing that could be done." I began to lament my fate, and to conclude that I had better die than to be made an eunuch of. I reſolved, therefore, from that time, to abſtain from all food and nouriſhment, or throw myſelf down the precipice and die, ſo as I could but remain whole and unmutilated. When lo! in the dead of night comes a meſſenger to acquaint the village, that the bride, ſhe who had been taken by the robbers, and her huſband, walking late in the evening on the ſea ſhore, were ſuddenly carried off by the waves

breaking in upon them, and had not been heard of ſince. The ſervants, appriſed of their young maſter and miſtreſs's fate, reſolved to remain no longer in ſlavery, but getting what they could out of the houſe, made the beſt of their way off. The ſhepherd, who looked after the mares, packed up all he could find, and put it on our backs; I had, for my own part, as great a buthen as an aſs could well carry, but ſtill thought myſelf happy that I had eſcaped docking. For that night, and three days after, we had a hard and dreadful journey, but at length arrived at Beræa, a famous city in Macedonia. Here our drivers reſted us and themſelves; the beaſts were then all put up to ſale, and we were cried in the market-place. The chapmen came, looked into our mouths, and examined all our teeth; one bought one, and another another, but I was ſtill left behind, and the crier bade them drive me back again, for nobody would bid for me; when my unlucky fate, which was always ſhifting about and perſecuting me, threw me upon ſuch a maſter as I little deſired. I was purchaſed by an old fellow, one of thoſe itinerants who carry the Syrian goddeſs about through the ſtreets and fields, and oblige her to go a begging: to him I was ſold at a great price, no leſs than thirty drachmas, and now, with a heavy heart, I followed my new maſter.

When we came to the place where Philebus lived, for that was the name of the man who had bought me, he cried out at the door with a loud voice, "Here, girls, I have bought you a beautiful, well-made ſlave, from Cappadocia." The girls ſet up a ſhout, thinking it had been a man that he had purchaſed: when they ſaw it was an aſs, they cried, "What ſort of a ſpouſe have you brought us here? pray take him yourſelf, for we want no ſuch cattle."

The next day they began to ſet themſelves ſeriouſly to work, dreſſed up their goddeſs, and placed her upon me; then, quitting the town, we rambled over the fields, and when we came to a village, I, as bearer of the divinity, was ſtopped, and ſtood ſtill; immediately a parcel of minſtrels played ſome ſolemn tunes, then a croud of them hung their heads down, and twiſting their necks round, lolled out their tongues, and pricked both them and their ſhoulders with lancets, ſo that the blood flowed on every ſide of them. I beheld the ceremony with aſtoniſhment, and began to tremble leſt the goddeſs ſhould want a little aſs's blood alſo. When they had cut and hacked themſelves in this manner for ſome time, they collected oboli and drachmas from

from the ſpectators: ſome gave them figs, and cheeſe, and caſks of wine, and others a meaſure of wheat and barley for their aſs. Thus they got a livelihood, and worſhipped their goddeſs whom I carried on my back. * *

Reflecting now on the many miſeries I had ſuffered ſince my transformation, I could not help attempting to cry out, "O Jupiter, thou art too patient," but alas! my voice failed, and I could only bray. It happened juſt at this time, that ſome countrymen who had loſt their aſs, and were in ſearch of it; hearing me cry out, came in without any leave or notice, taking me for the beaſt they were looking for, and caught my lewd maſters doing what they ſhould not do, which they took care in the neighbourhood to divulge. My good friends, the prieſts of the Syrian goddeſs, finding their ſecret tranſactions were diſcovered, made off that very night, and when they had got into a private place, began to be very angry with me for expoſing their myſteries: I could have borne their curſes, but what ſucceeded to them was intolerable; for, taking the goddeſs off my back, they tied me naked to a tree, and whipped me till I was half dead; telling me, "That, for the future, when I carried a goddeſs, I muſt hold my tongue." They diſputed afterwards, whether they ſhould not cut my throat, for bringing ſuch reproach upon them, and forcing them to turn out of the village before they had done their buſineſs there. They deſiſted, however, out of reſpect to the goddeſs, who laid down on the ground, and could not proceed on her journey without me.

After a ſound whipping, therefore, I took up my miſtreſs, and proceeded; towards evening we turned into a field belonging to a rich man, who happening to be at home, luckily for us, received our goddeſs very graciouſly, and offered ſacrifices to her; here it was that I remember I was in great peril of my life; one of our landlord's friends had ſent him for a preſent the thigh of a wild aſs, which the cook careleſsly loſt, ſome dogs having probably got in and ſtole it; he, apprehenſive of being ſeverely beat for his negligence, reſolved to hang himſelf, but his wife, to my ſorrow, cries, "Never deſpair, my dear, nor think of deſtroying yourſelf, follow my advice and all will be well again; take the traveller's aſs into ſome bye-place, kill him, cut him up, bring the thigh here and dreſs it for your maſter; you may throw the reſt of the carcaſe any where down the precipice, they will ſuppoſe he is run away,: you ſee how fat he is, and on all accounts preferable to the wild one." The cook approved of her advice; "It is the only

way, ſaid he, my dear, that I could poſſibly eſcape whipping; it ſhall be done immediately:" ſuch was the reſult of the converſation between the cook and his wife.

Perceiving, therefore, what I had to expect, I thought it beſt to avoid, if poſſible, the death which threatened me, and breaking the halter with which I was faſtened, I ran ſkipping and prancing into the room where they were all at ſupper together, and threw down the candles, table, and every thing that came in my way: this I thought an excellent contrivance, imagining that the maſter of the farm would have immediately ordered me to be confined, and taken care of as a mad aſs; but this trick of mine had like to have coſt me dear; for, thinking I was mad, they all ran upon me with ſwords, ſpears, and ſtaves, as if they intended to make an end of me: aware of the very great danger I was in, I ran away towards the chamber where my maſters were to ſleep, and they made as much haſte to ſhut the doors againſt me.

At day-break I ſet out once more with my ſacred beggars, and the goddeſs on my back; when we arrived ſoon at a large and famous town, where my maſters played a new trick, pretending that the goddeſs did not chuſe to ſtay in any private houſe, but would be lodged in the temple belonging to the deity of the place: the inhabitants, accordingly, received our goddeſs into their own temple, aſſigning to us a habitation in the houſe of a poor man: after ſtaying there two or three days, my honeſt maſters, wanting to get on, aſked for their goddeſs again, and being permitted to go into the temple for her, ſtole from thence a large golden cup, which they hid under the goddeſs's petticoats: the people of the place ſoon miſſed it, and purſued us, and coming upon the robbers, ſeized upon them, called them ſacriligious villains, and demanded the cup, which, on ſearching, they found at laſt, near the waiſt of our divinity: they then carried back the thieves, and bound them, took our goddeſs off my back, placed her in another temple, and gave the golden cup back to their own.

The next day it was reſolved that I, with the reſt of the goods, ſhould be diſpoſed of; and they ſold me to a miller that lived in a neighbouring village, who took me home, through a very rough road, with ten meaſures of wheat on my back. When I came there, I found a number of fellow-ſervants, with ſeveral mills, full of all ſorts of grain, and which were worked by them: as I was a new ſlave, and had travelled through a bad road

road with a large burthen, they permitted me to reſt for that night, but next day, putting a blind over my eyes, they faſtened me to the beam of the mill-wheel, and would have drove me on: I knew well enough how to grind, as I had often been forced to learn it, but pretended ignorance; this, however would not do, for a number of the louts got about me, and, taking ſticks, laid on me in ſuch a manner, that I ſpun round like a top, and found by experience, that a ſervant, who has work to do, need not wait for his maſter's hand to make him go about it. I ſoon grew weak and emaciated, and my maſter, reſolving to get rid of me, ſold me to a gardener. Here my buſineſs was to carry herbs every day to market for him, which, when he had ſold, he drove me back to the garden, where I remained idle whilſt he was digging and planting. My way of life, however, was not very agreeable; for, winter coming on, he had nothing to buy ſtraw with, either for me or himſelf; beſides, that I had no ſhoes, and was forced to walk, ſometimes through wet mud, and at others, through rough and prickly ways, whilſt, as to food, there was nothing for us both but hard and bitter lettuces.

One day, as we were going into the garden, a tall man came up to us, in a ſoldier's habit, and addreſſed the gardener in the Italian tongue, aſking him where he was going to carry the aſs; my maſter, I ſuppoſe, not underſtanding the language, made him no anſwer; the ſoldier reſenting this as an affront, gave my maſter a lick with his whip, which ſo incenſed him that he took the ſtranger up in his arms, and laid him flat on the ground: the ſoldier reſiſted as well as he could, and threatened if he got up he would kill him with his ſword, upon which my maſter, taking the hint, forced the weapon from him, and throwing it a good way off, fell upon, and mauled him dreadfully: the ſoldier, ſeeing himſelf in ſuch bad plight, laid ſtill, as if he was dead with the wounds, which ſo terrified my maſter, that leaving him on the ground, he took the ſword, leaped upon me, and rode off as faſt as he could towards the city: when he came there, he gave up his garden to a friend to take care of for him; and, for fear of danger, concealed both me and himſelf at the houſe of a particular acquaintance in the city. The next day, after conſulting what they ſhould do with us, they locked my maſter up in a cheſt, and took me, tied my legs, and carried me up ſtairs, into a chamber at the top of the houſe, where they locked me in. The ſoldier, when at length he was with great difficulty recovered, though his head was

ſtill

ſtill bad with the wounds he had received, made his way to the city, and told his comrades what had happened to him, with the inſolence of the gardener; they immediately joined with him, and taking ſome perſons ſent by the magiſtrates along with them, endeavoured to find out where we were: they came to the houſe, and one of the officers commanded all that were within to come forth, they appeared, but no gardener with them: the ſoldier inſiſted on it that the gardener was there, and his aſs alſo: they, on the other hand, affirmed that there was neither aſs nor man left behind: the ſtreet being but narrow, and a great noiſe and riot made in it, I who am naturally impatient, and had great curioſity, wanting to know what they cried out about, got to the window and looked down upon them: ſome obſerved me, and told the reſt, and ſaid it muſt be a lie: the magiſtrates at length came, and found out every thing, diſcovering my maſter lying in the cheſt, and ſent him to priſon, to be called to account for his inſolence. I was made a preſent of to the ſoldiers. They were all ready to die with laughing at the aſs on the top of the houſe, who betrayed his maſter; and from thence ſprang the proverb, when a man ſquints, they ſay, he looks from an aſs.

What became of my maſter, the gardener, I know not, but the next day the ſoldier ſold me for five and twenty attic drachmas: the man who bought me was ſervant to a rich grandee of Theſſalonica, one of the largeſt cities in Macedonia: he was a kind of houſe-ſteward, and with his brother, who lived alſo in the family, prepared every thing for his maſter's table. Theſe two lodged in the ſame houſe, and joined ſtocks together, one baking the bread, and the other making up ſweet-meats, and dainties of every kind: after their maſter had ſupped, they uſed to bring home the relicks, fiſh, fleſh, and all ſorts of niceties. Joining to the apartment where they were put, was my ſtable, and I was left there as a guard, and locked in with the proviſion. I bad farewel, therefore, to my barley, fell foul upon my maſter's dainties, and, after a long faſting, got a good belly-full of human food. When they returned home they had for ſome time no ſuſpicion of what had paſſed; there was, indeed, ſuch plenty, that what I took was never miſſed, beſides, that at firſt I made my depredations very ſparingly, and with great caution; but after this, laughing at them for fools, I not only devoured as much as I pleaſed, but picked out the nice bits, when at length they found they had been plundered, though they could not tell by whom, and began to ſuſpect, and abuſe each other, for ſeizing on the common ſtock, which from that time they carefully divided.

I, in

I, in the mean time, led a moſt pleaſant and luxurious life: by the help of my * accuſtomed food, my body grew ſleek and handſome, my hair ſoft, and my ſkin ſmooth: my worthy maſters, perceiving how fat and fine I was, and at the ſame time obſerving that the barley was not eat, but remained untouched, began to entertain ſome ſuſpicion of my impudence, and pretending to go out to bathe, ſhut the door after them, and peeped through a crevice, where they ſaw what was going forward; for, not aware of the trick, I got immediately to dinner: at firſt they could ſcarcely believe their eyes, but preſently fell a laughing, and brought ſeveral of their fellow-ſervants to view this ſpectacle; the noiſe and riot was at laſt ſo great that my maſter heard, and aſked the meaning of it; when they told it him, he got up from table, came to them, and looking in, beheld me devouring part of a wild boar; he was highly diverted, and went in again: thus was I expoſed to my maſter, both as a glutton and a thief: he laughed exceſſively at it, ordered me in to ſupper with him, and ſetting me down to the table, helped me to fleſh, oyſters, broths, fiſh, ſome in oil or pickle, others with muſtard, to every thing, in ſhort, which other aſſes never eat. Perceiving that fortune ſeemed at length to ſmile upon me, and that this jeſt alone might procure me ſafety and happineſs, though I was brim full, I ſtill kept eating at the table: the whole company was in a roar, and at laſt one of them cried out, this aſs would drink wine too, if you would give it him; the maſter immediately ordered them to get me ſome, and I ſupped it up.

The great man aſtoniſhed, as you may ſuppoſe, at ſo ſingular and extraordinary a creature, bad his ſteward give the ſervant, who had bought me, twice as much as I coſt him, and then gave me to the care of a young freedman, whom he ordered to teach me ſome ſuch tricks as would be moſt agreeable to him; all which I eaſily learned, and performed before him. Firſt, he taught me to ſit down on the bed, like a man, and lean on my elbow, then to wreſtle with him, to ſtand upright, to dance, to ſignify Yes or No by nods and geſtures, with ſeveral other things, which I knew well enough without teaching. The ſtory was ſoon blazed abroad, of the aſs that wreſtled, danced, and drank wine; and above all, that could ſay Yes or No,

* *Accuſtomed.*] There is ſomething rather abſurd and ridiculous in ſuppoſing that Lucius, when turned into an aſs, ſhould be fattened by the food which he was uſed to before his tranſformation. But Lucian found it neceſſary, we may ſuppoſe, to break through the rules of nature and probability, that he might introduce the marvellous and truly laughable conſequences of it.

and

and when he wanted drink, could aſk for it, by looking at the cup-bearer who waited: they looked upon all this as very unaccountable, little ſuſpecting that this aſs was in truth a man: I took advantage, however, of their ignorance, to fare moſt deliciouſly. I learned to go upon two legs, and to carry my maſter ſo eaſily, that he ſcarce knew I was under him: for all this I was rewarded with magnificent furniture, purple houſings, bridles worked with gold and ſilver, and bells that made the ſweeteſt harmony.

Menecles, for that was my new maſter's name, had come from Theſſalonica, to procure a ſhew of gladiators, which he had promiſed to bring back with him, and the men being now ready, we all ſet out, early in the morning; I carrying my maſter, wherever the road was rough, and not fit for a carriage. When we came to Theſſalonica, every body crouded to ſee the ſpectacle, and at the ſame time to have a ſight of me, for the fame had gone before us how good a mimic I was, and how I danced and wreſtled like a man; my maſter producing me at his table, amongſt the principal perſons of the city, and ſhewing them all my tricks at ſupper.

The man, to whoſe care I was entruſted, made a good penny of me: for, ſhutting me up in a ſtable, he would only open the door to thoſe who paid well for my wonderful performances. Every body that came in, moreover, brought me ſomething or other to eat, which they thought moſt foreign to an aſs's ſtomach, but, whatever it was, I devoured it: ſo that in a few days, what with dining with my maſter and other people, I grew enormouſly † fat * * * * * *

The time of my deliverance now approached; for, being amongſt the ſpectators at the ſhow, I obſerved a man paſſing by with ſome flowers, amongſt which, I ſpied ſome leaves of roſes juſt gathered; I roſe up in a great hurry, as the people about me thought, to dance, when making the beſt of my way to the flowers, I tumbled them over, one by one, till I got to the roſes, which I eagerly devoured; and immediately, to the admiration of all preſent, the whole form of the beaſt entirely diſappeared, the aſs was no more, and Lucius, in his own proper ſhape, ſtood up before them. This ſtrange and unexpected ſight ſtruck them all with amazement, and the ſpectators were divided in opinion; ſome looked upon me as a ſorcerer, ſkilled in the

† *Fat.*] Here follow in the original three or four pages of moſt rank obſcenity, fit only to cut into notes, for the Great Patriot's Eſſay on Woman; and which are, therefore, totally omitted in this tranſlation.

black

black art, and as a public nuiſance, were for having me burned immediately; whilſt others ſaid, they would hear me ſpeak, and then determine accordingly: upon which, I addreſſed myſelf to the governor of the province, who happened to be preſent at the ſhew, and informed him, that a maid ſervant belonging to a woman of Theſſaly, anointing me with a magic ointment, turned me into an aſs. I then begged him to take me under his protection, till I could prove to him the truth of my aſſertions. "Tell me, ſays the governor, your name, and the names of your friends and relations, if you have any, and where they live." "Father, replied I, my name is Lucius, my brother's ſurname is Caius, the reſt of what we are called by, is common to us both. I am a writer of hiſtories and other books; he makes elegies, and is an excellent poet; and I come from Patræ, a city of Achaia." The governor hearing this, leaped from his ſeat, embraced, and kiſſed me; "You are the ſon, ſaid he, of my deareſt friends and acquaintance, who received me moſt hoſpitably at their houſe, and made me ſeveral preſents; I am ſure their ſon could never tell a falſhood." He then took and carried me home with him. In the mean time, my brother, who had heard of the affair, came to me, and brought me money, and other neceſſaries, which I was much in want of. The governor, before all the people, acquitted me. We then went down together to the ſea-ſhore, looked about for a ſhip, and put our bundles aboard; the wind blowing fair from the harbour, we ſet ſail, and in a few days, reached our native country. Here I ſacrificed to the tutelary deities, and offered gifts in thankful return for my ſafety and preſervation, after the many toils and dangers I had ſuffered, during my long and painful aſs-hood.

JUPITER CONFUTED,

A DIALOGUE.

The Intent of this Dialogue *is evidently nothing leſs than to turn into Ridicule the whole abſurd Syſtem of Religion that ſo long prevailed in the Heathen World, and particularly that Part of it which relates to the Doctrine of Fate, or Predeſtination, which was full of Error and Inconſiſtency: it is, indeed, exactly the Converſation of* Milton's *Devils, where he tells us, they talked of*

Fix'd Fate, free Will, Foreknowlege abſolute,
And find no End, in wand'ring Mazes loſt.

Nothing can exceed the Freedom and Familiarity with which LUCIAN, *in this, as well as in many other Parts of his Works, treats* Jupiter, *and the reſt of the Divinities; but, as a very * ſenſible Writer obſerves,—"We may be well aſſured that a Man converſant with the World, as* LUCIAN *was, would never have ventured to expoſe the Gods of his Countrymen to public Ridicule, had they not already been the Objects of ſecret Contempt among the poliſhed and enlightened Orders of Society."*

JUPITER, CYNISCUS.

CYNISCUS.

I COME not, Jupiter, to trouble you for riches, honours, or kingdoms, which the greater part of mankind are ſo ambitious of, and which you know not how, without ſome difficulty, properly to divide amongſt them; I want but one thing of you, which you may very eaſily grant.

JUPITER.

And pray, Cyniſcus, what may that be? if your deſires are ſo moderate, I ſhall certainly comply with them.

CYNISCUS.

It is only to anſwer me this plain queſtion.

JUPITER.

A ſmall requeſt, and eaſily granted; aſk as many as you pleaſe.

* See Gibbon on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

CYNISCUS.

Obſerve me, then; you have read the poems of Homer and * Heſiod: inform me, therefore, whether that be true which they have ſung concerning the Fates, that, whatever they determined at our birth, is abſolutely unavoidable?

JUPITER.

O moſt indiſputably: there is nothing which the Fates do not pre-ordain; whatever is wound upon their reel, muſt continue from the † beginning of life to the end of it, and cannot poſſibly be altered.

CYNISCUS.

When Homer, therefore, in another part of his poem, ſays,

‡ —— Beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come;

we muſt ſuppoſe him to be a little out of his ſenſes.

JUPITER.

No doubt of it: nothing muſt tranſgreſs the law of the Parcæ, or break their thread. Whatever poets ſing by inſpiration of the Muſes, is true; but when they are deſerted by the Goddeſſes, and make verſes of their own heads, then they miſtake and contradict themſelves: as men, however, they are intitled to pardon, though ignorant of truth, when that power is no longer with them, which, when preſent, dictated to, and inſpired them.

CYNISCUS.

I am ſatisfied it muſt be ſo: but, may I aſk another queſtion? the Fates, I think, are three in number, § Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos.

JUPI-

* *Heſiod.*] From the ſame parent ſprung the rig'rous three,
The goddeſſes of fate and deſtiny,
Clotho and Lacheſis, in whoſe boundleſs ſway,
With Atropos, both men and gods obey;
To human race, they from their birth ordain,
A life of pleaſure, or a life of pain;
To ſlav'ry, or to empire, ſuch their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour;
The crimes of men and gods the Fates purſue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due. See Heſiod's Theogony.

† *The beginning.*] —— Let him fall, as fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 154.

‡ *Beware, &c.*] Neptune's ſpeech to Æneas. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 385.

§ *Clotho, &c.*] Theſe three ladies, it ſeems, divided the buſineſs between them. Clotho preſided over, and directed the natal hour, Lacheſis wound up the thread of events in life, and

JUPITER.

Right.

CYNISCUS.

Fate and Fortune, then, thoſe hackneyed names, what are they, and what is the power of each of them? are they equal to the Fates, or ſuperior? for I hear all the world crying out, nothing is greater than Fate and Fortune.

JUPITER.

Cyniſcus, you muſt not know every thing: but why ſo inquiſitive about the Fates?

CYNISCUS.

If it be as you tell me, they command even you, and you are forced to hang by their thread.

JUPITER.

I am ſo, Cyniſcus; but why that ſmile?

CYNISCUS.

I was juſt calling to mind thoſe verſes of * Homer, where you are brought in, haranguing the gods in council, and threatening them; where you are repreſented as hanging all things in a golden chain, and ſaying, that when you let it down from heaven, if all the gods at the end of it were to pull againſt you, they could not move it, but that you with eaſe,

Cou'd heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

You ſeemed then to be poſſeſſed of a moſt aſtoniſhing power, and when I read thoſe verſes, I ſhuddered at the thought of it; but now you appear to me with your long chain and your threats, to hang, as one may ſay, by a ſlender thread. Clotho, in my opinion, has more right to boaſt, that ſhe can lift you up at the end of her ſhuttle, with as much eaſe as an angler does a fiſh at the end of his rod.

JUPITER.

I am at a loſs to conceive what you aim at by all thoſe queſtions.

CYNISCUS.

I will tell you; but I beſeech you, by Fate and the Pareæ, not to be angry with me for ſpeaking the truth boldly: if theſe things are ſo, if every thing

Atropos cut off the thread, and put an end to the being. Their ſeveral employments are all put into the following Latin verſe,

Clotho colum retinet, Lacheſis net, & Atropos occat.

It would be no very eaſy taſk to confine all the ſenſe of this in an Engliſh one; do it then *if* thou canſt, gentle reader,

Et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

* *Homer.*] See Iliad, book viii. l. 25. The lines have already been quoted from Pope.

is in the power of the Fates, and nothing which they have decreed, can by any means be reverſed; why ſhould we mortals bring our hecatombs and ſacrifices to you, or * put up prayers for bleſſings from you? for my part, I ſee no advantage that can reſult from it, if our prayers can neither avert evil, nor procure good for us from the divine Being.

JUPITER.

I know where you pick up your ſubtle arguments; from thoſe curſed ſophiſts, who deny our providence, and, not content with aſking theſe impious queſtions, diſſuade others from praying or ſacrificing to us, telling them, it is all in vain, for that we take no care about earthly things, nor are able to do any thing for mankind: but they ſhall not long rejoice in their iniquity.

CYNISCUS.

I ſwear, Jupiter, by Clotho's ſhuttle, it was not any thing which they ſaid that makes me talk ſo; but it ſeems to follow from your own confeſſion, that ſacrifices are rather ſuperfluous; for let me aſk you only one thing, do not be angry now, but anſwer me.

JUPITER.

Well, if you have nothing elſe to do but to prate about theſe things, aſk it.

CYNISCUS.

Every thing, you ſay, is determined by the Fates?

JUPITER.

Certainly.

CYNISCUS.

And is it in your power to change, or annul it?

JUPITER.

By no means.

CYNISCUS.

Need I mention the conſequence then, or is not it plain enough without my ſaying any thing about it?

JUPITER.

It is plain enough indeed: but thoſe who ſacrifice to us, do it not through want, but out of gratitude for benefits received, as paying for what they have had of us, and from reverence of their ſuperiors.

† *Put up, &c.*] This, to a believer in predeſtination is, it muſt be acknowleged, a ſhrewd argument, and to ſay the truth, not eaſily refuted.

CYNISCUS.

Sacrifices then, you ſay, are only intended to ſhew gratitude and reſpect; but if one of our ſophiſts were here, he would aſk you, perhaps, in what the ſuperiority of the Gods conſiſts, when they are only fellow-ſervants with men, and ſubject to the ſame miſtreſſes, the Fates; your immortality does not make you better, but rather ſo much the worſe; for death, if nothing elſe, will ſet them free; but your ſlavery muſt continue as long as they pleaſe to extend the thread, and laſts for ever.

JUPITER.

But then, Cyniſcus, our happineſs is infinite and eternal.

CYNISCUS.

Not to all of you, ſome have trouble enough; you, indeed, may be happy, who are the king, and can let down your * rope, and draw the earth and ſeas after you; but what think you of lame Vulcan, a poor ſooty labourer; Prometheus too, who was chained to a rock; not to mention your own † father, who was bound in Tartarus. They tell us too, that ſome of you fall in love, others are wounded, others become the ſlaves of mortals, as your ‡ brother was to Laomedon, and Apollo to Admetus. There ſeems to be no great happineſs in all this; ſome of you, perhaps, may be fortunate, and others juſt the contrary. Not to mention that you often get among thieves who rob and plunder you, and you fall from affluence into penury; if you happen to be ‖ gold or ſilver, they melt you down, even juſt as the Fates have decreed.

JUPITER.

You are very abuſive, Cyniſcus; but you may repent it hereafter.

* *Rope.*] Alluding to the chain, as mentioned before, in the ſecond book of the Iliad. A circumſtance which Lucian is perpetually making merry with.

† *Father.*] Saturn. See the whole abſurd ſtory, told at large in Lucian's Theogony.

‡ *Brother.*] Neptune, we are told, was baniſhed from heaven for conſpiring againſt Jupiter, who ſent him down to earth, and obliged him to go into the ſervice of Laomedon, the father of Priam, and king of Troy, who employed him in making dikes to prevent inundations: which, it ſeems, being ſkilled, as Neptune muſt have been, in all maritime affairs, he performed to a miracle.

‖ *Gold.*] The gold and ſilver ſtatues of the Pagan divinities were frequently, we may ſuppoſe, melted down by the poſſeſſors of them, when occaſion required, juſt as our modern madonnas, ſaints, and martyrs, have often been ſerved by monks and prieſts, belonging to the church of Rome.

CYNISCUS.

Spare your threats, good Jupiter, for you very well know, nothing can happen to me but what the Parcæ have predeſtined: even ſacrilege, I ſee, is not puniſhed; it is not, I ſuppoſe, in the Fates, that it ſhould be.

JUPITER.

Did not I ſay before, you were one of thoſe who deny a providence?

CYNISCUS.

Theſe are the men you ſeem to be moſt afraid of, and whatever I ſay, you attribute to them; but I appeal to yourſelf, and beg leave to aſk you what that providence is which you talk of; is it one of the Parcæ, or a greater goddeſs who gives laws to them?

JUPITER.

I told you, before you muſt not be too inquiſitive, and want to know every thing. At firſt you only deſired to aſk one queſtion, and now you teize me with a thouſand: I ſee your deſign, plainly enough, to prove, that we take no care of human affairs.

CYNISCUS.

I have no ſuch intention, but you ſaid a little while ago, that the Fates did every thing; now, perhaps, you mean to recant.

JUPITER.

By no means: Fate does every thing, but then it is through us.

CYNISCUS.

You are only the ſervants then, the miniſters of the Fates; and the providence, after all, is theirs, whilſt you are nothing but mere inſtruments.

JUPITER.

What do you mean?

CYNISCUS.

That as axes and hammers are uſeful to a ſmith in his art, though nobody calls them artiſts; and a ſhip is not the work of the axe or hammer, but of the builder: in like manner, Fate is the architect of our great ſhip, and you are but their axes and hammers; and yet men, it ſeems, inſtead of ſacrificing to the Fates, and aſking bleſſings of them, come to worſhip you for them: nor, if they were to pay their adorations there, would they be much the better for it, for the Fates themſelves cannot alter their own decree; not would Atropos or Clotho ever ſuffer their ſpindles to be turned backward, and their work unravelled.

JUPITER.

Such doctrine as your's would confound every thing; but we deſerve to be worſhipped, if for no other reaſon, at leaſt for this, that we can foretell every thing that the Fates have decreed.

CYNISCUS.

A very uſeleſs privilege indeed, to be able to foretel what you cannot teach them to avoid; unleſs the man who knew he was to die by a ſword, could eſcape it by ſhutting himſelf up; but this you do not pretend to, for Fate will carry him out a-hunting, and expoſe him to the enemy: Adraſtus ſhall throw his ſpear at a boar, miſs him, and kill the ſon of Crœſus; for ſo the powerful Fates had long ſince decreed, and directed the javelin. How ridiculous was the prediction of * Laius:

† Beget no children, for the wrath of heav'n
Awaits thee, and the ſon ſhall ſlay his father.

Unneceſſary is the admonition, when the event muſt come to paſs: in ſpite of the oracle, he begat a child, and was ſlain by him. I ſee no reaſon, therefore, why you ſhould be thanked for your prophecies. I ſhall ſay nothing of your obſcure and ambiguous oracles, ſo worded, that there was no knowing whether he who had paſſed over ‡ Halys, was to deſtroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own, for the oracle might mean either of them.

† *Laius.*] See the Phæniſſæ of Euripides.

‡ *Beget, &c.*] This was the anſwer given to Laius by the oracle of Apollo, which was afterwards ſo exactly and literally fulfilled in the deſtruction of the unhappy Oedipus, and which furniſhed Sophocles with the ſubject of his fineſt and moſt perfect tragedy, of the Oedipus Tyrannus.

§ *Halys.*] The famous Crœſus, king of Lydia, having ſent to the Delphic oracle to know whether it was decreed by Fate that he ſhould paſs over the river Halys in his march againſt the Perſians, and how long the empire ſhould remain in his hands, the oracle returned for anſwer, that if he paſſed the river Halys he ſhould deſtroy a great empire, and that his power ſhould remain unſhaken till a mule ſhould ſit on the throne of Perſia." Crœſus was ſatisfied with the reply, and thought himſelf as ſafe as Macbeth did, when the witches told him he

——— Need not fear any thing,
Till Birnam wood ſhould move to Dunſinane.

The anſwer of the oracle, like that of Shakſpeare's witches, was evaſive. We did not tell you, ſaid the prieſts afterwards, whoſe kingdom was to be deſtroyed, your enemy's, or your own; and as to the mule, it came to paſs as we foretold, for Cyrus was the mule we meant, being half Perſian, half Mede; a Perſian by his father, and a Median by his mother.

JUPI

JUPITER.

You muſt remember, Apollo had reaſon to be affronted at Crœſus, for trying his oracle by * mixing tortoiſe and lamb's fleſh.

CYNISCUS.

A god, Jupiter, ſhould never be angry; but that the king of Lydia ſhould be deceived by an oracle, was, I ſuppoſe, decreed by Fate, which had wove his thread in ſuch a manner, that he could not clearly underſtand the prophecy; ſo that your power of divination itſelf, is, after all, nothing but the work of Fate.

JUPITER.

By and by you will leave us nothing: we are gods, it ſeems, to very little purpoſe, for we take no care of human affairs, nor have any claim to ſacrifice, being no more, in reality, than ſo many axes and hammers: but I deſerve all this contempt for ſtanding thus with a thunder-bolt in my hand, and not puniſhing your inſolence.

CYNISCUS.

Strike, I beſeech you; if it be ſo decreed, I ſhall not blame you for the blow, but Clotho, who, by you, thus makes an end of me. But let me aſk you and Fate one more queſtion, and anſwer me for both: how happens it that, taking no notice of thieves, ruffians, and murtherers, you throw your thunder at oaks, and ſtones, the maſt of a ſhip, that never did any harm, or now and then a poor innocent traveller! what ſay you, Jupiter? is this another thing which I muſt not enquire after?

JUPITER.

It is, you are impiouſly inquiſitive; I wonder where you picked up all this ſtuff to perplex me with.

* *Mixing, &c.*] Crœſus, who, we may ſuppoſe, was a ſceptic, or free-thinker, with regard to oracles, ſent meſſengers to Delphos and other places, requeſting them to reſolve this queſtion, viz. "What is Crœſus, king of Lydia, now doing?" The anſwer from Delphos was, "I ſmell a ſtrong ſmell of a tortoiſe mixed with lamb's fleſh, boiled in a cauldron, that is braſs above and braſs below." Crœſus, it ſeems, little thinking that the oracle could diſcover what he was about, was at that very inſtant diverting himſelf with boiling lamb's fleſh and tortoiſe in a brazen veſſel. How the oracle, or the prieſts belonging to it, got intelligence of his majeſty's ſtrange employment at that time, has never yet been diſcovered; certain, however, it is that Crœſus, from that time, conceived a high opinion of the oracle, and conſulted it ever after: but Apollo, we find, reſented the trick which Crœſus wanted to play upon him, and puniſhed him accordingly. See Herodotus's account of this tranſaction.

CYNISCUS.

I ſuppoſe, I muſt not aſk you, or Fate, or Providence, why that good and juſt man Phocyon died for want, or, before him, Ariſtides; whilſt thoſe debauched youths, Callias, and Alcibiades, lived in affluence and proſperity: as well as the proud Midias, and Charops of Ægina, that infamous fellow, who ſtarved his own mother; or again, why Socrates was condemned by the judges, inſtead of Melitus; or why the effeminate Sardanapalus reigned in peace, whilſt ſo many brave Perſians were deſtroyed by him, for murmuring at his actions: why, in ſhort, the * covetous, the baſe, and wicked, are proſperous and happy, whilſt the good and pious are oppreſſed by want, ſorrow, diſeaſe, and every other calamity.

JUPITER.

But thou knoweſt not, Cyniſcus, what puniſhments are reſerved for the wicked in another life, nor what happineſs for the good and virtuous.

CYNISCUS.

You want to frighten me with the infernal regions, with your Tityus, and your Tantalus; when I am dead, I ſhall know whether there is any ſuch thing; in the mean time I would wiſh to live happily here, be the time ever ſo ſhort, though a ſcore of † vulturs were to prey upon my liver in the ſhades below, nor would I thirſt for ever in this life, like Tantalus, for the ſake of drinking nectar with the heroes, in the Iſland of the Bleſt, or repoſing in the ‡ Elyſian Fields hereafter.

* *The covetous, &c.*] "I was grieved (ſays David), at the wicked. I do alſo ſee the ungodly in ſuch proſperity, they are in no peril of death, but are luſty and ſtrong; they come in no misfortune, like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men: theſe proſper in the world, theſe have riches in poſſeſſion; and I ſaid, then have I cleanſed my heart in vain, and waſhed my hands in innocency." See Pſal. lxxiii.

† *Vulturs.*] Alluding to the puniſhment of Prometheus.

‡ *Elyſian fields.*] The happineſs of the good and virtuous after death, according to the Pagan ſyſtem, ſeems to have been merely negative, and to have conſiſted rather in an exemption from pain and ſolicitude, than in the actual enjoyment of any pleaſures, either mutual or corporeal. The arch-impoſtor, Mahomet, no doubt ſaw the abſurdity of this plan, and allured his followers by the offer of a ſenſual paradiſe; and his ſcheme, though viſionary, and ill-founded, was certainly a much more rational one than that of the heathen poets and philoſophers. But, how poor and contemptible are both of them, when compared to the glorious proſpect of immortality, brought to light by the goſpel of Chriſt!

JUPITER.

Do you doubt, then, whether there are rewards and puniſhments in another ſtate, where every man's life and actions will be enquired into?

CYNISCUS.

I am told that Minos, the Cretan, is appointed judge below; you can inform me about him, for they ſay he is your ſon.

JUPITER.

What would you know concerning him?

CYNISCUS.

Whom he inflicts the greateſt puniſhments on.

JUPITER.

On bad men, thieves, and murtherers.

CYNISCUS.

And whom does he ſend to keep company with the heroes?

JUPITER.

The good and pious, who live according to the dictates of honour and virtue.

CYNISCUS.

And why ſo?

JUPITER.

Becauſe the one deſerve puniſhment, and the other are entitled to reward.

CYNISCUS.

But if a man commits an involuntary crime, ought he to ſuffer for it?

JUPITER.

By no means.

CYNISCUS.

Nor if a man does good undeſignedly, ſhould he be rewarded?

JUPITER.

Certainly.

CYNISCUS.

He ſhould not, therefore, either puniſh or reward any body.

JUPITER.

Why ſo?

CYNISCUS.

Becauſe we mortals do nothing of our own will, but are compelled by inevitable neceſſity; at leaſt, if that be true which we have juſt now agreed upon, that Fate is the cauſe of all things: if a man commits murther or ſacri-

lege, it is Fate that obliges him to it; and if Minos acts juſtly, he muſt puniſh the Parcæ, inſtead of Siſyphus and Tantalus; for whatever both did, was only in obedience to their commands.

JUPITER.

You are an impudent ſophiſt, and deſerve no anſwer; I ſhall therefore take my leave of you.

CYNISCUS.

I am ſorry for that; for I was juſt going to aſk you where theſe Fates are to be met with, and how, as there are but three of them, they can contrive to do ſo much buſineſs: they muſt lead, I ſhould think, but a miſerable life, and were born, as one may ſay, to a bad deſtiny; for my part, I would not change ſituations with them; I had rather live in poverty than ſit thus for ever, turning a ſpindle, and perplexed with ſuch a load of employment: if you cannot eaſily anſwer theſe queſtions, Jupiter, I muſt e'en be contented with what you have told me about Fate and Providence: perhaps it was not decreed that I ſhould know any thing farther.

JUPITER

THE

TRAGEDIAN,

A DIALOGUE.

The unfortunate Situation of the whole Synod of Olympus, *and the Contempt in which it was held by all Ranks and Degrees of Men, is, in this* Dialogue, *painted in the moſt glaring Colours which Humour and Ridicule could poſſibly ſuggeſt, and is a ſignal Inſtance of the extraordinary Freedom with which* LUCIAN, *and probably other Writers in his Time, treated the Gods, and the Religion of their Country. But, as* * FONTENELLE *obſerves,* "*Il eſt aſſés plaiſant que toute la Religion payenne ne fut qu'un Probleme de Philoſophie; apparemment les Philoſophes s'intereſſoient aſſés peu au Gouvernement pour ne ſe pas ſoucier de choquer la Religion dans leur Diſputes; et peutêtre le Peuple n'avoit pas aſſés de foi aux Philoſophes pour abandonner la Religion, ny pour y rien changer ſur leur Parole; et enfin la Paſſion dominante des* Grecs *étoit de diſcourir ſur toutes les Matiéres à quelque prix que ſe peut etre, la Religion payenne ne demandoit que des Ceremonies, et nuls Sentimens du Cœur.*"

JUPITER, MINERVA, MERCURY, JUNO, &c.

MERCURY.

AH, † wherefore, Jove! thus thoughtful, thus alone,
And with thyſelf converſing, doſt thou roam,
Pale as the deep philoſopher who trims
The midnight lamp? O! give me to partake
Thy councils, and thy grief, nor ſlight the aid
Of thy poor ſlave, as trivial, light, and vain.

* See his Hiſtoire des Oracles.

† *Ah, wherefore, &c.*] Mercury, finding his maſter Jupiter in a melancholy mood, and reciting ſcraps of a tragedy, like a true courtier falls in with his humour, and addreſſes him in heroics. The words in the original are probably quoted from ſome tragedy of Euripides not now extant.

MINERVA.

* Say, king of gods and men, Saturnian Jove,
Behold Minerva, blue-ey'd goddeſs, thee
Suppliant adores: O give her but to know
Thy inmoſt grief; whence ſpring theſe dreadful groans,
Why ſpreads that paleneſs o'er thy face divine?

JUPITER.

† There's not an ill, a ſorrow, or a pain,
No ſad event, in tragic ſtory told,
Which gods have not experienced; nought that's wretched,
Which our unhappy nature doth not feel.

MINERVA.

Heav'ns! what a prologue!

JUPITER.

Impious, earth-born race,
And thou, Prometheus, what a train of ills
Didſt thou procure me!

MINERVA.

Tell us, for thou ſpeak'ſt
To thy beſt friends, thy fellow-deities.

JUPITER.

‡ What haſt thou done for me, thou noiſy thunder?

MINERVA.

Do not be angry with us, good Jupiter, if not having ſwallowed all Euripides, we ſhould find ourſelves unable to tragedize with you.

JUNO.

Do you think I do not know what is the cauſe of all this weeping and wailing?

JUPITER.

O! if thou didſt, 'twou'd fill thy eyes with tears.

* *Say, king, &c.*] Minerva, not to be behind hand in complaiſance, appeals to Jupiter in hexameters. Her ſpeech is a little kind of cento, taken from various parts of Homer, and put together ad libitum.

† *There's not, &c.*] From the Oreſtes of Euripides, with a little variation.

‡ *What haſt, &c.*] This is either from ſome old poet, whoſe works are not come down to us, or an imitation by Lucian himſelf.

JUNO.

JUNO.

I tell you, I know it well enough, it is ſome love affair; but you have ſo often injured me in that point that I ſhall not cry about it. I ſuppoſe you have found ſome new Danae, Semele, or Europa, that you are fond of, and are conſidering whether you ſhall be a bull, a ſatyr, or a ſhower of gold, flowing through the tiles, into the boſom of your miſtreſs: ſighs, groans, tears, and that pallid hue can be ſymptoms of nothing but love.

JUPITER.

Ridiculous! to think I am uneaſy about ſuch trifles.

JUNO.

What is there elſe that can make Jupiter unhappy?

JUPITER.

Juno, the affairs of the gods are in imminent danger; we ſtand, as the proverb ſays, on the edge of a razor, and it is a moot point whether, henceforth, we are to be worſhipped, and receive any honours from mortals, or be totally neglected, and deſpiſed.

JUNO.

Has the earth then brought forth more giants, have the Titans burſt their chains, ſubdued their keepers, and taken up arms againſt us?

JUPITER.

* Be not alarm'd, for all is ſafe below.

JUNO.

What then can happen beſides, ſo very terrible? if this is not the cauſe of your grief, what is it that can make you thus put on † Polus and Ariſtodemus, inſtead of Jupiter?

JUPITER.

I will tell you; there was yeſterday a diſpute, I do not know how it began, between Timocles, the Stoic, and Damis, the Epicurean, concerning providence, before a large and reſpectable audience. Damis aſſerted (which hurt me moſt), that there were no gods, to look over and direct human affairs; whilſt the good Timocles, on the other hand, undertook to defend our cauſe. A number of people crouding in upon them, they did not finiſh the diſcourſe, but parted with a reſolution to meet again, and determine the point ſome other time: and now it remains in doubt who will gain the victory. You ſee what danger we are in, and that all depends on one man:

* *Be not, &c.*] Parody of a line in the Phæniſſæ of Euripides

† *Polus and Ariſtodemus.*] Two eminent Grecian actors.

one

one of theſe things muſt happen, either that we are to be contemned, and treated as mere idle names, or, if Timocles ſucceeds, worſhipped and honoured as we uſed to be.

JUNO.

In good truth, Jupiter, theſe are things of conſequence, nor do I wonder now at your tragic ſtrain.

JUPITER.

And yet you thought I was in all this agitation about ſome Danae, or Antiopa: but now, Mercury, Juno, and Minerva, what is to be done? You muſt all do your parts, and think of ſomething or other.

MERCURY.

It ſhould be referred, I think, to the conſideration of all the gods: and a council called.

JUNO.

I think ſo too.

MINERVA.

I am quite of a different opinion: heaven, I think, ought not to be diſturbed, nor would I have it known that you ſtirred in the affair: every thing ſhould be carried on privately, if you would have Timocles come off conqueror, and Damis be laughed at, and give up the point.

MERCURY.

It can never be a ſecret, Jupiter, as the diſpute is to be in public, and they will ſay, you play the tyrant, in not communicating to them what concerns the common ſafety.

JUPITER.

Give notice, then, and let them all attend.

MERCURY.

You are certainly right. O yes, O yes: away to council, all ye gods, immediately, on affairs of the utmoſt importance.

JUPITER.

And is this all, Mercury? Do you ſummon the gods to council, on ſuch deep matters, in this ſimple manner, and in plain proſe?

MERCURY.

How would you have me do it?

JUPITER.

How! why I would give it an air of ſolemnity, have it cried in verſe, with all poetical magnificence, and ſuitable to the ſubject.

MER-

MERCURY.

True: but this is the buſineſs of rhapſodiſts, and heroic writers: I am no poet; I ſhall only ſpoil the buſineſs, by exceeding the meaſure of the verſe, or patching it up when it falls ſhort, and they will laugh at me for my ignorance: I have ſeen Apollo himſelf ſerved ſo, for ſome of his oracles: though the obſcurity of the prophecy hides a great many faults, and the hearer is ſeldom at leiſure to examine the metre.

JUPITER.

You may give it us out of Homer; call the council as he has done, I ſuppoſe you can recollect it.

MERCURY.

Not exactly, I am afraid: I will try, however, what I can do,

Haſte all ye male and female deities,
Attend, with me, the ſenate of the ſkies,
Not one be abſent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure ſiſter of the ſilver flood;
Ye firſt and laſt, and ye who have a name,
And ye who have not, ye, whoſe altars claim
The ſmoking victim—hither all repair.

JUPITER.

Very well, indeed; Mercury, you are a moſt excellent crier: for ſee they are crouding in already: do you ſeat them according to their rank, both with regard to the † materials, and the workmanſhip: firſt, the gold, next the ſilver, then the ivory, then the braſs and ſtone; and, do you hear, let the works of Phidias, Alcamenes, Myron, Euphranor, and the like excellent artiſts, have the preference: as to the vulgar, that are poorly executed, they may ſtand ſilent in a corner, as only admitted to fill up the aſſembly.

MERCURY.

It ſhall be done; I will ſeat them according to order: but what am I to

* *Haſte all, &c.*] This is partly from Homer, and partly Lucian's own humour interſperſed with it. The idea of calling on the ωνυμους, the ſine nomine turba, or gods without a name, is truly laughable.

† *Materials.*] The real gods aſſembled in heaven, are ſuppoſed to call on their repreſentatives on earth, the ſtatues in braſs, gold, &c. to join the council, and be acquainted with the dangers that threatened the whole community; hence ariſes a ridiculous diſtinction and diſpute concerning the ſeveral materials of which the deities were made, with which Lucian makes himſelf extremely merry.

do, if one of the golden ones that weighs ſeveral talents, ſhould be but indifferently worked, of the commoneſt ſort, and not anſwering in the other reſpects; muſt I place him before the brazen ones of Myro, and Polycletes, or the ſtone of Phidias and Alcamenes; or do you think, that thoſe who ſhew the greateſt perfection in the art, ſhould be preferred?

JUPITER.

It ſhould be ſo; but we muſt put the golden one firſt.

MERCURY.

I underſtand you; you would have me place them, not according to their merit, but their riches. Come, therefore, you golden ones, into the firſt ſeats. But now, behold, Jupiter, the beſt places are filled with barbarians; you ſee what the Greeks are, beautiful, of a fine appearance, and wrought in a maſterly ſtyle, but they are moſt of them in ſtone or braſs, the moſt valuable of ivory, with a very little gold juſt to colour and adorn them, whilſt the inſide is wood, that furniſhes an habitation for a colony of mice. But Bendis and Anubis, and with them Attis and Mithres are all ſolid gold, and of infinite value.

NEPTUNE.

And where is the juſtice, Mercury, in placing that dog-faced Ægyptian before me? do you know who I am?

MERCURY.

I do: but you muſt remember my good * Earth-ſhaker, that Lyſippus has made you of nothing but poor braſs, for the Corinthians, at that time, had no gold amongſt them; which, you know, is the richeſt of all metals. You muſt ſubmit, therefore, to be ſet aſide, nor muſt you take it ill, if he who has ſuch a large golden noſe, is preferred before you.

VENUS.

Seat me, I deſire, in the firſt row, for I am all gold.

MERCURY.

That is more than I know; for, if I am not purblind, you are cut out of white Pentelean marble, and as ſuch Praxiteles preſented you to the Cnidians.

VENUS.

I can call in Homer, a reſpectable evidence, to vouch for me, who, in all his verſes, calls me the golden Venus.

MERCURY.

Yes; and ſo he calls Apollo the rich and wealthy, and yet you may ſee

* *Earth-ſhaker.*] The title uſually given to Neptune by Homer.

him

him ſitting amongſt the ploughmen, his crown taken off his head by thieves, and the ſtrings of his lyre cracked by a ſet of ruffians; be contented, therefore, that you are not at the head of the aſſembly.

COLOSSUS.

Who ſhall dare to contend for precedence with me, the immenſe * Coloſſus, with his radiant ſun? the Rhodians might have made twenty golden gods for the money that I coſt them; by the rule of proportion, therefore, I ſhould be placed above them all; beſides that, you ſhould conſider the art and exquiſite workmanſhip employed about me.

MERCURY.

What is to be done in this affair, Jupiter? it is a difficult point to determine; for, with reſpect to the materials, he is nothing but braſs; and yet, on the other hand, if we conſider how many talents he coſt making, he muſt be of the firſt quality.

JUPITER.

What does he come amongſt us for? only to diſgrace our diminutive ſize, and throw the aſſembly into confuſion; hark you, moſt noble Rhodian, if we give you precedence here, and place you before the golden ones, how will you contrive to take your ſeat, unleſs they all riſe up to give you room, for one of your thighs will fill the whole court; you had better ſtand upright, therefore, with your head towards the aſſembly.

MERCURY.

Here is another difficulty for you; two gods, both of braſs, and the ſame workmanſhip, both wrought by Lyſippus, both equal in birth, the ſons of Jupiter, Bacchus and Hercules; which muſt have the precedency? they are both, you ſee, contending for it.

JUPITER.

Mercury, we are loſing time here, inſtead of minding our buſineſs; we

* *Coloſſus.*] This famous ſtatue, which is called one of the ſeven wonders of the world, was a huge and immenſe repreſentation of Apollo, or the Sun, worſhipped by the Rhodians. The ancient hiſtorians, who are very apt to fib on theſe occaſions, tell us, that it was ſeventy cubits high; or, according to Feſtus, a hundred and five feet long, all of braſs, the work of one Chares, a diſciple of the famous ſtatuary Lyſippus; its feet were placed on two immenſely high rocks or pedeſtals, at the entrance of the port of Rhodes, and at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that ſhips in full ſail paſſed in between them. Pliny informs us, that about fifty-ſix years after its erection, it was laid flat, and remained in that condition till the time of Veſpaſian, who ſet it up again. When the Saracens became maſters of Rhodes, they found it again thrown down, and ſold it for an immenſe ſum to a Jew, who took it to pieces, and carried off the braſs it was made of, on nine hundred camels. The thumb, it ſeems, was as much as a man could well ſpan with his two arms, and every finger was as large as a common ſtatue.

ſhould have got to our ſpeeches before this: let them ſeat themſelves promiſcuouſly, juſt where they pleaſe for the preſent; by and by, we will call a council about this, and ſettle the order of precedency.

MERCURY.

But hark! what a riot and tumult there is amongſt them! they are crying out as uſual, where is the nectar and ambroſia, where are the hecatombs and the ſacrifices?

JUPITER.

Mercury, command ſilence, that they may hear what we are met about, and not think of ſuch trifles.

MERCURY.

But what ſhall I do, Jupiter? they do not all underſtand Greek, and I am not ſo ſkilled in languages as to be able to talk intelligibly to Scythians, Perſians, Thracians, and Gauls; I believe I had better make a ſign with my hand.

JUPITER.

Do ſo.

MERCURY.

There: you ſee they are as mute as ſo many ſophiſts, now is the time to harrangue; obſerve, they are looking towards you, and expect you ſhould addreſs them.

JUPITER.

Now, as you are my ſon, Mercury, I will tell you what a condition I am in: you know how bold I generally am in council, and how magnificently I talk.

MERCURY.

I know it; I uſed to tremble when I heard you: eſpecially, when you threatened to hang down your * golden chain, and draw up gods, earth, and ſeas from their foundations.

JUPITER.

And yet I declare to you, my ſon, I know not how it is, but, whether it be from the weight of misfortunes that threaten us, or from the number of deities aſſembled, for you ſee the council is full of gods; my mind is diſturbed, I tremble, and my tongue ſeems to be tied up; but, what is worſt of all, I have forgot a very fine exordium to my ſpeech, which I had drawn up for he occaſion.

* *Golden chain.*] See Homer: the paſſage has been quoted before.

MER-

MERCURY.

Now, Jupiter, you have ſpoiled all; for your ſilence will make them ſuſpect, that the misfortune may be worſe than it really is.

JUPITER.

Shall I make uſe of Homer's then?

MERCURY.

What is it?

JUPITER.

* Celeſtial ſtates, immortal gods! give ear.

MERCURY.

No, no; you have given us enough of that already; you had better take one of Demoſthenes' Philippics, patch it up, and make a little alteration here and there; many great orators practiſe this now-a-days.

JUPITER.

Well adviſed; it is a moſt compendious kind of rhetoric, and very convenient for ſuch as do not know how to get on, or which way to turn themſelves. Come, I will begin. † "Far ſuperior to the richeſt treaſures, O ye ‡ mortal gods, am I ſatisfied, you would eſteem the perfect knowlege of that buſineſs which hath here called us together, with the greateſt pleaſure; therefore you will, I doubt not, liſten to what I ſhall advance concerning it; the preſent criſis doth, as it were, with a loud voice, call for all our immediate care and attention" ——

But I will now (for here my Demoſthenes fails me,) explain to you, on what occaſion I called this council. Yeſterday, you know, Mneſitheus the pilot offered up a ſacrifice to us, on account of his ſhip being preſerved, which had narrowly eſcaped a wreck near § Caphareus, and as many as were invited, ſupped together in the Piræus: after the libations, as you may remember, you dropped off one by one; I, for it was not late, went into the city, and walked about the Ceramicus, reflecting on the ſordid diſpoſition of Mneſitheus, who, after inviting ſixteen gods to his feaſt, killed only one cock, and that an old one, and half dead of the pip; which was all he gave us, beſides four grains of incenſe, which was ſo mouldy, that it

* *Cæleſtial, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. viii. l. 5.

† From the beginning of the firſt Philippic,

‡ In imitation of Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, O ye Athenian men.

§ *Caphareas.*] A Promontory of Eubœa, running out at the ſouth-eaſt, dangerous for ſhipping on account of its eddies and concealed rocks. See Virgil, Ovid, and Propertius.

was

was burned out immediately, and gave ſo little ſmoke, that we could hardly ſmell it; though, when his ſhip got on the ſhallows, and ſtruck upon the rock, he promiſed us whole hecatombs, if we would deliver him.

Whilſt I was pondering on theſe things, I came towards the Pœcile, where I ſaw a vaſt crowd of people aſſembled, ſome within the porch, others in the open air, and, amongſt the reſt, two who were ſeated, and ſeemed very loud and vehement in their diſcourſe: finding theſe to be, as I did imagine, two philoſophers in a warm debate, I was reſolved to hear what they ſaid; and, being concealed in a thick cloud, I immediately aſſumed their habit and appearance, and by the help of a long beard, might eaſily have paſſed for a philoſopher. I elbowed through the crowd, and got in, nobody knowing who I was. There I found that raſcal Damis the Epicurean, with my good friend Timocles the Stoic, in high diſpute. Timocles had argued himſelf into a ſweat, and almoſt cracked his voice with roaring; whilſt Damis continued to provoke him with his Sardonic ſneers.

Their whole debate was concerning us: the villain Damis denied that we took any care of mortals, or looked into their affairs; affirmed, in ſhort, that there were no gods at all, for that was plainly what he aimed at, and many who were preſent agreed entirely with him. Timocles, on the other hand, who was of our ſide of the queſtion, defended us with all his might, and ſhewed with what beautiful order and regularity we ruled and directed every thing. He alſo met with the praiſe and approbation of ſome, but he was now grown tired, and ſpoke but indifferently, ſo that the multitude leaned towards Damis. Perceiving the danger we were in, I commanded night to ſurround them, and put an end to the diſpute. They parted, therefore, having firſt agreed to renew the debate next day. I followed the croud, and overheard their ſentiments as they returned home, which were moſtly in favour of Damis, who, I found, had got the majority on his ſide: ſome, indeed, were not for predetermining the cauſe, but reſolved to wait till they heard what Timocles had to ſay at their next meeting.

This, my brethren, is the buſineſs for which I called you together; matters, you ſee, of no little conſequence and importance: as on men, all our honour, glory, and worſhip muſt depend. If they are once perſuaded that there are no gods, or if there are, that we take no care of human affairs, we ſhall have no more gifts, or victims from them, but may ſit and ſtarve in heaven, without feſtivals, holy-days, watchings, ſacrifices, or any pomp or ceremony whatſoever. Theſe, I ſay, are things of moment, and it will behove

hove you all to weigh and conſider by what means it may be ſo managed that Timocles, in his next diſcourſe, ſhall have the ſuperiority, and Damis meet with contempt and deriſion; for on Timocles himſelf I have not much dependence, nor do I think he will gain the victory, unleſs we lend him ſome aſſiſtance. Give notice, Mercury, in form, for ſome one to riſe up, and ſpeak.

MERCURY.

Silence, and attend; no noiſe there: which of the gods who is of * proper age, chooſes to harrangue on this occaſion? what! nobody! the ſubject, I ſuppoſe, is ſo important, that it has frightened you all into ſilence.

MOMUS.

If I may be permitted to ſpeak with freedom, I have many things to ſay on this occaſion.

JUPITER.

Speak boldly, Momus, for it is evident you riſe up from good-will towards the common cauſe.

MOMUS.

† Away! to earth reſolve, from whence ye grew,
A heartleſs, ſpiritleſs, inglorious crew.

Give ear then, O ye gods, whilſt I ſpeak the dictates of my heart. I have, I muſt own, for a long time expected that our affairs would be brought into this diſtreſsful ſituation; that a number of theſe Sophiſts would riſe up againſt us, encouraged, I fear, by our own conduct and behaviour. We ought not, I ſwear by Themis, to be angry with Epicurus and his followers, for entertaining ſuch opinions of us; what, indeed, can any one think, who obſerves the confuſed and wretched ſtate of human affairs, the good and juſt neglected, and left to periſh in poverty, diſeaſe, and ſlavery; and, on the other hand, the worſt and moſt abandoned of men preferred before them, abounding in riches, and lording it over thoſe who are ſo much better than themſelves; baſe and ſacrilegious wretches left unpuniſhed, and undetected, and thoſe condemned to infamy and death, who have done nothing to deſerve it; well may they call in queſtion our exiſtence.

Eſpecially when they hear the oracles declaring that

He who o'er Halys paſſeth, ſhall deſtroy
A pow'rful hoſt ——

* *Proper age.*] Alluding with a ſneer to the number of new gods who had been admitted into the quorum, and who, conſequently, could be but young in the buſineſs. In the Athenian ſenate, none were ſuffered to ſpeak who were under thirty years of age. It would not, perhaps, be amiſs, if a ſimilar law were to take place in the parliament of Great Britain.

† See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 99.

Not

Not informing him whether this army was to be his own or that of his enemy.

And again,

Thou, Salamis, art fated to deſtroy
The ſons of * women born.

Now both Perſians and Greeks, we know, were born of women.

When, moreover, they are told by the rhapſodiſts, in their verſes, that we fall in love, that we are made ſlaves of, and bound, that we quarrel with one another, and are ſubject to a thouſand misfortunes, when at the ſame time we pretend to be unchangeable, happy, and immortal, what can we expect, but that they muſt laugh at, and deſpiſe us! And yet we are angry becauſe ſome mortals, who are not mere fools, find fault with us, and deny our providence, when, in fact, we ought to think ourſelves well off, that, after all our follies, there are ſome yet remaining, who ſacrifice to us.

And now, Jupiter (for we are by ourſelves here, without any mortals amongſt us, except Hercules, Bacchus, Ganymede, and Æſculapius, whom we have adopted for our own), tell me fairly, did you ever take ſo much care of what paſſes upon earth, as to enquire who were good, and who bad? You cannot ſay, you did. If Theſeus, in his way from Trezene to Athens, had not ſlain the ruffians Scyron, Pityocamptes, Cercyon, and the reſt of them, they might ſtill have gone on murthering travellers, and rioting in blood and ſlaughter, for aught that you or your providence would do to prevent them; and unleſs Euryſtheus, a good and juſt man, led by humanity and compaſſion, had not ſent his truſty ſervant here, the induſtrious Hercules, little would you have cared about the † Hydra, the birds of Stym-

* *Of women born*] It is impoſſible to read this, without thinking of

—— None of woman born ſhall hurt Macbeth.

The reputation of Shakſpeare's witches is ſecure by

—— Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ript ——

The quibble of Apollo's oracle is not half ſo ingenious.

† *Hydra.*] This formidable monſter, to whom ſome of the poets have given ſeven, ſome nine, and others fifty heads, uſed, we are told, to make dreadful havock amongſt the cattle, in the marſhes of Lerna, near Argos, and, like our dragon of Wantley, ſpread terror and deſtruction wherever he came. As ſoon as he loſt one head, another, it ſeems, immediately ſprung up in its room. Hercules, however, ſoon made an end of him, though Euryſtheus would

Stymphalus, the Thracian horſes, or the drunken frolics of the Centaurs. To ſay the truth, all we trouble ourſelves about, is, to ſee that mortals ſacrifice to us, and raiſe the ſmoke at our altars: every thing elſe flows on in its own channel, and juſt as fortune may direct it: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at now, nor ſhould it be hereafter, if men open their eyes, and diſcover that it is of little ſervice to them to ſacrifice and make libations to us. Many an Epicurus, Metrodorus, and Damis muſt you expect to ſee, laughing at, and deſpiſing us, and our advocates ſubdued and deſtroyed by them. Be it your's, therefore, to appeaſe theſe tumults, for you have raiſed them; your's to heal theſe wounds, for you have inflicted them. Momus runs but little hazard of being deprived of his honours, for he has ſeldom met with any, whilſt you have all enjoyed your victims, and your worſhip.

JUPITER.

Shall we, ye gods, ſuffer this madman to rave on thus, always ſevere as he is, and always abuſive? But, as the excellent Demoſthenes ſays, it is very eaſy to cenſure, to calumniate, and find fault with things, and may be done by any body who has a mind to it; but to adviſe well how they may be mended, is the part of a good and prudent counſellor: and this, I truſt, the reſt of you will do, when he ſhall think proper to hold his tongue.

NEPTUNE.

I, as you all very well know, live at the bottom of the ſea, and take care of things there, preſerve mariners, ſave ſhips, and pacify the winds; at the ſame time I am not indifferent about affairs here; and my opinion is, that this Damis ſhould be immediately taken off, before he enters again on this diſpute, either by lightning, or ſome other way, for fear he ſhould get the better; for you ſay he has the talent of perſuaſion: thus ſhall we ſhew mankind that we know how to be revenged on thoſe who declaim againſt us.

JUPITER.

Surely, Neptune, you are in jeſt, or muſt have forgot that theſe things are not in our power, and that the * Fates alone determine whether a man is to die by lightning, fever, ſword, or peſtilence: were it not ſo, do you think I would ever have ſuffered theſe ſacrilegious wretches to have gone off

would not agree to ſet it down as one of the twelve labours to be impoſed on him, becauſe Iolaus aſſiſted him in the conqueſt. The truth of this ſtory is, that the marſhes of Lerna were infeſted with ſerpents, of which there ſeemed to be no end (like the Hydra's heads), Hercules drained the marſhes, and got rid of them; all the reſt is poetical fable.

* *Fates alone.*] See Jupiter confuted, in the preceding Dialogue.

without a thunderbolt, who * ſhaved off two of my locks, each of which weighed ſix minæ; or would you have let the fiſhermen in Geraſtus eſcape, who ſtole away your trident? Beſides, that it would appear as if we were too deeply affected by this affair, and reſented it, that we were afraid of Damis and his arguments, and, conſcious that he was ſuperior to Timocles, took this method to be revenged on him; what would this be but to give up the cauſe, and acknowlege ourſelves to be overcome.

NEPTUNE.

Well: I only thought this was the ſhorteſt way of gaining the victory.

JUPITER.

The beſt way of killing eels, brother, I grant you is to ſpear them: but it is a ſtrange kind of device, to deſtroy your enemy that he may die unconquered, and at the ſame time, to leave the matter in diſpute undetermined.

NEPTUNE.

If my arguments are to be EELIFIED in this manner, you may even think of a better method yourſelves.

APOLLO.

If the young and beardleſs might be permitted to ſpeak, I would offer ſomething that might, perhaps, be ſerviceable on this occaſion.

MOMUS.

This is an affair, Apollo, of ſo much conſequence, that age is not to be conſidered; every body ſhould have a right to ſpeak upon it: when matters are in ſuch a critical ſituation, any idle diſputes about the right and title of haranguing would be truly ridiculous: beſides, that you are certainly a lawful ſpeaker, having been long ſince out of your childhood, and, at leaſt, one of the † twelve great divinities, if not of Saturn's council. Do not pretend,

* *Shaved off.*] Alluding to ſome depredations that had been made by thieves on the ſtatues of theſe deities, which, when compoſed of precious materials, we may ſuppoſe, were frequently made free with by the raſcals of Greece.

† *Twelve.*] Of the deities worſhipped by the Greeks, thoſe called μεγαλοι, or Ολυμπιοι, the great, or Olympic, were of the firſt claſs; and, of theſe, twelve were the moſt honoured, and had an altar erected to them, called the Βωμος των δωδεκα Θεων, the altar of the twelve gods. Pauſanias tells us that the figures of them were painted in the portico of the Ceramicus, and that their ſtatues were erected in the temple of Megara. They are likewiſe called by the poets πρανιδαι, and πρανιωνες, and ſome authors make a diſtinction betwixt the πρανιωνες and the Ολυμπιοι, giving the former title to the old gods, under Saturn, which Lucian here calls Saturn's council, and the latter to the new gods, under Jupiter. If the reader is deſirous of knowing the names of theſe reſpectable heathen aldermen, they are as follows, Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Minerva,

pretend, therefore, to put on the modeſt boy, but, beardleſs as you are, ſpeak your ſentiments boldly; eſpecially as your ſon Æſculapius can boaſt of a long beard, and rough chin: it becomes you above all to ſhew your wiſdom, who reſide in Helicon, and philoſophize with the Muſes.

APOLLO.

Pleaſe, however, Momus, to remember, that it is not you who are to give me leave, but Jupiter: with his permiſſion, I may poſſibly have ſomething to offer, not unworthy of that Helicon, and thoſe Muſes whom I am converſant with.

JUPITER.

Speak, my ſon, you have free leave.

APOLLO.

This * Timocles ſeems to be an honeſt man, a lover of the gods, and one who is well acquainted with the Stoic doctrines. He teaches philoſophy to a number of youths, and, as I am informed, is well paid for it; and yet he cannot ſpeak well in a large company, has a faltering voice, does not put his words well together, but ſtutters, and even when he moſt wiſhes to ſhew the orator, is a ſemi-barbarian, and makes the audience laugh at him; not but he has an excellent underſtanding, thinks deeply, and is thoroughly verſed in all the precepts of his ſect, which, when he endeavours to explain and illuſtrate, he only confounds, and makes the riddle but the more obſcure by his ſolution of it: thoſe, therefore, who cannot underſtand, conſtantly laugh at him. A man ſhould ſpeak clearly, and with † perſpicuity, if he expects to be underſtood.

MOMUS.

You give good advice, however, Apollo, and praiſe that perſpicuity in others, which you never practiſe yourſelf; for your oracles are always obſcure and perplexed, ſo that what one Pythian declares, ſtands in need of

nerva, Ceres, Vulcan, Juno, Mars, Mercury, Diana, Venus, Veſta. Pindar calls them δωδεκα ανακτες, the twelve kings. An old poet has put all their names into four hexameter and pentameter verſes, and another, with great ingenuity, crouded them into two.

* *Timocles.*] Damis and Timocles were, probably, two philoſophers, the one a Stoic, the other an Epicurean, well known in Lucian's time; who, like the orators of our Weſtminſter Forum, or Apollo Society, diverted themſelves with public diſputes on religious ſubjects. Lucian, who laughs at every thing, takes this opportunity of producing their characters, and expoſing them both.

† *Perſpicuity.*] Fieri poteſt, ſays Tully, ut recte quis ſentiat & id quod ſentit polite eloqui non poſſit, ſed mandare quenquam literis cogitationes ſuas, qui eas nec diſponere, nec illuſtrare poſſit, nec delectatione aliqua allicere lectorem, hominis eſt intemperanter abutentis, & otio & literis.

another to unravel it: but how are we to act in this affair, what remedy would you preſcribe for the weakneſs of this Timocles?

APOLLO.

To get an aſſiſtant, Momus, ſome ſtrong and powerful orator, who may inforce the arguments which Timocles ſhall ſuggeſt to him.

MOMUS.

So the child muſt have a tutor for him in philoſophy, to explain his meaning to the auditors: Damis is to ſpeak for himſelf, whilſt the other makes uſe of an actor, and whiſpers in his ear what he would have him ſay, the puppet, perhaps, not underſtanding what he is to utter for his friend; would not the audience laugh at this? we muſt think of ſome other method: in the mean time, my noble friend, for you profeſs yourſelf to be a prophet, (and, indeed, are pretty well paid for it, having received many a good * golden brick on this account,) now ſhew your art, and tell us which of theſe ſophiſts will get the better; you are a diviner, and muſt know what is to come to paſs hereafter.

APOLLO.

How is it poſſible I ſhould do that when I have no tripos here, nor incenſe, nor Caſtalian fountain?

MOMUS.

Look you there now, I have driven you up in a corner, and you are afraid of being detected.

JUPITER.

Speak, my ſon, I beſeech you, and do not give this calumniator a handle to abuſe and laugh at your divinations, as if they all depended on tripods, incenſe, and holy-water, and without them your art is nothing.

APOLLO.

Certainly, father, it would be better to do it at Delphos, or Colophon, where I have every thing ready and convenient about me; naked, however, as I am, and unprovided, I will endeavour to foretel on whom the victory ſhall fall, but you muſt pardon me if my verſe ſhould halt a little.

MOMUS.

Proceed; but let it be clear and intelligible, and not ſtand in need of an

* *Golden brick.*] Gr. πλινθος χρυσας, lateres aureos, wedges, bricks, or large pieces of gold were frequently ſent to the oracles, and generally ſecured a favourable anſwer. Lucian here alludes to the magnificent preſents ſent to Delphos, by Croeſus.

inter-

interpreter; there is no * lamb and tortoiſe now to be dreſſed in Lydia. You know what the queſtion is.

JUPITER.

What are you about to ſay, my ſon? for already I perceive the dreadful preparatives of the oracle; your colour changes, your eyes roll about, your hair ſtands an end, and there is a corybantic motion in all your limbs; all point out the poſſeſſed, the horrible, the myſtic divinity.

APOLLO.

† Attend, ye gods, to what Apollo ſings,
The heavenly augur, touching dreadful ſtrife
Of noiſy combatants, the war of words;
Hark! how they fill the air with croakings dire,
In the thick furrows how the ſheaves are mov'd
By the rough tumult! with his crooked claw,
When the fierce vultur on the graſs-hopper
Shall ſeize, the ſhow'r-portending rook ſhall chaunt
His laſt ſad dirge; the mules ſhall conquer then,
And the ſlow aſs ſhall gore his nimble foal.

JUPITER.

Momus, why ſplit your ſides thus? this is no ſuch laughing matter; have done, or you will be ſuffocated.

MOMUS.

How is it poſſible to help it, after ſo clear, ſo perſpicuous an oracle!

JUPITER.

If it be ſo clear to you, pray explain it to us.

MOMUS.

Nothing can be plainer, there needs no ‡ Themiſtocles to unravel it; the oracle

* *Lamb.*] Alluding to the puzzling queſtion propoſed to the oracle by Crœſus's ambaſſadors, and which Apollo ſo deeply reſented.

† *Attend, &c.*] The ancient oracles, to give a greater ſolemnity to their predictions, generally delivered them in verſe: the original is in hexameters, and imitated from the ἰαμβεῖς of Ariſtophanes. The oracular pomp, obſcurity, and nonſenſe, is finely burleſqued in this ſpeech by Apollo.

‡ *No Themiſtocles.*] De inſtantibus optiſſime judicabat, de futuris callidiſſime conjiciebat; ſays Cornelius Nepos, in his life of Themiſtocles, and a little after, proves the truth of his aſſertion, by obſerving, that when the Pythian oracle was conſulted concerning the expedition of Xerxes againſt Greece, the anſwer was, ut mœnibus ligneis ſe munirent, that they ſhould defend themſelves

oracle clearly means that he is an impoſtor, and we only pack-aſſes and mules to give credit to him, without more underſtanding than ſo many graſs-hoppers.

HERCULES.

And now, father, though I am but as a ſtranger here, I will venture to give you my opinion: I am for permitting the combatants to proceed in their controverſy; and if I find things go wrong, I will, if you think proper, pull the whole portico down upon the head of Damis, that he may no longer pour forth his abuſe upon us.

MOMUS.

* By Hercules, Hercules, this is rough work indeed, and rather † Bœotian; to deſtroy ſo many at once, together with the whole portico, Marathon, Miltiades, Cynagirus and all! how will future orators be able to adorn their fine ſpeeches, when theſe neceſſary ornaments are taken away from them? when you were a living man, indeed, you might have done theſe things perhaps, but ſince you are become a god, you muſt know that the Fates alone have it in their power, and we are incapable of performing them.

HERCULES.

So, when I killed a lion or a hydra, the Fates did it through me?

JUPITER.

Certainly.

HERCULES.

And if any body abuſes me, plunders my temple, or throws down my ſtatue, I muſt not knock him o' the head, unleſs the Fates have ſo decreed?

JUPITER.

By no means.

HERCULES.

Hear me then, Jupiter, whilſt I ſpeak my ſentiments: I am a free-ſpeaker,

ſelves with their wooden walls; which, it ſeems, nobody underſtood but Themiſtocles, who very ſagaciouſly informed them, that by wooden walls, nothing more was meant, than that they ſhould truſt to their ſhipping or marine force, as their beſt bulwark againſt the enemy. A piece of advice as ſuitable to old England at all times, as it could poſſibly be to ancient Greece.

* *By Hercules.*] This was a common Grecian oath. The applying it in converſation with Hercules himſelf has ſomething laughable in it.

† *Bœotian.*] Bœotia, a city of Greece, was unfortunately diſtinguiſhed, though we know not well on what foundation, for the ignorance and ſtupidity of its inhabitants, and an ancient Bœotian was ſuppoſed to have as little wit as a modern Laplander: hence the epithet Bœotium always ſignified heavy. A perſon of a clowniſh and aukward deportment, was called ſus Bœotia, and Horace, ſpeaking of a dull fellow, ſays,

Bœotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.

Bœotia, in ſhort, was the Holland of antiquity.

as the comedian ſays, and call a * boat a boat; if things are ſo, I ſhall take my leave of your honours and dignities here, your incenſe, and ſacrifices, and go down to hell, where, if I carry but a bow without arrows, the ſhades, at leaſt, of the beaſts I have ſlain will be afraid of me.

JUPITER.

Oho! you are a † home-witneſs, as they ſay, indeed; you have foreſtalled Damis, by talking thus yourſelf: but who is this brazen figure coming in ſuch haſte towards us, with his hair tied back in the old faſhion? even your brother of the forum, Mercury, he who ſtands near the Pœcile; he is all over ‡ pitch, from being handled every day by the ſtatuaries. Why in ſuch a hurry, ſon, have you any news for us from below?

HERMAGORAS.

Very great indeed, and ſuch as require all haſte and diligence.

JUPITER.

What! any new diſturbance?

HERMAGORAS.

As back and breaſt with pitch well cover'd on
I ſtood, as oft accuſtom'd, the rude artiſt
His aukward corſlet faſten'd round me, when,
Behold! a crowd approach'd; amongſt them two
Pale clam'rous ſophiſts in loud diſſonance,
Damis and ——

‡ *A boat.*] We always ſay, "I call a ſpade, a ſpade." Every nation, as I obſerved, in a former note, has a different manner of expreſſing this ſentiment. I choſe to preſerve the original idea.

* *A home-witneſs.*] In the Grecian courts of juſtice there were two ſorts of evidences, the firſt of which was called μαρτυρια, when the perſon, or home-witneſs, who ſwore, was an eye-witneſs of the fact; the other went by the name of ἐκμαρτυρια, when the juror received what he teſtified from another perſon who had ſeen it; allegations, however, from abſent perſons were ſeldom taken for lawful evidence. The witneſſes always wrote down their teſtimony on tablets, but the tablets of thoſe who came from home to deliver their teſtimonies were different from thoſe of the witneſſes who came caſually into court. This may ſuffice to explain to the reader the appellation of a home-witneſs, as applied to Hercules. See Potter.

‡ *Pitch.*] This famous brazen ſtatue of Mercury, ſo frequently mentioned by the ancients, was conſidered, like our Venus of Medicis, as a ſtandard of perfection, the ſtatuaries, therefore, were perpetually taking models of it, which, we ſuppoſe, they did by encruſting the whole over with a mould of pitch, or moiſt clay, and ſo procuring an exact reſemblance of it. The idea of a god, in this dirty condition, running up on an errand to heaven, and addreſſing Jupiter in heroics, has ſomething truly laughable in it.

JUPITER.

* Ceaſe thy tragediſing ſtrain,
And tell me,

for I know whom you mean; are they engaged in battle?

HERMAGORAS.

Not quite; a little ſkirmiſh is begun, they are ſhaking their ſlings, and throwing out a few ſarcaſms on each other.

JUPITER.

What can we do better, my brother gods, than take a look at them! let the Hours take away the bars from the gate, put the clouds on one ſide, and open the doors of heaven: O Hercules! what a croud is gathered about them! I don't like that Timocles, he ſeems frightened out of his wits; I am afraid he will ſpoil all, he will never lift up his head againſt Damis; however, we may give him our prayers at leaſt:

† But pray in ſecret leaſt the foe ſhould hear.

TIMOCLES.

‡ What doſt thou ſay, thou ſacrilegious Damis? that there are no gods who take care of mankind?

DAMIS.

None. Anſwer me firſt, by what argument can you prove that there are any?

TIMOCLES.

That I ſhall not do; do you anſwer me firſt?

DAMIS.

Not I indeed; you muſt begin.

JUPITER.

Thus far our friend has the better of him; he bawls loudeſt, and ſeems moſt in earneſt. Well done, Timocles, abuſe him handſomely, that is your forte; as to every thing elſe, he will ſoon make you as mute as a fiſh.

* *Ceaſe, &c.*] It is obſervable that theſe words are in verſe, as well as Mercury's; Jupiter, inſenſibly as it were, returns the compliment in heroics, though he deſires him to leave it off, and deſcend to plain proſe.

† *But pray, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 231.

‡ *What doſt, &c.*] The gods are ſuppoſed now to be got within hearing of the diſpute, and liſtening to it. Timocles begins. Lucian's motions, on theſe occaſions, are generally very rapid, he carries us, like Horace's tragic poet, juſt where he pleaſes,

Modo nos Thebis modo ponit Athenas.

All is animated, changeful, and entertaining.

TIMOCLES.

By Pallas, then, I will not anſwer you firſt.

DAMIS.

Do you aſk then: this you are bound to, but let me have no abuſe.

TIMOCLES.

Well then; tell me, thou execrable fellow, do not the gods provide for mankind?

DAMIS.

No.

TIMOCLES.

What ſayeſt thou? does every thing happen then without a providence?

DAMIS.

Certainly.

TIMOCLES.

Is not every thing ordained by ſome god?

DAMIS.

By no means.

TIMOCLES.

But every thing carried on by a fixed and irreſiſtible impetus?

DAMIS.

Moſt undoubtedly.

TIMOCLES.

Can you hear this impious man, and not ſtone him immediately?

DAMIS.

Why, Timocles, ſhould you incenſe theſe men againſt me; what right have you to be angry, and reſent it, when the gods themſelves do NOT? they have never puniſhed, though they have heard me ſay the ſame, and even now do hear.

TIMOCLES.

They hear, reſt aſſured; and one day they will revenge alſo.

DAMIS.

What leiſure is it poſſible they can ever find to puniſh me, who have already, as you ſay, ſo much buſineſs to do, a whole univerſe to take care of? they have not yet revenged themſelves of you, for all your perjuries, and other crimes, which, as I would not break my agreement, I ſhall not now mention, though I do not know any ſtronger argument they could give in

favour of their providence, than by puniſhing you as you deſerve: but, perhaps, they are gone on the other ſide of the ocean,

To grace
The feaſt of Æthiopia's blameleſs race,

For they often go to ſup with them, and even, ſometimes, when they are not invited.

TIMOCLES.

What can I reply to ſuch unheard of impudence?

DAMIS.

Even that which I have long wiſhed to hear from you; what reaſon you have for thinking that there is a divine providence.

TIMOCLES.

That order and harmony of things, which is univerſal, firſt perſuaded me of it: the ſun and moon holding the ſame unvaried courſe, the return of the ſeaſons, the generation of plants and animals, the creatures themſelves, formed with ſo much art, and taught to feed, move, think, walk, build, to perform, in ſhort, every thing that is neceſſary and convenient for them; theſe I take to be the works of providence.

DAMIS.

This, Timocles, is begging the queſtion; for it is not yet proved whether all that is the work of providence or not: that ſuch things are, I acknowlege, but it does not therefore follow that I muſt believe them to be the effect of providence: they may have happened by chance in the beginning, and ſo continued. You call that order which is but neceſſity; and then are angry if any man, obſerving with you, and admiring, doth not at the ſame time acknowlege that to providence they are indebted for their order and regularity; as the man, therefore, ſays in the † comedy, this argument is nought, bring me another.

TIMOCLES.

There wants, I think, no other: however, I will aſk you one thing, and beg you will anſwer me; was not Homer the beſt of poets?

* *To grace.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 556. Lucian is always laughing at Homer for ſending his gods to Æthiopia.

‡ *Comedy.*] What comedy is here alluded to we know not, the paſſage is not, I believe, to be found in any now extant.

DA-

DAMIS.

Granted.

TIMOCLES.

On him, then, I relied, who declares for the providence of the gods.

DAMIS.

That Homer, my good friend, was an admirable poet, all will readily allow you; but not that he, or any other poet, is a proper judge in theſe matters: truth is not their object, but merely to delight their readers, for this reaſon they ſing in verſe, and act in fables: every thing they do is merely with a view to pleaſe and divert. But I ſhould be glad to know what part of Homer's works you place your implicit faith in: is it in that * where he tells us, that the daughter, brother, and wife of Jove plotted againſt, and would have bound him in chains, and if Thetis, out of compaſſion, had not called in Briareus to his aſſiſtance, our good Jupiter had been ſnatched away from us, and thrown into a dungeon; and for this good office he repaid Thetis, by deceiving Agamemnon with a † falſe dream, that coſt many a Grecian their lives: had not he better have thrown a thunderbolt at Agamemnon, and deſtroyed him, than thus have played the hypocrite and impoſtor? Or, perhaps, you were drawn into this opinion by hearing that ‡ Venus was wounded by Diomede, and afterwards Mars himſelf, at the inſtigation of Minerva: ſoon after this, all the gods, male and female, engage along with mortals in the battle, and Minerva gets the better of Mars, weakened, I ſuppoſe, by the wound he had received from Diomede, and

§ Againſt Latona march'd the ſon of May.

Or, perhaps, you was ſtruck with the probability of || Diana's reſenting her not being invited to Oeneus's feaſt, and, in revenge, ſending a horrible wild boar to ravage his country. Were theſe ſome of Homer's excellent perſuaſives?

JUPITER.

Hark! how the mob ſhouts in praiſe of Damis! our friend looks frighten-

† *Where, &c.*] See the firſt book of the Iliad.

† *Falſe dream.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ii.

‡ *Venus.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. v.

§ *Againſt Latona.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 71.

|| *Diana's.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 529.

ed, trembles, and is juſt going to throw down his ſhield, he ſeems conſidering which way he ſhall get off beſt.

TIMOCLES.

Have you no regard to Euripides, who brings his gods on the ſtage on purpoſe to reward the good heroes, and puniſh the impiety of ſuch as yourſelf?

DAMIS.

But, my noble philoſopher, if to theſe tragedians you owe your conviction, you muſt either ſuppoſe Polus, Ariſtodemus, and Satyrus, to be real gods, or that the buſkins, long robes, helmets, breaſt-plates, and other tragic geer, make up the divinities, which is truly ridiculous: but, when Euripides ſpeaks his own opinion, without regard to poetical fables, he cries out boldly,

* Behold the great ſublime expanſive ſky,
That in its ſoft embraces holds the earth:
This, this is Jove, the deity ſupreme.

And again;

O Jove, whoe'er thou art, for by the name
Alone I know thee ——

With many other paſſages of the ſame kind.

TIMOCLAS.

All men and nations, therefore, are deceived, who hold that there are gods, and worſhip them?

DAMIS.

Thank you for reminding me, Timocles, of the laws and manners of nations, which ſufficiently ſhew how uncertain every thing is which relates to their gods; it is nothing but error and confuſion: ſome worſhip one, and ſome another; the † Scythians ſacrifice to a ſcymeter; the Thracians to ‡ Zamolxis, a fugitive from Samos; the Phrygians to Mene, or the Moon;

* *Behold, &c.*] This is taken from a fragment of Euripides preſerved by Tully, and quoted in his Nat. Deorum; it is likewiſe cited by Plutarch.

† *Scythians.*] See Lucian's Toxaris.

‡ *Zamolxis.*] This extraordinary perſonage was, as Herodotus informs us, a ſlave in Ionia, but not as Lucian calls him, a fugitive; he came to Thrace, where he acquired great riches, reformed and inſtructed the people: he vaniſhed on a ſudden from their ſight, hid himſelf for three years, and on his return, was worſhipped as a god.

the

the Æthiopians to the Day; the Cyllenians to Phanes; the Aſſyrians to a Dove; the Perſians to Fire; the Ægyptians to Water, which is univerſally adored by them; the Memphians worſhip an Ox; the Peluſiots an Onion; to ſome the * Ibis is a god, to others a Crocodile, a † Cynocephalus, a Cat, or an Ape; a Right Shoulder is carried by ſome through the ſtreets as a deity, by others the Left; ſome pay adoration to a Head cut in two, others to ‡ Cups and Platters. How ridiculous, my good Timocles, is ſuch variety!

MOMUS.

Did not I ſay all this would be brought to light, and enquired into?

JUPITER.

Indeed, Momus, you foretold too well; all I can ſay is, things ſhall go better for the future, if I do but eſcape the preſent danger.

TIMOCLES.

But ſay, thou enemy to the gods, what are oracles and predictions, to what will you attribute them but to the divine providence?

DAMIS.

Not a word, I beſeech you, my good friend, about oracles; for, whoſe, let me aſk you, would you wiſh to mention, the Pythian at Lydia, with its double face, like the two Mercury's, that, which ever way you turned, appeared to be in every part the ſame; or that which Crœſus received, when he paſſed over the Halys, and could not tell from it, whether he was to deſtroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own; though that one double-meaning verſe coſt the tyrant many a good talent?

MOMUS.

This fellow touches the very points I was moſt afraid of: but where is our || handſome Harper? why don't you go down, and clear yourſelf of theſe heavy indictments?

JUPITER.

Momus, you help to ruin us with your impertinent remarks.

* *Ibis.*] ——Crocodilon adorat,
Pars hæc, illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin. Juv.

† *Cynocephalus.*] Dog's-head, Anubis, the god of the Ægyptians, and ſuppoſed by ſome to be the ſame as the Grecian Mercury, being often called Hermanubis; he is repreſented with the body of a man, and the head of a dog. See Bryant's Ant. Mythol.

‡ *Cups.*] See the Menſa Iſiaca of Pignorius.

|| *Handſome harper.*] Apollo.

TI-

TIMOCLES.

Take heed, thou wicked reviler, thou wouldeſt root up the very habitations of the gods, and pull down all their altars.

DAMIS.

Not I, indeed, they will be never the worſe, ſo long as they do but ſmoke, and are full of incenſe: * Diana, indeed, I ſhould like to ſee overturned, whilſt the virgin delights in ſuch kind of feſtivals.

JUPITER.

Why reproach us with this now? how he falls upon every one of us!

† Guilty or guiltleſs, find an equal fate.

MOMUS.

Of the guiltleſs, I am afraid, he will find there are but few amongſt us: if he goes on thus, perhaps, by and by, he may attack ſome of our principles.

TIMOCLES.

Art thou not afraid of thundering Jove?

DAMIS.

The thunder, I muſt hear, no doubt, but whether it be Jove who thunders, you, who perhaps came down from the gods, can beſt inform me; but the Cretans tell me another ſtory, and ſay, that a certain ſepulchre is to be ſeen there, and a pillar, with a declaration upon it, that Jupiter thunders no more, but has been dead long ago.

MOMUS.

I knew well enough he would come to this at laſt: why, Jupiter, you turn pale, your teeth chatter with fear; take courage, for ſhame, and deſpiſe theſe wretches.

JUPITER.

Deſpiſe them! Momus! do not you ſee what numbers liſten to him, and are brought over by his arguments againſt us? Damis has caught them all by the ear.

* *Diana.*] Alluding to the ſavage cuſtom in Taurie Scythia, of ſacrificing ſtrangers to Diana.

† *Guilty, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xv. l. 154.

MO-

MOMUS.

But you, when you pleaſe, can let down your chain,

* And heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

TIMOCLES.

Tell me, thou wretch, haſt thou ever been at ſea?

DAMIS.

Aye, many a time.

TIMOCLES.

And was it not the wind ſwelling our ſail, rather than the oars, which carried us on? and did not one ſit at the helm, and guide the veſſel?

DAMIS.

Certainly.

TIMOCLES.

The ſhip, then, could not have ſailed without a pilot; and doſt thou think this univerſe could ſubſiſt without a guide and director?

JUPITER.

Well urged, Timocles; this is an excellent ſimile.

DAMIS.

But, my good favourite of the gods, pleaſe to remember, the pilot we were talking of, always provided every thing beforehand, and gave proper orders to his ſailors; the ſhip had nothing uſeleſs or burthenſome, but every thing that was neceſſary and convenient about her. But neither this pilot of your's, who commands the great ſhip of the univerſe, nor his companions who ſail with him, take any care to have things proper and in order, but frequently the rope which ſhould be in the fore-caſtle is faſtened to the ſtern, and that which belongs to the ſtern hangs at the fore-caſtle; the anchors are ſometimes of gold, whilſt † the gooſe is lead; the parts under water are finely painted and beautified, and thoſe above it left plain and ugly: amongſt the ſailors, you ſhall often ſee an idle cowardly fellow preferred to one of the firſt commands on board the veſſel, whilſt the beſt ſwimmer, the moſt active ſail-ſhifter, and one who knows all his buſineſs, is employed in ſcouring the ſink-hole. A raſcal ſhall ſit himſelf down with the captain, and

* *And heave.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. viii. l. 30.

† *The gooſe.*] The prow of the ſhip was generally adorned with the figure of a gooſe, probably, as the ſcholiaſt imagines, from a ſuperſtitious idea drawn from the nature of that bird, that whilſt that remained above water, the ſhip could not ſink.

a par-

a parricide, perhaps, a buffoon, or a pathic, hold the beſt places in the ſhip, whilſt the honeſteſt fellows in the crew ſhall be crouded into a corner, and trod upon by the moſt worthleſs and abandoned. Remember how Socrates, and Phocion, and Ariſtides lived, when they were on board, with ſcarce bread to eat, or room in their hammocks to ſtretch their legs in; and, on the other hand, what a full ſail of eaſe and luxury did * Callias and Midias, and Sardanapalus enjoy, ſpitting down upon all thoſe that were beneath them. Such, my moſt wiſe and noble Timocles, is your boaſted veſſel; not to mention the thouſand wrecks it meets with: if there were, indeed, a ſkilful pilot at the helm, who overlooked and ordered every thing, ſurely he would not be ignorant which were good ſailors and which were bad ones, he would allot to every one that office which he was fitted for, and give the beſt to the beſt, and the worſt to the worſt men; would chooſe his counſellors and companions from amongſt the good and worthy; take care that every part of the veſſel was well attended to; and whip the lazy fellows for neglecting their duty. I am afraid, my friend, this veſſel of your's will not hold water, at leaſt, under ſo bad a commander.

MOMUS.

The tide ſeems all in Damis's favour, and carries him on with a † full ſail to victory.

JUPITER.

I think ſo too; but this, Timocles, ſays nothing to the purpoſe, brings no ſtrong proofs to ſupport our cauſe, nothing but the common flimſy ſtuff that is eaſily refuted.

TIMOCLES.

Since my ſhip is not ſtout enough for you, Damis, I will even throw out the ‡ ſacred anchor, as they ſay, which no force can tear up.

JUPITER.

What is he going to produce now?

* *Callias, &c.*] A famous libertine, ſatirized by the comic poet Cratinus, for debauching the wife of Phorus or Phoryon, and buying off the indictment againſt him for three talents. Midias is cenſured by Plato and others, as a wicked fellow, and an embezzler of the public money entruſted to him. Sardanapalus was a king of Aſſyria, remarkable for his vices, diſſipation, and effeminacy, which ended in the deſtruction of himſelf, and the ruin of his empire.

† *Full ſail.*] Momus, to carry on the alluſion, ſpeaks in the ſailor's ſtyle, and concludes the allegory, which is carried on throughout with the greateſt degree of humour and propriety.

‡ *Sacred anchor.*] Iacere ſacram ancoram, to throw out the ſacred anchor, was a proverbial expreſſion, ſignifying, to make the laſt effort.

TIMO.

TIMOCLES.

Mark my ſyllogiſm now, and ſee if you can overturn it: if there are altars there muſt be gods; now, altars there certainly are, ergo, there muſt be gods alſo: what ſay you to that?

DAMIS.

Ha! ha! ha! when I have had my laugh out, I will anſwer you; ha! ha!

TIMOCLES.

That, I think, you never will; but, in the mean time, pray tell me what is there ſo ridiculous in what I ſaid?

DAMIS.

Only that you ſeem not to know what a very ſlender thread your ſacred anchor hangs by; though, by tacking your altars and your gods together, you fancy you have made your rope ſtrong enough: but if you have nothing more ſacred than your anchor to depend on, fare you well.

TIMOCLES.

You own yourſelf conquered, then, by quitting the field?

DAMIS.

It is you, my friend, who, being purſued, like a malefactor, fly to the * altar: at the altar, therefore, I here make a truce with you, and ſwear by your own ſacred anchor, never to diſpute more with you on this ſubject.

TIMOCLES.

Thou digger up of graves, thou ſacrilegious wretch, thou raſcal, villain, ſcum, dareſt thou laugh at me? Do not we know who your father was, that your mother was a harlot, that you killed your own brother, that you are a glutton, a pathic, an adulterer? Do not think to get off before I have beaten you handſomely. Away, this minute, or I will break your head with this ſhell.

JUPITER.

Obſerve, gods; one runs away laughing, whilſt the other, not bearing to be inſulted thus, follows and abuſes him. See! he is going to crack his ſkull. And now, my friends, after all, what are we to do?

* *Altar.*] Alluding to murtherers and other criminals flying for ſhelter to the temples of the gods, where they were always ſafe, none daring to follow them into the ſacred aſylum. This cuſtom, amongſt many other pagan ſuperſtitious practices, has been adopted into the Romiſh church, and is one of thoſe reproaches, which, as it is rendered ſerviceable to the cauſe of ſuperſtition, her zealous defenders do not wiſh to wipe away.

MERCURY.

It was a good obſervation, I think, of the * comic poet, that no injury is done, where none is felt: and what great harm is it if a few men go away perſuaded by this fellow, when there are ſo many thouſands who think the contrary, three parts of the Grecians, all the rabble, and all the Barbarians.

JUPITER.

True, Mercury: but as Darius ſaid of † Zopyrus, I had rather have this Damis on my ſide than a thouſand Babylons.

* *Comic poet.*] Menander; it is amongſt the fragments cited by Plutarch.

† *Zopyrus.*] Darius, we are told, owed the kingdom of Babylon to the contrivance of this ingenious gentleman; who, at the ſiege of that city, having ſlit his own noſe, cut off his ears, and mangled his body in various parts, preſented himſelf in that condition to the Babylonians; complained to them of Darius's cruelty, which had reduced him to that dreadful ſtate, and vowed revenge againſt him. The Babylonians were taken in, entruſted him with the command of their army, which, in conſequence of a pre-concerted ſcheme between him and Darius, he betrayed to that monarch, and put him in poſſeſſion of Babylon. Darius, after the conqueſt, is reported by Herodotus, to have ſaid, that "he would rather wiſh to ſee Zopyrus ſafe, uuhurt, and unmaimed, than to acquire twenty more Babylons beſides that which he had already ſubdued." Theſe are the words of Herodotus, which Jupiter here applies; but, as the reader may obſerve, with a little variation, to his friend Damis. The account of this tranſaction told at large, may be found at the end of the third book, or Thalia, of Herodotus.

THE

COCK

AND THE

COBLER;

Or, as it is alſo called, for a very obvious Reaſon, the DREAM, *is one of* LUCIAN's *moſt entertaining* Dialogues. *A Vein of eaſy Humour and Pleaſantry runs through that cannot fail to recommend it to every Reader of Taſte and Genius. The Author has made an excellent Uſe of the Pythagorean Doctrine of the* **Tranſmigration of Souls, which is, indeed, a rich Fund for Ridicule, and a Kind of Hot-bed for the Productions of Fancy and Imagination amongſt both ancient and modern Writers.*

MICYLLUS, A COCK, AND SIMO.

MICYLLUS.

A PLAGUE on thee, thou vile abominable Cock, thou envious bawling creature, for waking me thus with thy ſhrill voice, from the ſweeteſt of all ſweet dreams, when I was in the midſt of riches, joy, and happineſs, the only time I have to ſhake off that worſe companion than thyſelf, my poverty: at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour too! For I know, by the dead ſilence that reigns, it muſt be mid-night; beſides, that I have not yet felt the pinching cold, which always gives me notice of approaching day; one would think thou wert guardian of the golden fleece; ſuch a perpetual crowing doſt thou make from evening till now: but think not to paſs unpuniſhed; were I to get up in the dark, I ſhould have enough to do to find thee, but I will be revenged as ſoon as it is light, and belabour thee handſomely.

COCK.

Do not be angry, my good maſter Micyllus: I thought I had done you

* There is a well written eſſay on this ſubject, in the periodical paper called THE WORLD, by the ingenious SOAME JENNINGS, Eſq. to which I refer my readers, as a proper commentation on this dialogue.

a favour by calling you up in the night, as I know what a deal of buſineſs you have upon your hands: if you could have finiſhed but one ſhoe before ſun-riſe, it might have got you ſomething for a breakfaſt: but if you chuſe to go to ſleep, I will be as mute as a fiſh; only take care, after all your rich dreams, you do not riſe up a beggar.

MICYLLUS.

O, * wonder-working Jupiter, and thou Apollo, great averter of evil! what do I hear! a cock ſpeaking with a human voice.

COCK.

Is it ſo great a miracle that I ſhould ſpeak like you?

MICYLLUS.

That it is, indeed: heaven preſerve us from ill!

COCK.

You ſeem, my good maſter, to be very illiterate, and never to have read Homer, where † Xanthus, Achilles' horſe, takes his leave of neighing, and, in the middle of the battle, talks away, not like me, in humble proſe, but repeats whole verſes, turns prophet, and foretells what is to come to paſs, and no body wonders at it, calls upon heaven to avert the omen, or thinks there is any thing dreadful in it: what would you have ſaid if you had heard the ‡ ſhip of the Argonauts talk, or the oak of Dodona prophecying, or the half-roaſted § oxen creeping about, and lowing upon the ſpit? beſides,

* *Wonder-working.*] Greek, τερατια. The ancients gave their gods different epithets, in conſequence of the different functions aſſigned to them: thus Jupiter was called ξενιος, the hoſpitable, φιλιος, the friendly, σκηπτουχος, the ſcepter-bearer, &c. Lucian here gives him the new name of τερατιος, prodigialis, or the wonder-worker; alluding to the extraordinary prodigy of a ſpeaking cock.

† *Xanthus.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the latter end of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, where Achilles addreſſes his ponies,

Xanthus and Balius of Podarges' ſtrain.

The former anſwers him, and foretells his death. Homer tells us, that Juno endowed him with the faculty of ſpeech on this occaſion, and the Furies took it away again immediately. Lucian, who never miſſes an opportunity of ridiculing Homer's ſpecioſa miracula, ſeizes on this to laugh at him for the improbability of this event. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 446.

‡ *Ship.*] The famous ſhip, that carried Jaſon to Colchos in ſearch of the golden fleece, was ſaid to have been made out of the oaks of Dodona, ſacred to Jupiter, from which were delivered ſo many fine oracles: that theſe oaks were oracular, no orthodox heathen ever doubted; for the ſhip's ſpeaking, we have no authority but Lucian's.

§ *Oxen.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the Odyſſey, where the companions of Ulyſſes ſlew the oxen of the ſun, and moſt ſtrange prodigies enſued, for

— Heav'n

beſides, I am a companion of * Mercury's, that moſt talkative, moſt eloquent of all the deities, and have lived ſo long with you, that is no wonder I ſhould have learned your language: but, if you will promiſe me inviolable ſecrecy, I will tell you how it came to paſs that I am thus able to converſe with you.

MICYLLUS.

Surely this is all a dream, it can never be a Cock that is talking to me: but, by Mercury, I beſeech thee, explain it to me: you need not fear that I ſhould tell what you ſay, for, if I did, who would believe me?

COCK.

Liſten then, and you ſhall hear; what I am going to ſay is, to be ſure, rather extraordinary: he who now appears before you as a Cock, was, not long ſince, a man.

MICYLLUS.

I have formerly heard ſomething of this kind, that a young man, of the name of † Gallus, was the companion and intimate friend of Mars, uſed to eat and drink with him, and be the confident in his amours: whenever the god went to Venus he carried Gallus along with him, and ſuſpecting that the Sun might reveal the affair to Vulcan, poſted the young man at the door to give him notice when Phœbus appeared; but Gallus unfortunately betrayed his truſt, and fell aſleep; when the ſun came unexpectedly upon the lovers, who had relied upon the notice which the youth had promiſed to give them, and informed Vulcan of it, who ſeized upon, and bound them with the chains he had prepared. As ſoon as Mars got out, he was highly enraged at Gallus, and turned him into a bird of the ſame name, who bears a creſt on his forehead, inſtead of the helmet which he wore: for this reaſon

— Heav'n gave ſigns of wrath—along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing ſound,
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book xii. l. 464.

This fiction of Homer's is, to be ſure, a pretty bold one; Lucian has made the moſt of it, by telling us, that the oxen lowed upon the ſpit. The ridicule is at leaſt as ſtrong as the abſurdity.

* *Mercury's.*] Mercury is always repreſented with a cock cloſe to him, as an emblem of vigilance, he being conſidered as the moſt active and induſtrious of all the deities: he had, indeed, more buſineſs to do than any of them.

† *Gallus.*] This is a curious fable, and if cloathed in a poetical dreſs, would have made no inconſiderable figure in Ovid's Metamorphoſes; it is a wonder, indeed, how, if the ſtory was generally known, it happened to eſcape him. A young bard, ambitious of ſhooting with the Ovidian bow, could not, perhaps, chooſe a more promiſing ſubject.

We

we are told, you ſtill, by way of excuſing yourſelf to Mars, though you can do no good by it, when you ſee the ſun riſing, always crow, to give notice of it.

COCK.

There is ſuch a ſtory; but mine is a different affair: it is but very lately that I have appeared as a cock.

MICYLLUS.

How happened it then? for I long to know.

COCK.

You have heard of Pythagoras, the Samian, the ſon of Mneſarchus?

MICYLLUS.

That proud Sophiſt, you mean, who made a law againſt * taſting fleſh, or eating beans, to me the ſweeteſt food in the world, and the eaſieſt of digeſtion, and, moreover, enjoined his followers not to converſe with one another for five years.

COCK.

You know likewiſe, I ſuppoſe, that Pythagoras was once † Euphorbus.

MICYLLUS.

I have heard he was a great impoſtor, and uſed to play tricks.

COCK.

Do not be abuſive, my good friend, for know I am that very Pythagoras: be quiet, therefore, till you ſee what ſort of a perſon I am.

* *Taſting fleſh.*] The Pythagoreans had a very good reaſon for abſtaining from fleſh, as they were perſuaded that the ſouls of men tranſmigrated into animals, birds, &c. and that eating, therefore, their fleſh, might be feeding on their own relations; as Ovid moſt charmingly and poetically expreſſes their ſentiments,

Nos quoque pars mundi (quoniam non corpora ſolum
Verum etiam volucres animæ ſumus, inque ferinas
Poſſumus ire domos, pecudumque in pectora condi
Corpora, quæ poſſint animas habuiſſe parentum,
Aut fratrum, aut aliquo, junctorum fœdere nobis,
Aut hominum, certé, tuta eſſe & honeſta, ſinamus:
Neve Thyeſteæis cumulemus viſcera menſis.

See the fifteenth book of the Metamorphoſis, where the whole Pythagorean ſyſtem is beautifully explained and illuſtrated.

† *Euphorbus.*] Another Trojan, who had the honour of wounding Patroclus. See a deſcription of him in the ſixteenth book of the Iliad; he was afterwards ſlain by Menelaus. Concerning the tranſmigration, ſee Ovid,

Trojani tempore belli
Panthoïdes Euphorbus eram, &c. Book xv. l. 160.

MI-

MICYLLUS.

O heaven! this is more miraculous than ever, a philoſopher turned cock! But inform me, good ſon of Mneſarchus, how you came to be changed from a man into a bird, and, inſtead of a * Samian, to be a † Tanagræan; there is very little probability in all this, eſpecially, when I perceive two things in you, that ſuit but ill with a Pythagoras.

COCK.

What are they?

MICYLLUS.

One is, that you are talkative and clamorous, whilſt he enjoined a five year's ſilence; and the other is directly contrary to his laws; for yeſterday, when I came home, I had nothing to give you but a few beans, which you devoured without ſcruple or heſitation: either, therefore, you have told a falſehood, and muſt be ſomebody elſe, or, if you are Pythagoras, have violated your own command, and done as wicked a thing, in eating beans, as if you had dined upon your father's head.

COCK.

You are unacquainted, Micyllus, with the reaſon of all this, and ſeem not to know what the different ſtations of life required. I eat no beans then, becauſe I was a philoſopher; but now I am a Cock, they are not forbidden. Attend now, and learn, how from Pythagoras I came to be what I am, the various beings which I paſſed through, and what I ſuffered and enjoyed in each of them.

MICYLLUS.

Proceed, I beſeech you: it is impoſſible to ſay how much I long to hear it all: I do not know whether I ſhould not prefer it to the golden dream I juſt now waked from.

COCK.

You dwell much upon this ſame dream, which has made a ſtrong impreſſion on you, and ſeem to recollect, with pleaſure, the fleeting happineſs which it beſtowed.

MICYLLUS.

I ſhall never forget it: it has left behind a ſweet drowſineſs, that almoſt cloſes my eye-lids, and inclines me again to ſleep; it is like the tickling of a feather in one's ear, and has almoſt ſet me a madding.

* *A Samian.*] Pythagoras was of Samos.

† *A Tanagræan.*] Tanagra, a town of Bœotia, on the Euripus, was famous, as well as Rhodes, for its excellent breed of game cocks. See L'Hiſt. des Inſcript. &c.

COCK.

COCK.

This muſt be a wonderful dream, indeed; I long to know what it was that could give you ſo much pleaſure.

MICYLLUS.

I will tell it you with all my heart, for nothing can be more pleaſing to me than the recollection of it; but when, good Pythagoras, will you entertain me with your transformations?

COCK.

When you have ſhaken the honey from your eye-brows, and left off dreaming: but, come, let us hear, that I may judge whether it came through the * horny gate, or the ivory one.

MICYLLUS.

Neither.

COCK.

Homer tells us, there are but thoſe two.

MICYLLUS.

Away with your poet; he knows nothing of dreams: ſome of the poor ones, perhaps, which he ſaw but imperfectly, for, you know, he was blind, might perhaps come that way; but mine came through golden gates, it was cloathed in gold, all over gold, and let me tell you, brought a great deal of gold along with it.

COCK.

Talk not ſo goldenly, good Midas, for your dream is like his wiſh, made up of nothing but gold.

MICYLLUS.

O Pythagoras, what a quantity of it did I behold! ſo ſhining, and ſo beautiful; what is it that Pindar ſays in praiſe of it in the beginning of his fineſt ode, where he talks firſt of water? do you remember?

* *Horny gate.*] Homer, ſpeaking of dreams, tells us that,

Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep,
Of ev'ry one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies, a light fantaſtic train:
The gate oppos'd, pelucid valves adorn,
And columns fair, incas'd with poliſh'd horn;
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.

See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. xix. l. 656.

This is a very indifferent tranſlation of the lines in Homer, but I have not time at preſent to give my readers a better. See alſo the latter end of the ſixth book of Virgil's Æneids.

COCK.

COCK.

You mean this, I ſuppoſe:

Chief of nature's works divine,
Water claims the higheſt praiſe;
Richeſt offſpring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays,
From afar conſpicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
Firſt in luſtre and eſteem,
Decks the treaſures of the proud.

MICYLLUS.

The ſame; one would think he had known my dream: and you, my moſt learned Cock, ſhall know it alſo; therefore liſt and hear it. Yeſterday, you may remember, I did not ſup at home, for the wealthy Eucrates laid hold on me in the market-place, and invited me to come from the bath at a certain hour to ſup with him.

COCK.

I remember it very well; for, after I had faſted all day, you came home a little boozy, and threw me down thoſe five beans, a poor ſupper enough for a cock that had been a combatant formerly, and gained no little glory at Olympus.

MICYLLUS.

When I returned from ſupper, after giving you the beans, I went immediately to bed; then it was that, as Homer ſays,

† As I ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight.

COCK.

Before you proceed, pray tell me about the ſupper, and what paſſed at your feaſt; I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not make another dream of that, and eat your ſupper again in the relation of it.

MICYLLUS.

I was afraid of troubling you with the repetition, but if you deſire to have it, you ſhall; never did I dine with a great man before yeſterday, when my good fortune threw me in the way of Eucrates: after paying my compli-

* *Chief of &c.*] From the firſt Olymp. of Pindar. See Weſt's tranſlation.

† *As I ſlumbered, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 71.

ments to him as uſual, I was going away, being afraid that a poor man with a tattered garment like me might diſgrace him; but he came up to me, and, "Micyllus, ſaid he, to-day I celebrate my daughter's birth-day, and have invited ſeveral of my friends; but as one of them is ill, and probably may not come, I ſhall expect you, after bathing, in his room: unleſs he ſhould happen to get better, which at preſent is very doubtful." As ſoon as I heard this, I paid my reſpects, and went off; not without imploring all the gods to viſit with fever, pleuriſy, or gout, the gueſt, whoſe place I was to ſupply. In the mean while, the time between that and the hour of bathing appeared an age to me, and often did I look to the dial with impatience to mark the approach of it; when at length the happy moment came; away I flew, having made my dreſs as decent as I could, and turned my coat, that the beſt ſide might appear outermoſt. At the door of the houſe, amongſt a number of viſitors, whom ſhould I meet but my rival, carried by four men upon a litter: I perceived plainly enough that he was very ill, for he groaned and coughed ſo terribly, that you could ſcarce go near him; pale as death, horribly ſwelled, and ſeemed to be at leaſt threeſcore. They told me, he was one of thoſe philoſophers who love to talk nonſenſe to young men. He had a beard like a goat's, that wanted trimming exceedingly. Archibius the Phyſician, chiding him for coming in this condition, "No man, ſays he, ſhould neglect his duty, eſpecially a philoſopher, though he laboured under a thouſand diſeaſes; Eucrates might have thought I ſlighted him." "So far from it, cried I, that he would rather thank you for ſtaying at home to die, than coming here to cough up your heart at a feaſt." He pretended, I ſuppoſe, from greatneſs of ſoul, not to hear this. Eucrates ſoon after came from bathing, and ſpying Theſmopolis, (for that was the name of our philoſopher,) "Maſter, ſays he, I am obliged to you for coming, but if you had not, you would have been no loſer, for I intended to have ſent you every thing to your own houſe." Saying this, he gave him his hand, and as he leaned upon the ſervants ſhoulders, helped him in. I, therefore, made a motion to retire, when Eucrates ſeeing my piteous face, cried, "Come, come, Micyllus, you muſt ſtay and ſup with me; I will ſend my ſon to keep his mother company in the women's apartment, that there may be room for you." Accordingly in I went, though rather aſhamed that the young man ſhould be turned out for me. When ſupper time came, five luſty young fellows, with ſome difficulty, lifted the philoſopher

to

to his place; and, becauſe nobody elſe choſe to ſit next him, I had the honour of being at the ſame table. The ſupper came, and a moſt noble one it was, with variety of dainties, in gold and ſilver diſhes; the cups were of gold; the attendants handſome, well-dreſſed, ſung well, and were facetious and entertaining; every thing, in ſhort, was delightful, except being placed cloſe to Theſmopolis, who teized me all the time with talking about virtue; informing me, that two negatives made an affirmative; that when it was day, it was not night; that I had horns; with fifty other diſcoveries of this kind, being reſolved to teach me philoſophy whether I would or no, prating perpetually to me, ſo that I could not partake of the mirth and feſtivity going forward, or attend to the ſinging and playing. Such, my good Pythagoras, was our ſupper.

COCK.

And none of the moſt pleaſant, I find, on account of that old fool who ſpoiled your entertainment.

MICYLLUS.

And now you ſhall hear my dream: I thought that Eucrates, who, heaven knows how it came about, had no child; in his laſt moments called me to him, made me heir at law to all he had, and ſoon after died. The eſtate came to me, and whole veſſels of gold and ſilver flowed in, beſides rich garments, cups, and ſervants; every thing, in ſhort, was mine: that I lay ſtretched at my eaſe in a fine chariot, the envy and admiration of all that paſſed by, crouds running before and behind me. Methought I had all his cloaths, and fine rings, that fitted my fingers wonderfully. Then did I invite my friends to a ſplendid entertainment, and they all, (which in a dream, you know, is very eaſily done,) came immediately. Supper was now over, and we were putting about the ſocial cup, when you, with your unſeaſonable crowing, broke in upon our feaſt, overturned my tables, and, in a moment, gave all my riches to the winds. Have I not reaſon, then, to be angry with you, for diſturbing me thus out of a dream, which I ſhould not have thought too long, if it had laſted for three nights together?

COCK.

Are you then, Micyllus, ſo fond of money, and do you think happineſs conſiſts in riches?

MICYLLUS.

That is, indeed, my opinion; and not mine alone, for you yourſelf, my good friend, when you figured in the character of Euphorbus, if I am not

miſtaken, * tied up gold and ſilver in your hair, when you went out to fight the Grecians, when one would have thought you had more need of ſteel; but you choſe to adorn your locks with gold, and for that reaſon, I ſuppoſe, Homer compares them to the Graces; and, to be ſure, it muſt have made them much more ſhining and beautiful. The ſon of Panthus, indeed, might well hold gold in ſuch eſteem, ſince the father of gods and men, the ſon of Saturn and Rhea, when he fell in love with the charming girl of Argos, could think of no form ſo amiable, or ſo able to † corrupt her keeper as this; he changed himſelf, therefore, as you muſt have heard, into a ſhower of gold, ſlid through the tiles, and got poſſeſſion of her. Need I ſay more in praiſe of it? what, and how many good things does it produce? doth it not make men handſome, wiſe, and brave, and bring them honour and glory? doth it not from meanneſs and obſcurity, raiſe them in a moment to fame and ſplendour? You knew my neighbour Simo, a brother cobler; it is not long ſince he ſupped here with me at the Saturnalia, when I gave him a little wheat pottage.

COCK.

I remember him, the little ſhort hook-noſed fellow, that ſtole the only earthen pan we had left, and hid it under his coat that very night, for I ſaw him.

MICYLLUS.

How did he perjure himſelf about it! but why did not you tell me of this, why did not you make a noiſe then, when you ſaw me robbed?

COCK.

I did crow, which was all I could do. But what of this Simo? you were going to tell me ſomething about him.

MICYLLUS.

He had a rich couſin whoſe name was Diphilus, and who never, whilſt he lived, would beſtow a farthing on him; nor was it to be expected, for he never ſpent any thing even upon himſelf. When he died, however, this

* *Tied up.*] Alluding to Homer's lines on the death of Euphorbus, where he tells us,

The ſhining circles of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear;
Inſtarr'd with gems of gold, beſtrow'd the ſhore.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xvii. l. 53.

† *Corrupt.*] This explains the fable at once in the moſt rational manner: Danae's father had locked her up in the tower, her lover bribes the keeper, and gets poſſeſſion of her. Such was moſt probably the fact, the reſt of the *ſtory* is all poetical fiction.

Simo.

Simo, with his tattered coat, he that ſtole my pan, inherited all his eſtate, and immediately became a great man, appeared in his purple and ſcarlet, had his ſlaves, his chariot and horſes, gold cups, tables with ivory feet; was, in ſhort, ſo flattered and worſhipped, that he ſoon forgot me: when I met him the other day, I ſaluted him with, "Your ſervant, Simo;" when he put himſelf into a violent paſſion, and cried out, "Tell that beggar not to clip my name ſo, I am not called Simo now, but Simonides." But what is moſt extraordinary is, the women are fond of him; he gives himſelf airs, pretends to be coy, admits ſome to his favour; whilſt others threaten to deſtroy themſelves, if he will not take notice of them. You ſee what gold can do, that makes the crooked ſtreight, the ugly handſome, that, like the poetical Cæſtus, beſtows grace and beauty. Hear how the poets praiſe it,

* O gold, thou beſt and greateſt good on earth.

And again,

Gold rules o'er human things with ſov'reign ſway.

What do you ſmile at?

COCK.

To ſee you, like the reſt of the multitude, ſo deceived and miſtaken in your notions of the rich and great, who are much more miſerable than yourſelves; this I can aſſure you of, who have been rich and poor, and therefore know both conditions by experience; you ſhall know by and by every particular.

MICYLLUS.

And ſo I will, by Jove: for now it is your turn to ſpeak, to tell me what forms you were changed into, and all that you can recollect which paſſed in each of them.

COCK.

Liſten then, and you ſhall hear; but before I begin, let me aſſure you that I never yet met with any body who lived more happily than you do.

MICYLLUS.

Than me? may you be juſt as happy then! for now you really make me angry. But come, begin with Euphorbus; tell me how you were tranſformed into Pythagoras, and ſo on, down to your preſent appearance as a Cock: you muſt have ſeen and ſuffered a great deal in ſo many different lives.

* *O gold, &c.*] From a fragment of Euripides.

COCK.

COCK.

How this ſoul of mine, which came originally from * Apollo, flew down to earth, and got into a human body, as a puniſhment for its crimes, it would be tedious to recount; beſides, theſe are things which it is neither lawful for me to tell, or you to hear. When, therefore, I came to be Euphorbus ——

MICYLLUS.

Tell me firſt, my miraculous friend, who I was formerly; was I tranſformed like you?

COCK.

Certainly.

MICYLLUS.

Who was I then? can you tell me? for I long to know.

COCK.

You were an † Indian piſmire, one of thoſe that dig up the gold duſt.

MICYLLUS.

Why was I ſo idle then, as not to pick up a few grains for myſelf, and bring them into this life of mine, where I want them ſo much: but what ſhall I be hereafter? tell me that, if it is any thing good, I will hang myſelf immediately on the poſt you are perched upon.

COCK.

The future we know nothing of; but to go on with my ſtory: when I was Euphorbus, I fought at Troy, and was killed by Menelaus; after which I was transformed into Pythagoras; but ſome time intervened, during which I remained without a manſion, till ‡ Mneſarchus thought fit to prepare me one.

MICYLLUS.

And were you all that time without meat or drink?

* *From Apollo.*] Pythagoras, who, like other ſyſtem-mongers, was ambitious of appearing as ſomething ſupernatural and divine, endeavoured to perſuade the populace that he was Apollo, who had deſcended to earth, to reform and inſtruct mankind. See Porphyry and Jamblichus.

† *Indian piſmire.*] It is well known that piſmires, in digging for a place to depoſit their eggs, throw up little heaps of earth; it is not improbable, therefore, but that they might, as the ancients believed, give men the firſt intelligence of thoſe places where gold was to be found, by caſting out ſome of the duſt, and thus informing them where they were to dig for it.

Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis. Proper.

The Cock, by telling Micyllus he had been an Indian piſmire, only means to reflect on his avaricious temper.

‡ *Mneſarchus.*] The father of Pythagoras.

COCK.

COCK.

When I had no body, I did not want either.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, inform me, was the Trojan war juſt as Homer repreſents it?

COCK.

How ſhould he know any thing of the matter, when he was himſelf at that time a camel in Bactria: I can only aſſure you, things were not ſo wonderful and extraordinary as he makes them, nor was Ajax ſo big, or Helen ſo handſome as it is generally ſuppoſed they were. I ſaw her myſelf; ſhe had a long white neck, indeed, to mark her deſcent from a *ſwan, but as to any thing elſe, appeared then, as old as Hecuba: Theſeus had her firſt, who lived with Hercules, and Hercules had taken Troy long before, in the time of our forefathers. Panthus told me this, who, when he was a boy, had ſeen Hercules.

MICYLLUS.

And was Achilles ſuch a great man as the poet ſays he was, or is that another of his fictions?

COCK.

With him I had no buſineſs, nor can I tell you any thing about the Greeks, as I was on the other ſide: all I know is, it coſt me but little trouble to kill his friend Patroclus.

MICYLLUS.

And Menelaus ſtill leſs to make an end of you: but we have had enough of this; tell me now about Pythagoras.

COCK.

Upon the whole, for I muſt confeſs the truth to you, I was little better than a Sophiſt, though by no means illiterate, or unacquainted with true wiſdom and knowlege. I travelled into Ægypt, to learn theſe from their ſages and prophets, was admitted into their temples, and ſtudied the works of Orus and Iſis; then returned to Italy, and there ſo poſſeſſed the Grecians with the notion of my ſagacity, that they almoſt worſhipped me as a god.

MICYLLUS.

So I have heard: you made them believe that you roſe from the dead,

* *A ſwan.*] Helen was the daughter of Jupiter, by Leda, whom, the poets tell us, he courted in the ſhape of a ſwan.

and

and ſhewed them a * golden thigh; but how came it into your head to make laws about fleſh, and forbid the eating of † beans?

COCK.

You muſt not aſk me.

MICYLLUS.

Why ſo?

COCK.

Becauſe I am really aſhamed to tell you the truth.

MICYLLUS.

O, but to an intimate friend, like me, for as to a maſter, I no longer think myſelf ſo.

COCK.

It was then, not becauſe I thought there was any thing very wiſe or uſeful in them, but that I ſoon found out, if I had given them nothing but old ‡ common laws, which they were uſed to, men would never hold me in admiration, and that the more ſtrange I made them, the more ſingular and extraordinary I ſhould appear: I inſtituted, therefore, ſomething new and uncommon, pretending that there was a ſecret reaſon for it, that ſome gueſſing one, and ſome another, all might be ſtruck with admiration, as they are at an ambiguous oracle.

MICYLLUS.

Look you there; and ſo now you laugh at me, as you did at the Crotonians, the Metapontians, the Tarentines, and the reſt of the poor deluded people, who followed you in ſilence, and adored the very ground you trod upon. But when you had ſhook off the form of Pythagoras, what did you put on next?

* *Golden thigh.*] Porphyry tells us (credat Judæus), that at the public ſolemnity of the Olympic games, Pythagoras ſtood up and ſhewed to all the people his golden thigh, as he did in private to Abaris, to confirm him in the opinion that he was Hyperborean Apollo; Abaris, we are to obſerve, was Apollo's chief prieſt.

† *Beans.*] Pythagoras, ſeeing one day an ox in a paſture at Tarentum, who had ſo little regard to his precepts as to eat green beans, deſired the maſter of the ox to diſſuade him from ſuch indecency, but the neat-herd, informing him that he really could not ſpeak the language of oxen, the philoſopher himſelf ſtepped up to the beaſt, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear, after which time the ox never touched a bean, lived many years in a field near Juno's temple, and was called the ſacred ox.

This ſtory is very gravely told by Porphyry and Jamblichus.

‡ *Common, &c.*] The obſervation here made is excellent, and the practice founded on it has been adopted by every modern impoſtor, from the prophet Mahomet down to parſon Whitfield, &c. &c. &c.

COCK.

COCK.

I was then changed into Aſpaſia, the famous Mileſian courtezan.

MICYLLUS.

Heaven bleſs us! what! Pythagoras turned into a woman! And was there a time, my moſt noble Cock, when you laid eggs? You were Pericles's miſtreſs then, I ſuppoſe, and had children by him, played the diſtaff ſometimes, and, moreover, had another trade beſides.

COCK.

All that I certainly did, and ſo did * Tireſias, before me, and † Ceneus alſo: your ridicule, therefore, will fall upon them as well as me.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, tell me, which ſex did you like beſt?

COCK.

It is not a fair queſtion: you know what the anſwer to ſuch a one coſt Tireſias.

MICYLLUS.

If you will not tell me, Euripides will, who has decided that point long ago, where he ſays,

‡ Thrice would I rather brave th' enſanguin'd field,
And all its terrors, than once bear the pangs
Of labour ——

COCK.

Which you may one day ſuffer yourſelf; for in the round of various beings you will paſs through, you may often be a woman.

MICYLLUS.

§ You think we are all Samians and Mileſians; and when you were Pytha-

* *Tireſias.*] Heſiod tells us that Tireſias met with two ſerpents on mount Cyllene, which he trod upon, and was immediately turned into a woman, and that, ſome years afterwards, he lit on the ſame ſerpents, in the ſame place, and was turned into a man again.

† *Ceneus.*] Was one of the Lapithæ, who fought againſt the Centaurs: he was born a girl, and, being very beautiful, raviſhed by Neptune, who, to make her amends, promiſed to grant her any favour ſhe aſked: ſhe deſired, to avoid future inconveniences, that her ſex might be changed. The favour was granted, and ſhe figured as a man and a warrior for the remainder of her life. Nunc vir, nunc fœmina Ceneus.

‡ *Thrice wou'd I, &c.*] From the Medea of Euripides.

§ *You think, &c.*] i. e. You think you can perſuade me to believe any thing you ſay, be it ever ſo improbable, as, when you were Pythagoras, you did the Samians and Mileſians.

goras, you were ſo handſome, that the * tyrant, they ſay, miſtook you for an Aſpaſia. But what were you next?

COCK.

Crates, the Cynic.

MICYLLUS.

O Gemini! what a change! from a whore to a philoſopher!

COCK.

After that I was a king, then a beggar, a ſatrap, a horſe, a jack-daw, and a hundred other things, which it would be too tedious to enumerate; laſtly, I often took the form of a cock, which I am very fond of, and in that ſhape have lived with many kings, with rich men, and poor men, and now have the honour to ſerve you, and to laugh at you for complaining of poverty, and admiring the rich, little conſidering how miſerable they are: for if you knew what they ſuffered, you would deſpiſe yourſelf for entertaining ſo high an opinion of them.

MICYLLUS.

My good Pythagoras, then, or by whatever name you would be called —

COCK.

No matter whether it be Pythagoras, Euphorbus, Crates, or Aſpaſia; for I am all of them; call me, however, what I am, a Cock, and no contemptible bird, ſeeing that I have ſuch a number of ſouls in me.

MICYLLUS.

Since then, my good Cock, you have experienced all kinds of lives, tell me truly and exactly how the rich live, and how the poor, that I may judge whether you ſpeak truth, when you ſay the latter are ſo much the happieſt.

COCK.

Conſider the affair then in this light: when an enemy invades your country, you have no concern about the war; you never care whether they break down the fences, ſpoil the gardens, or cut off the vines: if you hear the trumpet, all you have to do is to provide for yourſelf, avoid the danger, and conſult your own ſafety; whilſt the rich are not only afraid for themſelves, but are wretched when they ſee from the walls their fields and houſes torn to pieces and deſtroyed: if a tax is to be raiſed, they only are called upon; if a ſally is to be made with the horſe, or the whole army, they are firſt expoſed to danger: you, in the mean time, with your wicker ſhield, can get

* *The tyrant.*] Polycrates, in whoſe time Pythagoras flouriſhed.

off

off eaſier in a retreat, or, in caſe of victory, are ready to partake in the triumph, to join in the feaſt, when the general offers up his ſacrifice of thankſgiving: in peace alſo, you common people get up into the aſſembly, and abuſe your betters, whilſt they are frightened out of their wits, and glad to ſilence you by baths, ſports, public ſpectacles, and bribes of every kind: you, in the mean time, either cenſuring them with ſeverity, or not deigning to ſpeak to them at all; ſometimes you will even ſtone them to death, and confiſcate their goods and chattels. You fear neither informers nor thieves, are under no apprehenſions that your houſe will be broke open, or robbed; you have no trouble in getting in your debts, no diſhoneſt ſtewards to contend with, no care, in ſhort, or anxiety; nothing to do but, when when your ſhoe is finiſhed, to receive your ſeven oboli for it; in the evening to bathe, if you pleaſe, take your ſprat, or herring, and an onion-top, and enjoy yourſelf, ſing, like a true philoſopher; bleſſed with poverty and eaſe. This it is which makes you ſo healthy, ſo robuſt, and able to bear the cold; continual exerciſe and labour ſharpen you, and give you the advantage over others; no diſorder dares to attack you, or, if at any time, a ſlight fever lays hold on you, abſtinence, thanks to your poverty, ſoon carries it off; it durſt not appear when it ſees you drinking water, and ſetting the doctor's preſcriptions at defiance. In the mean time, what a croud of diſtempers ſeize on the rich! gouts, conſumptions, inflammations of the lungs, dropſies; all from intemperance, all the genuine offspring of their grand ſuppers: like Icarus, when they have raiſed themſelves to the greateſt height, and juſt touch the ſun, forgetting that their wings are glued on with wax, down they drop into the ſea: whilſt thoſe who, like Dædalus, ſoar not on high, but ſkim along, cloſe to the earth, and keep their wax wet with the vapours of the ocean, fly with ſafety.

MICYLLUS.

The prudent and temperate, you mean.

COCK.

Yes: and what a wreck the others make of fame and fortune! witneſs Crœſus on the funeral pile, the jeſt of his whole kingdom; and Dionyſius, the great tyrant, turned ſchool-maſter at Corinth, and after ruling a mighty empire, teaching children to * make ſyllables.

* *Make ſyllables.*] It is reported of Dionyſius the tyrant of Corinth, that after quitting the throne, he turned ſchool-maſter; in which of the two conditions he ſuffered moſt, it is, perhaps, very difficult to determine.

MICYLLUS.

When you reigned yourſelf, for it ſeems you have been a king too, how did you find it, when you had got to this ſummit of human felicity?

COCK.

Do not put me in mind of it I beſeech you; for, with all the external marks of happineſs which you talk of, I was the moſt miſerable of men.

MICYLLUS.

How ſo? you aſtoniſh me.

COCK.

I was ſovereign of a large and fertile kingdom, adorned with a number of beautiful cities, well-peopled, and full of rivers, ports, and harbours; had a numerous army, ſhipping, ſtores of every kind, quantities of gold and ſilver, with all the pomp and parade of a great and mighty empire. Whenever I went abroad, the multitude thronged round to have a look at me, got upon the tops of houſes to ſee my chariot, robe, and diadem, ran before and behind, and, in ſhort, worſhipped me like a god. I, in the mean time, conſcious of my own unhappineſs, pitied their ignorance, and lamented my condition; comparing myſelf to the great ſtatues of Myro, Phidias, and Praxiteles; on the outſide you ſee a beautiful Neptune, or Jupiter, adorned with ivory or gold; one has a trident in his hand, and the other is darting a thunder-bolt: but within, it is filled with old wood, nails, wedges, mire, pitch, and every thing that is filthy; not to mention a whole race of mice or weazels, that have eſtabliſhed a little colony in the bowels of it. Such, my friends, is a kingdom.

MICYLLUS.

But you have not yet told me what the old wood, and nails, and dirt, and mire, and weaſels of your kingdom are; to be gazed at, followed and adored, is the outſide of the ſtatue; now give us the in.

COCK.

I know not where to begin, nor how to deſcribe to you the fears, the uneaſineſs, the hatred, jealouſy, and plots we are liable to; the little ſleep we take, and that neither deep nor eaſy; but diſturbed by horrible dreams, and perpetual terrors: add to this, the hurry of buſineſs, and conſtant attention, anſwering embaſſies, making treaties, planning expeditions, with a thouſand other things that prevent our enjoying any pleaſure, oblige us to act

and

and think, and ſpeak for all, and ſubject us to innumerable cares, and eternal diſquietude. Remember what Homer ſays,

* The king alone with various thoughts oppreſs'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.

And this, whilſt the Greeks were all ſnoring. A dumb ſow made Crœſus miſerable; and how did † Clearchus uſe Xerxes, by leading a foreign army in favour of Cyrus! Dionyſius afflicted another, by holding conference with ſome of the Syracuſans; ‡ Alexander was jealous of Parmenio; Ptolemy envied Perdiccas, and Seleucus Ptolemy; then how unhappy is the prince, if his miſtreſs is not fond of him, or, perhaps, loves ſomebody elſe; if he hears that ſome of his courtiers have deſerted him, or ſees two or three of his dependents whiſpering together! but what is ſtill worſe, they are always ſuſpecting their deareſt friends, and in dread of being betrayed by them; for ſometimes one is poiſoned by his ſon, another by his miſtreſs, another —

MICYLLUS.

O no more of it, for heaven's ſake; all this is terrible indeed; it is better, I find, to break one's back with mending ſhoes, than to drink hemlock and aconite out of a golden cup. If my knife ſlips, the worſt that can happen is, I may chance to cut my finger; whilſt they, according to your account, every time they eat, run the hazard of their lives, beſides a thouſand other misfortunes: when they fall, they are like the tragedy actors, your Cecrops's, Siſyphus's, and Telephus's, with their fine diadems, ivory-hilted ſwords, and embroidered robes; if their foot ſlips, and they fall down upon the ſtage, the audience laugh at them, to ſee their crowns cracked, their maſks broke, their heads ſtreaming with blood, and eſpecially if their legs appear naked, their own tattered garments are expoſed, and the buſk, in coming off, ſhews how ill it ſuited the foot that wore it. You ſee, my friend Cock, you have taught me to make ſimilies; but tell me now, when you were a dog, a horſe, a fiſh, or a frog, how did you like the transformation?

COCK.

To tell you all this, would take up too much time, and is, beſides, foreign to our preſent purpoſe; ſuffice it to ſay, that upon the whole, every

* *The king alone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. x. l. 13.

† *Clearchus.*] See Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thouſand.

‡ *Alexander.*] See Quintus Curtius.

one

one of thoſe lives is much more quiet and agreeable than that of men, as their deſires are confined within the bounds of nature. Amongſt them, you never hear of an uſurious horſe, a back-biting frog, a ſophiſtical jay, a pimping cock, or any of thoſe vicious and abandoned characters, ſo common amongſt you.

MICYLLUS.

That I am afraid is but too true. My own weakneſs, I will fairly confeſs to you; never have I yet been able to ſhake off that deſire of growing rich, which I have had from a boy: the dream is ſtill before my eyes, and the gold that I ſaw in it; I am vexed above all, at that raſcal Simo, who lives in ſuch ſplendour.

COCK.

I will cure you of that preſently: come, it is dark yet, get up and follow me; I will carry you to that very Simo, and to the houſes of ſome more rich men, that you may judge of their condition.

MICYLLUS.

How are we to do that, when the doors are ſhut; muſt I break through the walls?

COCK.

By no means; but Mercury, one of whoſe prieſts I am, has granted me this privilege: let but any one take hold of the long feather in my tail, which, you may obſerve, is bent a little——

MICYLLUS.

You have two of them.

COCK.

That I mean on your right hand; if I give it to any body, he * can open every door with it, can ſee every thing, and not be ſeen.

MICYLLUS.

I did not know before, my good Cock, that you were a conjurer: give me the feather, however, and I will ſoon bring maſter Simo's treaſures here, and reduce him to his old trade of a cobler.

COCK.

That would not be quite fair; beſides that Mercury has enjoined me, if

* *Can open.*] This circumſtance of the Cock's feather is whimſical and ingenious. Le Sage ſeems to have had it in his eye in his Diable Boiteux, where he makes uſe of a ſimilar contrivance: Perhaps, indeed, the whole nocturnal expedition in that excellent romance, may owe its riſe to the hint here given by Lucian.

he

he whom I lend the feather to, does any ſuch thing, to crow, and raiſe the houſe upon him.

MICYLLUS.

It is ſcarce probable that Mercury, who is a thief himſelf, ſhould be thus ſevere againſt thieves: let us go, however, I will keep my hands off from the gold, if I can.

COCK.

Firſt pluck out the feather: how is this! you have got them both.

MICYLLUS.

We ſhall be ſo much the more ſafe; beſides, you look better now, if I had taken but one, you would have hopped on the other ſide.

COCK.

Well! be it ſo: ſhall we go to Simo firſt, or ſome other rich fellow?

MICYLLUS.

O by all means to Simo, the * four-ſyllable gentleman, and here we are at his door: what ſhall I do now?

COCK.

Put the feather in at the key-hole.

MICYLLUS.

There. O Hercules, the door is open as if I had unlocked it.

COCK.

Go on; yonder he is, don't you ſee him there upon the watch, and caſting up his accounts?

MICYLLUS.

Yes, now I ſee him ſitting by a dim lamp with ſcarce any oil in it: he looks very pale and wan, eat up, I ſuppoſe, with care, for I never heard of his being ill.

COCK.

Huſh: let us liſten a little, and we ſhall know what is the matter with him.

SIMO.

So: theſe ſeventy talents I have ſtowed ſafely under the bed, and nobody by; but the other ſixteen, I am afraid, Soſylus the groom ſaw me hide below the manger: that fellow is always about the ſtable, which he never uſed to be, for he does not love work. I am ſure I have been robbed of a great deal more than this; elſe, how could Tibius get ſo much good ſalt-fiſh for

* *Four ſyllable.*] Alluding to the changing of his name from Simo to Simonides, mentioned a little before.

dinner

dinner yeſterday? I am told, too, that he brought an ear-ring for his wife that coſt five drachmas; theſe wretches ſpend all my ſubſtance, to ſupport their luxury and extravagance. I wiſh ſomebody does not undermine the wall, and ſteal my money: there are a great many envious rogues that lay wait for me, particularly my neighbour Micyllus.

MICYLLUS.

What! you think I am like yourſelf, and have got one of your * pans under my coat.

COCK.

Softly, Micyllus, or we ſhall be caught preſently.

SIMO.

I had better not venture to go to ſleep: I will get up and look all over the houſe. Who's there? aye, I ſee you digging under the wall; O, it is only the pillar, all is ſafe. Stay, I will count my gold over again, perhaps I may have made a miſtake. Hark! another noiſe; I am beſieged; there is a conſpiracy againſt me; where is my dagger? if I catch them—I will e'en bury my gold again.

COCK.

You ſee what a condition Simo is in: but come, the night is not yet ſpent; let us go to ſomebody elſe.

MICYLLUS.

Poor wretch! what a life does he lead! thus may my worſt of foes grow rich! let us give him a ſlap on the face, and go off.

SIMO.

Who is that ſtrikes me? thieves, thieves, I am ruined and undone.

MICYLLUS.

Aye, aye, watch and weep; fret till you look as yellow as the gold you hang over. Now, ſuppoſe we make a viſit to Gnipho the uſurer, he lives but juſt by, ſee, the door is open.

COCK.

Look, there he is, telling his ill-gotten riches upon his fingers, ſhrivelled up with care; ſoon muſt he leave all this, to become a gnat, a moth, or a fly.

MICYLLUS.

I ſee the poor wretch; he lives a worſe life now than either of them; his calculations have worn him to nothing. Let us go ſomewhere elſe.

* *Pans.*] Alluding to Simo's having ſtolen one of the Cobler's pans, as mentioned in the beginning of this dialogue.

COCK.

COCK.

To Eucrates, if you will; and look, the door is open. Let us go in.

MICYLLUS.

* All that was mine but a little while ago.

COCK.

What! ſtill dreaming of your riches! there is Eucrates in bed with one of his ſervants, an old fellow too.

MICYLLUS.

I behold a ſcene of luſt and debauchery; in another bed is his wife diverting herſelf with the cook.

COCK.

And now, Micyllus, would you wiſh to inherit every thing that belonged to Eucrates; vices, diſtempers, and all together?

MICYLLUS.

No; I had rather ſtarve: farewel to gold and luxury. Sooner would I wiſh, that I had but two oboli in the world, than have my walls undermined by a parcel of raſcally ſervants.

COCK.

Come, it is almoſt morning, let us go home; you ſhall ſee more of this another time.

* *All that, &c.*] Alluding to Micyllus's dream, as above.

ICARO-MENIPPUS.

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue, *which is alſo called by the Commentators* Ὑπερνεφελος, *or*, Above the Clouds, *has a great deal of eaſy Wit and Humour in it, without the leaſt Degree of Stiffneſs or Obſcurity; it is equally ſevere on the Gods and Philoſophers; and paints, in the warmeſt Colours, the glaring Abſurdity of the whole Pagan Syſtem.*

MENIPPUS AND A FRIEND.

MENIPPUS.

THREE thouſand * ſtadia from the earth to the moon, my firſt reſting-place; from thence up to the ſun about five hundred paraſanga; and from the ſun to the higheſt heaven, and the palace of Jupiter, as far as a ſwift eagle could fly in a day.

FRIEND.

What are you muttering to yourſelf, Menippus, talking about the ſtars, and pretending to meaſure diſtances? As I walk behind you, I hear of nothing but ſuns, and moons, paraſangas, ſtations, and I know not what.

MENIPPUS.

Marvel not, my friend, if I utter things aerial and ſublime; for I am recounting the wonders of my late journey.

FRIEND.

What! tracing your road by the ſtars, as the † Phœnicians do!

* *Stadia.*] The ancient Greek ſtadium is ſuppoſed to have contained an hundred and twenty-five geometrical paces, or ſix hundred and twenty-five Roman feet, correſponding to our furlong. Eight ſtadia make a geometrical, or Italian mile; and twenty, according to Dacier, a French league. It is obſerved, notwithſtanding, by Guilletiere, a famous French writer, that the ſtadium was only ſix hundred Athenian feet, ſix hundred and four Engliſh feet, or a hundred and three geometrical paces.

The Greeks meaſured all their diſtances by ſtadia, which, after all we can diſcover concerning them, are different in different times and places.

† *Phœnicians.*] The Phœnicians, it is ſuppoſed, were the firſt ſailors, and ſteered their courſe according to the appearance of the ſtars.

MENIPPUS.

Not ſo, by Jove! I have been amongſt the ſtars themſelves.

FRIEND.

You muſt have had a long dream, indeed, to travel ſo many leagues in it.

MENIPPUS.

It is no dream, I aſſure you; I am juſt arrived from Jupiter.

FRIEND.

How, ſay you? Menippus, let down from heaven?

MENIPPUS.

Even ſo: this moment come from thence, where I have ſeen and heard things moſt ſtrange and miraculous. If you doubt the truth of them, the happier ſhall I be to have ſeen what is paſt belief.

FRIEND.

How is it poſſible, moſt heavenly and divine Menippus, that a mere mortal, like me, ſhould diſpute the veracity of one who has been carried above the clouds; one, to ſpeak in the language of Homer, of the * inhabitants of heaven. But inform me, I beſeech you, which way you got up, and how you procured ſo many ladders: for, by your appearance, I ſhould not take you for another † Phrygian boy, to be carried up by an eagle, and made a cup-bearer of.

MENIPPUS.

You are an old ſcoffer I know, and therefore I am not ſurpriſed that an account of things, above the comprehenſions of the vulgar, ſhould appear like a fable to you: but, let me tell you, I wanted no ladders, nor an eagle's beak to tranſport me thither; for I had wings of my own.

FRIEND.

This was beyond Dædalus himſelf, to be metamorphoſed thus into a hawk, or jay, and we know nothing of it.

MENIPPUS.

You are not far from the mark, my friend; for my wings were a kind of Dædalian contrivance.

* *Inhabitants.*] Greek, ερανιων, cælicolæ, Homer's general name for the gods.

† *Phrygian boy.*] Ganymede, whom Jupiter fell in love with, as he was hunting on mount Ida, and turning himſelf into an eagle, carried up with him to heaven. I am ſure, ſays Menippus's friend, archly enough, you were not carried up there, like Ganymede, for your beauty.

FRIEND.

Thou art a bold rogue, indeed, and meant, no doubt, if you had chanced to fall into any part of the ocean, to have called it, as * Icarus did, by your own name, and ſtyled it the Menippean Sea.

MENIPPUS.

Not ſo; his wings were glued on with wax, and when the ſun melted it, could not eſcape falling; but mine had no wax in them.

FRIEND.

Indeed! now ſhall I quickly know the truth of this affair.

MENIPPUS.

You ſhall: I took, you muſt know, a very large † eagle, and a vultur alſo, one of the ſtrongeſt I could get, and cut off their wings: but, if you have leiſure, I will tell you the whole expedition from beginning to end.

FRIEND.

Pray do; for I long to hear it: by Jove the Friendly, I intreat thee, keep me no longer in ſuſpence; for I am hung by the ears.

MENIPPUS.

Liſten then; for I would by no means baulk an inquiſitive friend, eſpecially one who is nailed by the ears, as you are. Finding, on a cloſe examination, that every thing here below, ſuch as riches, honours, empire, and dominion were all ridiculous and abſurd, of no real value or eſtimation, conſidering them, withal, as ſo many obſtacles to the ſtudy of things more worthy of contemplation, I looked up towards nobler objects, and meditated on the great univerſe before me: doubts immediately aroſe concerning what philoſophers call the world; nor could I diſcover how it came into exiſtence, its creator, the beginning, or the end of it. When I deſcended to its ſeveral parts, I was ſtill more in the dark: I beheld the ſtars, ſcattered as it were, by the hand of chance, over the heavens; I ſaw the ſun, and wiſhed to know what it was: above all, the nature of the moon appeared to me moſt wonderful and extraordinary; the diverſity of its forms pointed out ſome hidden cauſe, which I could not account for; the lightning alſo, which

* *Icarus.*] Icarus Icariis nomina fecit aquis.

The ſtory is too well known to ſtand in need of any illuſtration. This accounts for the title of Icaro-Menippus.

† *Eagle.*] See biſhop Wilkins's Art of Flying, where this ingenious contrivance of Menippus's is greatly improved upon. For a humourous detail of the many advantages attending this noble art, I refer my readers to the Spectator.

pierces

pierces through every thing, the impetuous thunder, the * rain, hail, and ſnow, all raiſed my admiration, and ſeemed inexplicable to human reaſon. In this ſituation of mind, the beſt thing I thought which I could poſſibly do, was to conſult the philoſophers; they, I made no doubt, were acquainted with the truth, and could impart it to me: ſelecting, therefore, the beſt of them, as well as I could judge from the paleneſs and ſeverity of their countenances, and the length of their beards (for they ſeemed all to be high-ſpeaking and heavenly-minded men); into the hands of theſe I entirely reſigned myſelf, and partly by ready money, partly by the promiſe of more, when they had made me completely wiſe, I engaged them to teach me the perfect knowlege of the univerſe, and how to talk on ſublime ſubjects; but ſo far were they from removing my ignorance, that they only threw me into greater doubt and uncertainty, by puzzling me with atoms, vacuums, beginnings, ends, ideas, forms, and ſo forth: and the worſt of all was, that though none agreed with the reſt, in what they advanced, but were all of contrary opinions, yet did every one of them expect that I ſhould implicitly embrace his tenets, and ſubſcribe to his doctrine.

FRIEND.

It is aſtoniſhing that ſuch wiſe men ſhould diſagree, and, with regard to the ſame things, ſhould not all be of the ſame opinion.

MENIPPUS.

You will laugh, my friend, when I ſhall tell you of their pride and impudence in the relation of extraordinary events; to think that men, who creep upon this earth, and are not a whit wiſer, or can ſee farther than ourſelves, ſome of them old, blind, and lazy, ſhould pretend to know the limits and extent of heaven, meaſure the ſun's circuit, and walk above the moon; that they ſhould tell us the ſize and form of the ſtars, as if they were juſt come down from them; that thoſe, who ſcarcely know how many furlongs it is from Athens to Megara, ſhould inform you exactly how many cubits diſtance the ſun is from the moon, ſhould mark out the height of the air, and the depth of the ſea, deſcribe circles, from ſquares upon tri-

* *Rain, hail, &c.*] Even Lucian's Menippus, we ſee, could not reflect on the works of God without admiration; but with how much more dignity are they conſidered by the holy Pſalmiſt!

"O praiſe the Lord of heaven, praiſe him in the height. Praiſe him, ſun and moon, praiſe him all ye ſtars; praiſe the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, ſnow and vapours, wind and ſtorm fulfilling his word." Pſal. cxlviii.

angles,

angles, make ſpheres, and determine the length and breadth of heaven itſelf: is it not to the laſt degree impudent and audacious? When they talk of things thus obſcure and unintelligible, not merely to offer their opinions as conjectures, but boldly to urge and inſiſt upon them: to do every thing but ſwear, that the * ſun is a maſs of liquid fire, that the moon is inhabited, that the ſtars drink water, and that the ſun draws up the moiſture from the ſea, as with a well-rope, and diſtributes his draught over the whole creation? How little they agree upon any one thing, and what a variety of tenets they embrace, is but too evident; for firſt, with regard to the world, their opinions are totally different; ſome affirm that it hath neither beginning nor end; ſome, whom I cannot but admire, point out to us the manner of its conſtruction, and the maker of it, a ſupreme deity, whom they worſhip as creator of the univerſe; but they have not told us whence he came, nor where he exiſts; neither, before the formation of this world, can we have any idea of time or place.

FRIEND.

Theſe are, indeed, bold and preſumptuous diviners.

MENIPPUS.

But what would you ſay, my dear friend, were you to hear them diſputing concerning † ideal and incorporeal ſubſtances, and talking about finite and infinite? for this is a principal matter of contention between them; ſome confining all things within certain limits, others preſcribing none: ſome aſſert that there are ‡ many worlds, and laugh at thoſe who affirm there is but one; whilſt § another, no man of peace, gravely aſſures us that war is the original parent of all things. Need I mention to you their ſtrange opinions

* *The ſun is, &c.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, one of the Ionic philoſophers, born at Clazomene, in the firſt year of the ſeventieth Olympiad. See Plutarch and Diogenes Laert.

† *Ideal.*] Alluding to the doctrines of Plato and Ariſtotle.

‡ *Many worlds,*] This was the opinion of Democritus, who held that there were infinite worlds in infinite ſpace, according to all circumſtances, ſome of which are not only like to one another, but every way ſo perfectly and abſolutely equal, that there is no difference betwixt them. See Plutarch and Tully, Queſt. Acad.

§ *Another.*] Empedocles, of Agrigentum, a Pythagorean; he held that there are two principal powers in nature, amity and diſcord, and that

Sometimes, by friendſhip, all are knit in one,
Sometimes, by diſcord, ſever'd and undone.

See Stanley's Lives of the Philoſophers, page 432.

concerning

concerning the deities? One ſays, that * Number is a god; others ſwear by † Dogs, Geeſe, and Plane-trees: ſome give the rule of every thing to one god alone, and take away all power from the reſt, a ſcarcity of deities which I could not well brook: others more liberal, increaſed the number of gods, and gave to each his ſeparate province and employment, calling one the firſt, and alloting to others the ſecond or third rank of divinity. Some held that gods were incorporeal, and without form; others ſuppoſed him to have a body. It was by no means univerſally acknowleged that the gods took cognisance of human affairs; ſome there were who exempted them from all care and ſolicitude, as we exonerate our old men from buſineſs and trouble; bringing them in like ſo many mute attendants on the ſtage. There are ſome too, who go beyond all this, and deny that there are any gods at all, but aſſert that the world is left without any guide or maſter.

I could not tell how to refuſe my aſſent to theſe high-ſounding and long-bearded gentlemen, and yet could find no argument amongſt them all, that had not been refuted by ſome or other of them; often was I on the point of giving credit to one, when, as Homer ſays,

‡ To other thoughts,
My heart inclin'd.

The only way, therefore, to put an end to all my doubts, was, I thought, to make a bird of myſelf, and fly up to heaven: this my own eager deſires

* *Number.*] Alluding to the doctrine of Pythagoras, according to whom, number is the principle moſt providential of all heaven and earth, the root of divine beings, of gods and dæmons, the fountain and root of all things; that which, before all things, exiſts in the divine mind, from which, and out of which, all things are digeſted into order, and remain numbered by an indiſſoluble ſeries. The whole ſyſtem of the Pythagoreans is at large explained and illuſtrated by Stanley. See his Lives of Philoſophers, page 377.

† *Dogs, Geeſe, &c.*] See our author's Auction of Lives, where Socrates ſwears by the Dog and the Plane-tree.

This was called the ορκος Ραδαμανθιὸς, or oath of Rhadamanthus, who, as Porphyry informs us, made a law that men ſhould ſwear, if they needs muſt ſwear, by geeſe, dogs, &c. ὑπερ πȣ μη τȣς θεȣς επι πασινονοριαζεω, that they might not, on every trifling occaſion, call in the name of the gods; this is a kind of religious reaſon, the cuſtom was therefore, Porphyry tells us, adopted by the wiſe and pious Socrates. Lucian, however, who laughs at every thing here (as well as the place above quoted), ridicules him for it.

‡ *To other, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, book ix. l. 302. Pope tranſlates it badly,

—— Wiſdom held my hand.

Homer ſays nothing but—my mind chang'd.

repreſented

repreſented as probable, and the fable-writer * Æſop confirmed it, who carries up, not only his eagles, but his beetles, and camels thither. To make wings for myſelf, was impoſſible, but to fit thoſe of a vultur and an eagle to my body, might, I imagined, anſwer the ſame purpoſe. I reſolved, therefore, to try the experiment, and cut off the right wing of one, and the left of the other; bound them on with thongs, and at the extremities made loops for my hands; then raiſing myſelf by degrees, juſt ſkimmed above the ground, like the geeſe. When finding my project ſucceed, I made a bold puſh, got upon the † Acropolis, and from thence ſlid down to the theatre. Having got ſo far without danger or difficulty, I began to meditate greater things, and ſetting off from ‡ Parnethes or Hymettus, flew to § Geranea, and from thence to the top of the tower at Corinth, from thence over || Pholoe and Erymanthus, quite to Taygetus. And now, reſolving to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, as I was already become a high flyer, and perfect in my art, I no longer confined myſelf to chicken flights, but getting upon Olympus, and taking a little light proviſion with me, I made the beſt of my way directly towards heaven: the extreme height which I ſoared to brought on a giddineſs at firſt, but this ſoon went off: and when I got as far as the moon, having left a number of clouds behind me, I found a wearineſs, particularly in my vultur wing; I halted, therefore, to reſt myſelf a little, and looking down from thence upon the earth, like Homer's Jupiter, beheld the places

> ¶ Where the brave Mycians prove their martial force,
> And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
> Then India, Perſia, and all-conqu'ring Greece.

which gave me wonderful pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

* *Æſop.*] One of the fables here alluded to is yet extant amongſt thoſe aſcribed to Æſop, but that concerning the camel I never met with.

† *Acropolis.*] That part of Athens which was called the upper city, in oppoſition to the κατωπολις, or lower city: the Acropolis was on the top of a high rock.

‡ *Parnethes or Hymittus*] Mountains near Athens.

§ *Geranea.*] A mountain between Geranea and Corinth.

|| *Pholoe, &c.*] A high mountain in Arcadia, to the weſt of Elis: Erymanthus, another, bordering upon Achaia. Taygetus, another, reaching northwards, to the foot of the mountains of Arcadia.

¶ *Where, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 4.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Let me have an exact account of all your travels, I beſeech you, omit not the leaſt particular, but give me your obſervations upon every thing; I expect to hear a great deal about the form and figure of the earth, and how it all appeared to you from ſuch an eminence.

MENIPPUS.

And ſo you ſhall; aſcend, therefore, in imagination with me to the moon, and conſider the ſituation and appearance of the earth from thence: ſuppoſe it to ſeem, as it did to me, much leſs than the moon, inſomuch, that when I firſt looked down, I could not find the high mountains, and the great ſea; and, if it had not been for the * Rhodian Coloſſus, and the tower of Pharos, ſhould not have known where the earth ſtood. At length, however, by the reflection of the ſun-beams, the ocean appeared, and ſhewed me the land, when, keeping my eyes fixed upon it, I beheld clearly and diſtinctly every thing that was doing upon earth, not only whole nations and cities, but all the inhabitants of them, whether waging war, cultivating their fields, trying cauſes, or any thing elſe; their women, animals, every thing, in ſhort, was before me.

FRIEND.

Moſt improbable, all this, and contradictory; you told me but juſt before, that the earth was ſo little by its great diſtance, that you could ſcarce find it, and, if it had not been for the Coloſſus, would not have appeared at all; and now, on a ſudden, like another Lynceus, you can ſpy out men, trees, animals, nay, I ſuppoſe, even a fleas neſt, if you choſe it.

MENIPPUS.

I thank you for putting me in mind of what I had forgot to mention. When I beheld the earth, but could not diſtinguiſh the objects upon it, on account of the immenſe diſtance, I was horribly vexed at it, and ready to cry, when, on a ſudden, † Empedocles the philoſopher ſtood behind me, all over aſhes, as black as a coal, and dreadfully ſcorched: when I ſaw him,

* *Rhodian Coloſſus.*] See note on this in a former dialogue.

† *Empedocles.*] It is reported of Empedocles, that he went to Ætna, where he leaped into the fire, that he might leave behind him an opinion that he was a god, and that it was afterwards diſcovered by one of his ſandals, which the fire caſt up again, for his ſandals were of braſs. See Stanley's Lives of the Philoſophers. The manner of his death is related differently by different authors. This was, however, the generally received fable. Lucian, with an equal degree of probability, carries him up to the moon.

I muſt own I was frightened, and took him for ſome dæmon of the moon; but he came up to me, and cried out, "Menippus, don't be afraid,

* I am no god, why call'ſt thou me divine?

I am Empedocles the naturaliſt: after I had leaped into the furnace, a vapour from Ætna, carried me up hither, and here I live in the moon, and feed upon dew: I am come to free you from your preſent diſtreſs." "You are very kind, ſaid I, moſt noble Empedocles, and when I fly back to Greece, I ſhall not forget to pay my devotions to you in the tunnel of my chimney every new moon." "Think not, replied he, that I do this for the ſake of any reward I might expect for it; by † Endymion, that is not the caſe, but I was really grieved to ſee you ſo uneaſy: and now, how ſhall we contrive to make you ſee clear?" "That, by Jove, ſaid I, I cannot gueſs, unleſs you can take off this miſt from my eyes, for they are horribly dim at preſent; you have brought the remedy along with you." "How ſo!"—"Have you not got an eagle's wing?"—"True, but what has that to do with an eye?"—"An eagle, you know, is more ſharp-ſighted than any other creature, and the only one that can look againſt the ſun: your true royal bird is known by never winking at the rays, be they ever ſo ſtrong."—"So I have heard, and I am ſorry I did not, before I came up, take out my own eyes and put in the eagle's; thus imperfect, to be ſure, I am not royally furniſhed, but a kind of baſtard bird."—"You may have one royal eye, for all that, if you pleaſe; it is only when you riſe up to fly, holding the vultur's wing ſtill, and moving the eagle's only; by which means, you will ſee clearly with one, though not at all with the other."—"That will do, and is ſufficient for me; I have often ſeen ſmiths, and other artiſts, look with one eye only, to make their work the truer." This converſation ended, Empedocles vaniſhed into ſmoke, and I ſaw no more of him. I acted as he adviſed me, and no ſooner moved my eagle's wing, than a great light came all around me, and I ſaw every thing as clear as poſſible: looking down to earth, I beheld diſtinctly cities and men, and every thing that paſſed amongſt them; not only what they did openly, but whatever was going on at home, and in their own houſes, where they thought to conceal it. I ſaw ‡ Ptolemy committing inceſt with his

* *I am, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, b. xvi. l. 187. The ſpeech of Ulyſſes to his ſon, on the diſcovery.

† *By Endymion.*] When Empedocles is got into the moon, Lucian makes him ſwear by Endymion, in complement to his ſovereign lady.

‡ *Ptolemy*] Euergetes. According to Herodian, he afterwards married her.

ſiſter,

ſiſter; Lyſimachus betrayed by his * ſon; Antiochus intriguing with his † mother-in-law; Alexander the Theſſalian, ſlain by his wife; ‡ Antigonus in adultery with his daughter-in-law; and Attalus poiſoned by his ſon: in another place, I ſaw Arſaces killing his wife, and the eunuch Arbaces drawing his ſword upon Arſaces; Spartim, the Mede, dragged by the heels from the banquet by his guards, and knocked o' the head with a cup. In the palaces of Scythia and Thrace, the ſame wickedneſs was going forward; and nothing could I ſee but murtherers, adulterers, conſpirators, raviſhers, falſe-ſwearers, men in perpetual terrors, and betrayed by their deareſt friends and acquaintance.

Such was the employment of kings and great men: in private houſes there was ſomething more ridiculous; there I ſaw Hermodorus the Epicurean forſwearing himſelf for a thouſand drachmas; Agathocles the Stoic quarreling with his diſciples about the ſalary for tuition; Clinias the orator ſtealing a phial out of the temple; and Herophilus the Cynic ſleeping in a bawdy-houſe: not to mention a thouſand others, who were undermining walls, litigating in the forum, extorting money, or lending it upon uſury; a ſight, upon the whole, of wonderful variety.

FRIEND.

It muſt have been very entertaining; let us have it all, I deſire.

MENIPPUS.

I had much ado to ſee, to relate it to you is impoſſible; it was like Homer's § ſhield, on one ſide were feaſting and nuptials, on the other haranguing and decrees; here a ſacrifice, and there a burial; the Getæ at war, the Scythians travelling in their caravans, the Ægyptians tilling their fields, the Phœnicians merchandizing, the Cilicians robbing and plundering, the Spartans flogging their children, and the Athenians perpetually quarreling and going to law with one another.

When all this was doing, at the ſame time, you may conceive what a ſtrange medley this appeared to me; it was juſt as if a number of dancers, or

* *Son.*] Agathocles.

† *Mother-in-law.*] Stratonice.

‡ *Antigonus.*] I do not remember to have met with this ſtory in any author, nor can the commentators inform us who this Antigonus was; two or three other private hiſtories are here alluded to, which, at this diſtance of time, we are unacquainted with, though the facts were probably at that time well known, and remembered by every body.

§ *Shield.*] Of Achilles. See the 18th book of the Iliad.

rather ſingers were met together, and every one was ordered to leave the chorus, and ſing his own ſong, each ſtriving to drown the others voice, by bawling as loud as he could; you may imagine what kind of a concert this would make.

FRIEND.

Truly ridiculous and confuſed no doubt.

MENIPPUS.

And yet * ſuch, my friend, are all the poor performers upon earth, and of ſuch is compoſed the diſcordant muſic of human life; the voices not only diſſonant and inharmonious, but the forms and habits all differing from each other, moving in various directions, and agreeing in nothing, till at length the great † maſter of the choir drives every one of them from the ſtage, and tells him he is no longer wanted there; then all are ſilent, and no longer diſturb each other with their harſh and jarring diſcord. But in this wide and extenſive theatre, full of various ſhapes and forms, every thing was matter of laughter and ridicule: above all, I could not help ſmiling at thoſe who quarrel about the boundaries of their little territory, and fancy themſelves great becauſe they occupy a ‡ Sicyonian field, or poſſeſs that part of Marathon which borders on Oenoe, or are maſters of a thouſand acres in Acharnæ; when, after all, to me, who looked from above, Greece was but four fingers in breadth, and Attica a very ſmall portion of it indeed. I could not but think how little theſe rich men had to be proud of; he who was lord of the moſt extenſive country owned a ſpot that appeared to me about as large as one of Epicurus's atoms. When I looked down upon Peloponneſus, and beheld § Cynuria, I reflected with aſtoniſhment on the number of Argives and Lacedæmonians who fell in one day, fighting for a piece of land no bigger than an Ægyptian lentile; and when I ſaw a man brooding over his gold, and boaſting that he had got four cups or eight rings, I laughed moſt heartily

* *Such my friend, &c.*] How juſt and elegant is this compariſon!

† *Maſter.*] Greek, ὁ χορηγος.

‡ *Sicyonian*] Sicyon was a city near Corinth, famous for the richneſs and felicity of its ſoil.

§ *Cynuria*] The famous Ager Cynurius, a little diſtrict of Laconia, on the confines of Argolis; the Argives and Spartans, whom it laid between, agreed to decide the property of it by three hundred men of a ſide in the field: the battle was bloody and deſperate, only one man remaining alive, Othryades, the Lacedæmonian, who immediately, though covered with wounds, raiſed a trophy, which he inſcribed with his own blood, to Jupiter Tropæus. This victory the Spartans, who from that time had quiet poſſeſſion of the field, yearly celebrated with a feſtival, to commemorate the event.

at

at him: whilſt the whole || Pangæus, with all its mines, ſeemed no larger than a grain of millet.

FRIEND.

A fine ſight you muſt have had; but how did the cities and the men look?

MENIPPUS.

You have often ſeen a croud of ants running to and fro in and out of their city, ſome turning up a bit of dung, others dragging a bean-ſhell, or running away with half a grain of wheat. I make no doubt but they have architects, demagogues, ſenators, muſicians, and philoſophers amongſt them. Men, my friend, are exactly like theſe: if you approve not of the compariſon, recollect, if you pleaſe, the ancient Theſſalian fables, and you will find that the * Myrmidons, a moſt warlike nation, ſprung originally from piſmires.

When I had thus ſeen and diverted myſelf with every thing, I ſhook my wings, and flew off,

† To join the ſacred ſenate of the ſkies.

Scarce had I gone a furlong, when the Moon, in a ſoft female voice, cried out to me, "Menippus, will you carry ſomething for me to Jupiter, ſo may your journey be proſperous." "With all my heart, ſaid I, if it is nothing very heavy." "Only a meſſage, replied ſhe, a ſmall petition to him: my patience is abſolutely worn out by the philoſophers, who are perpetually diſputing about me, who I am, of what ſize, how it happens that I am ſometimes round and full, at others cut in half, ſome ſay I am inhabited, others that I am only a looking-glaſs hanging over the ſea, and a hundred conjectures of this kind; even my ‡ light, they ſay, is none of my own,

|| *Pangæus.*] A mountain of Thrace. Dion Caſſius places it near Philippi. It was ſuppoſed to have abounded in golden mines in ſome parts of it.

* *Myrmidons.*] When Æacus was king of Theſſaly, his kingdom was almoſt depopulated by a dreadful peſtilence; he prayed to Jupiter to avert the diſtemper, and dreamed that he ſaw an innumerable quantity of ants creep out of an old oak, which were immediately turned into men; when he awoke, the dream was fulfilled, and he found his kingdom more populous than ever; from that time the people were called Myrmidons. Such is the fable, which owed its riſe merely to the name of Myrmidons, which it was ſuppoſed muſt come from μυρμηξ, an ant, or piſmire —To ſome ſuch trifling circumſtances as theſe we are indebted for half the fables of antiquity.

† *To join, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 294.

‡ *My light.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, and is confirmed by the more accurate obſervations of modern philoſophy.

but

but ſtolen from the Sun; thus endeavouring to ſet me and my brother together by the ears, not content with abuſing him, and calling him a hot ſtone, and a maſs of fire. In the mean time, I am no ſtranger to what theſe men, who look ſo grave and ſower all day, are doing o'nights; but I ſee and ſay nothing, not thinking it decent to lay open their vile and abominable lives to the public; for when I catch them committing adultery, thieving, or practiſing any of their nocturnal tricks, I wrap myſelf up in a cloud, that I may not expoſe to the world a parcel of old fellows, who, in ſpite of their long beards, and profeſſions of virtue, are guilty of every vice, and yet they are always railing at and abuſing me. I ſwear by night, I have often reſolved to move farther off to get out of the reach of their buſy tongues; and I beg you would tell Jupiter that I cannot poſſibly ſtay here any longer, unleſs he will deſtroy theſe naturaliſts, ſtop the mouths of the logicians, throw down the Portico, burn the Academy, and make an end of the inhabitants of Peripatus; ſo may I enjoy at laſt a little reſt, which theſe fellows are perpetually diſturbing."—"It ſhall be done," ſaid I, and away I ſet out for heaven, where

* No tracks of beaſts, or ſigns of men are found.

In a little time the earth was inviſible, and the moon appeared very ſmall; and now, leaving the ſun on my right hand, I flew amongſt the ſtars, and on the third day reached my journey's end. At firſt I intended to fly in, juſt as I was, thinking, that being half an eagle, I ſhould not be diſcovered, as that bird was an old acquaintance of Jupiter's, but then it occurred to me that I might be found out by my vultur's wing, and laid hold on: deeming it, therefore, moſt prudent not to run the hazard, I went up, and knocked at the door: Mercury heard me, and aſking my name, went off immediately, and carried it to his maſter; ſoon after I was let in, and, trembling and quaking with fear, found all the gods ſitting together, and ſeemingly not a little alarmed at my appearance there, expecting, probably, that they ſhould ſoon have a number of winged mortals travelling up to them in the ſame manner: when Jupiter, looking at me with a moſt ſevere and † Titanic countenance, cried out,

* *No tracks, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book x. l. 113.

† *Titanic.*] i. e. Such a countenance as he put on when he ſlew the rebellious Titans.

Say

* Say who thou art, and whence thy country, name,
Thy parents ——

At this I thought I ſhould have died with fear; I ſtood motionleſs, and aſtoniſhed at the awfulneſs and majeſty of his voice; but recovering myſelf in a ſhort time, I related to him every thing from the beginning, how deſirous I was of knowing ſublime truths, how I went to the philoſophers, and hearing them contradict one another, and driven to deſpair, thought on the ſcheme of making me wings, with all that had happened in my journey quite up to heaven. I then delivered the meſſage to him from the Moon, at which, ſoftening his contracted brow, he ſmiled at me, and cried, "What were † Otus and Ephialtes in compariſon of Menippus, who has thus dared to fly up to heaven: but come, we now invite you to ſupper with us, to-morrow we will attend to your buſineſs, and diſmiſs you." At theſe words he roſe up and went to that part of heaven where every thing from below could be heard moſt diſtinctly; for this, it ſeems, was the time appointed to hear petitions. As we went along, he aſked me ſeveral queſtions about earthly matters; ſuch as, "How much corn is there at preſent in Greece? had you a hard winter laſt year? and did your cabbages want rain? is any of ‡ Phidias's family alive now? what is the reaſon that the Athenians have left off ſacrificing to me for ſo many years? do they think of building up the Olympian temple again? are the thieves taken that robbed the Dodonæan?" When I had anſwered all theſe, "Pray, Menippus, ſaid he, what does mankind really think of me?" "How ſhould they think of you, ſaid I, but with the utmoſt veneration, that you are the great ſovereign of the gods." "There you jeſt, ſaid he; I am ſure, I know well enough how fond they are

* *Say who, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, A. v. 170.

† *Otus,*] Otus and Ephialtes were two giants of an enormous ſize; ſome of the ancients, who, no doubt, were exact in their meaſurement, aſſure us that, at nine years old, they were nine cubits round, and thirty-ſix high, and grew in proportion, till they thought proper to attack, and endeavour to dethrone Jupiter; for which purpoſe they piled mount Oſſa and Pelion upon Olympus, made Mars priſoner, and played ſeveral tricks of this kind, till Diana, by artifice ſubdued them, contriving, ſome way or other, to make them ſhoot their arrows againſt, and deſtroy each other, after which Jupiter ſent them down to Tartarus. Some attribute to Apollo the honour of conquering them. This ſtory has been explained, and allegorized, and tortured ſo many different ways, that it is not eaſy to unravel the foundation of it.

‡ *Phidias's, &c*] Jupiter thought himſelf, we may ſuppoſe, much obliged to Phidias for the famous ſtatue which he had made of him, and therefore, in return, complaiſantly enquires after his family.

of

of novelty, though you will not own it: there was a time, indeed, when I was held in ſome eſtimation, when I was the great phyſician, when I was every thing, in ſhort,

* When ſtreets, and lanes, and all was full of Jove.

† Piſa and ‡ Dodona were diſtinguiſhed above every place, and I could not ſee for the ſmoke of ſacrifices; but, ſince Apollo has ſet up his oracle at Delphi, and Æſculapius practiſes phyſic at Pergamus; ſince temples have been erected to § Bendis at Thrace, to Anubis in Ægypt, and to Diana at Epheſus, every body runs after them; with them they feaſt, to them they offer up their hecatombs, and think it honour enough for a worn-out god as I am, if they ſacrifice once in ſix years at Olympia; whilſt my altars are as cold and neglected as || Plato's laws, or the ſyllogiſms of Chryſippus."

With this and ſuch-like chat we paſſed away the time, till we came to the place where the petitions were to be heard: here we found ſeveral holes, with covers to them, and cloſe to every one was placed a golden chair. Jupiter ſat down in the firſt he came to, and lifting up the lid, liſtened to the prayers, which, as you may ſuppoſe, were of various kinds; I ſtooped down and heard ſeveral of them myſelf; ſuch as, "O Jupiter, grant me a large empire!" "O Jupiter, may my leeks and onions flouriſh and increaſe." "Grant, Jupiter, that my father may die ſoon!" "Grant I may ſurvive my wife!" "Grant, I may not be diſcovered, whilſt I lay wait for my brother!" "Grant that I may get my cauſe!" "Grant that I may be crowned at Olympia!" One ſailor aſked for a north-wind, another for a ſouth; the huſbandman prayed for rain, and the fuller for ſun-ſhine: Jupiter heard them all, but did not promiſe every body,

† —— of ſome the juſt requeſt,
He heard propitious, and denied the reſt.

* *When ſtreets.*] From Aratus.

† *Piſa.*] A city of Elis, where there was a temple dedicated to Olympian Jupiter, and public games celebrated every fifth year.

‡ *Dodona.*] A city of Theſſaly, where there was a temple to Jove; this was likewiſe the ſeat of the famous oracle.

§ *Bendis.*] A goddeſs worſhipped in Thrace. Heſychius ſays this was only another name for Diana. See Strabo.

|| *Plato's laws.*] Alluding to his republic, which, probably, was conſidered by Lucian and others, as a kind of Utopian ſyſtem.

† *Of ſome, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 250.

Thoſe

Thoſe prayers which he thought right and proper he let up through the hole, and blew the wicked and fooliſh ones back, that they might not riſe to heaven: one petition, indeed, puzzled him a little; two men aſking favours of him, directly contrary to each other, at the ſame time, and promiſing the ſame ſacrifice; he was at a loſs which to oblige; he became immediately a perfect Academic, and, like * Pyrrho, was held in ſuſpenſe between them. When he had done with the prayers, he ſat down upon the next chair, over another hole, and liſtened to thoſe who were ſwearing and making vows: when he had finiſhed this buſineſs, and deſtroyed Hermodorus, the Epicurean, for perjury, he removed to the next ſeat, and gave audience to the auguries, oracles, and divinations; which having diſpatched, he proceeded to the hole that brought up the fume of the victims, together with the name of the ſacrificer. Then he gave out his orders to the winds and ſtorms: "Let there be rain to-day in Scythia, lightning in Africa, and ſnow in Greece; do you, Boreas, blow in Lydia, and, whilſt Notus lies ſtill, let the North wind raiſe the waves of the Adriatic, and about a thouſand meaſures of hail be ſprinkled over Cappadocia."

When Jupiter had done all his buſineſs, we repaired to the feaſt; for it was now ſupper-time, and Mercury bade me ſit down by Pan, the Corybantes, Attis, and Sabazius, a kind of demi-gods, who are admitted as viſitors there. Ceres ſerved us with bread, and Bacchus with wine; Hercules handed about the fleſh, Venus ſcattered myrtles, and Neptune brought us fiſh; not to mention that I got ſlyly a little nectar and ambroſia; for my friend Ganymede, out of good-nature, if he ſaw Jove looking another way, would frequently throw me in a cup or two. The greater gods, as † Homer tells us (who, I ſuppoſe, had ſeen them as well as myſelf), never taſte meat or wine, but feed upon ambroſia, and get drunk with nectar, at the ſame time their greateſt luxury is, inſtead of victuals, to ſuck in the fumes that riſe from the victims, and the blood of the ſacrifices that are offered up to them. Whilſt we were at ſupper, Apollo played on the harp, Silenus danced

* *Pyrrho.*] Of Elis, founder of the Sceptic ſect, who doubted of every thing. He flouriſhed about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

† *Homer tells us.*]

Ου γαρ σιτον εδουσ', α πινουσ' αιθοπα οινον.

—— Not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 425.

* a cordax, and the Muſes repeated Heſiod's Theogony, and the firſt Ode of Pindar. When theſe recreations were over, we all retired, tolerably † well-ſoaked, to bed,

‡ Now pleaſing reſt had ſeal'd each mortal eye,
And ev'n immortal gods in ſlumber lye,
All but myſelf ——

I could not help thinking of a thouſand things, and particularly how it came to paſs that, during ſo long a time § Apollo ſhould never have got him a beard; and how there came to be night in heaven, though the ſun is always preſent there, and feaſting with them. I ſlept a little, and early in the morning Jupiter ordered the crier to ſummon a council of the gods; and when they were all aſſembled, thus addreſſed himſelf to them.

" The ſtranger, who came here yeſterday, is the chief cauſe of my convening you this day. I have long wanted to talk with you concerning the philoſophers, and the complaints now ſent to us from the Moon make it immediately neceſſary to take the affair into conſideration: there is lately ſprung up a race of men, ſlothful, quarrelſome, vain-glorious, fooliſh, petulant, gluttonous, proud, abuſive, in ſhort, what Homer calls,

|| An idle burthen to the ground.

Theſe, dividing themſelves into ſects, run through all the labyrinths of diſputation, calling themſelves Stoics, Academics, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and a hundred other names ſtill more ridiculous; then wrapping themſelves up in the ſacred veil of virtue, they contract their brows, and let down their beards, under a ſpecious appearance hiding the moſt abandoned profligacy: like one of the players on the ſtage, if you ſtrip him of his fine habits wrought with gold, all that remains behind is a ridiculous ſpectacle of a little contemptible fellow, hired to appear there for ſeven drachmas: and yet theſe men deſpiſe every body, talk abſurdly of the gods, and drawing in a

* *Cordax.*] See Lucian on Dancing.

† *Well-ſoaked.*] Greek, ὑποβεβρεγμένοι.

‡ *Now pleaſing, &c.*] See the beginning of the ſecond book of the Iliad.

§ *Apollo.*] Apollo is always repreſented as imberbis, or without a beard, probably from a notion that Phœbus, or the ſun, muſt be always young.

|| *An idle, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xviii. l. 134.

number

number of credulous boys, roar to them in a tragical ſtyle about virtue, and enter into diſputations that are endleſs and unprofitable. To their diſciples they cry up fortitude and temperance, a contempt of riches and pleaſures, and, when alone, indulge in riot and debauchery. The moſt intolerable of all is, that though they contribute nothing towards the good and welfare of the community, though they are

* Unknown alike, in council and in field;

yet are they perpetually finding fault with, abuſing, and reviling others, and he is counted the greateſt amongſt them who is moſt impudent, noiſy, and malevolent; if one ſhould ſay to one of theſe fellows who ſpeak ill of every body, What ſervice are you of to the commonwealth? he would reply, if he ſpoke fairly and honeſtly, "To be a ſailor, or a ſoldier, or a huſbandman, or a mechanic, I think beneath me; but I can make a noiſe and look dirty, waſh myſelf in cold water, go bare-foot all winter, and then, like Momus, find fault with every body elſe: if any rich man ſups luxuriouſly, or keeps a miſtreſs, I rail at, and abuſe him; but if any of my friends or acquaintance fall ſick, and want my aſſiſtance, I take no notice of them.

"Such, my brother gods, are the † cattle which I complain of; and of all theſe the Epicureans are the worſt, who aſſert, that the gods take no care of human affairs, or look at all into them: it is high time, my brethren, that we ſhould take this matter into conſideration, for if once they can perſuade the people to believe theſe things, you muſt all ſtarve; for who will ſacrifice to you, when they can get nothing by it? What the Moon accuſes you of, you all heard yeſterday from the ſtranger; conſult, therefore, amongſt yourſelves, and determine what may beſt promote the happineſs of mankind, and our own ſecurity." When Jupiter had thus ſpoken, the aſſembly rung with repeated cries, of thunder, and lightning! burn, conſume, deſtroy! down with them into the pit, to Tartarus, and the giants! Jove, however, once more commanding ſilence, cried out, "It ſhall be done as you deſire; they and their philoſophy ſhall periſh together: but at preſent, no puniſhments muſt be inflicted; for theſe four months to come, as you all

* *Unknown, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 238.

† *Cattle.*] Greek, θρέμματα, what Virgil calls ignavum pecus.

know, it is a ſolemn feaſt, and I have declared a truce: next year, in the beginning of the ſpring, my lightning ſhall deſtroy them.

"As to Menippus, firſt cutting off his wings that he may not come here again; let Mercury carry him down to the earth."

Saying this, he broke up the aſſembly, and Mercury taking me up by my right ear, brought me down, and left me yeſterday evening in the Ceramicus. And now, my friend, you have heard every thing I had to tell you from heaven; I muſt take my leave, and carry this good news to the philoſophers, who are walking in the Pæcile.

THE

DOUBLE INDICTMENT,

A DIALOGUE.

This Title is taken from the latter part of the little Piece before us; where LUCIAN, *in a moſt ingenious Manner defends his own Method of Writing, againſt thoſe Critics who blamed him for leaving Oratory, Declamation, and Philoſophy, to ſport in the more pleaſing Walk of eaſy* Dialogue. *He ridicules the Logicians, laughs at the Epicureans, and diverts himſelf with the Platonic and Socratic Diſputants. The whole is full of excellent Satire, and ſenſible Reflections.*

JUPITER, MERCURY, JUSTICE, PAN, &c.

JUPITER.

A Plague on thoſe philoſophers, who ſay, that the gods alone enjoy true felicity! if they knew what troubles we go through for mankind, they would not call us happy, merely becauſe we have a little nectar and ambroſia, or place ſuch implicit faith in that blind impoſtor Homer, who tells ſuch ſtories of our bliſs above, and talks about things in heaven, when he cannot ſo much as ſee what paſſes upon earth. There is the poor Sun, clothed with fire, and ſhining with his rays, runs about all day in his chariot, from one end of heaven to the other, and has not leiſure, as they ſay, to ſcratch his ears; for, if he ſhould ſtop but a moment, the horſes would ſhake off their bridles, turn out of the way, and ſet every thing on fire. Then obſerve the Moon, how carefully ſhe takes her round to light topers that reel home late at night from ſupper. Then again, Apollo, who has taken a heavy taſk upon him, is almoſt ſtunned with the noiſe of thoſe that are calling upon him for divinations; now he is forced to go to Delphi, a little after he poſts to * Colophon, then, perhaps, croſſes † Xanthus, and runs away in his

* *Colophon.*] A city near Claros in Ionia, where there was an oracle of Apollo. Potter does not, I believe, mention it; though it is taken notice of by Philoſtratus, Porphyry, and Jamlichus.

† *Xanthus.*]

Qualis ubi libernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
Deſerit, ac delum maternam inviſit Apollo. Virg. Æn. iv. l. 143.

chariot to Claros, Delus, or the *Branchidæ; wherever, in ſhort, his prieſteſs, after drinking the ſacred liquor, put on his laurel, or moved the tripod, bids him go, away he muſt march to deliver his oracles, if he has any regard to the honour and glory of his art; not to mention the tricks which they play him to try his power, mixing lamb's fleſh and tortoiſe together; ſo that if he has not a ſharp noſe, to ſmell out the difference, the† Lydian will laugh him to ſcorn. Æſculapius too has enough to do with his patients, meets with many a diſagreeable ſight, taſte, and ſmell; and, in ſhort, is made unhappy himſelf, by the miſeries of others. Need I ſpeak of the Winds, who are conſtantly employed in nouriſhing plants, tranſporting veſſels, and breathing on the fields and meadows: Somnus alſo, who goes about viſiting every body, and carries his dreams and his oracles along with him. This, and a great deal more, are the gods obliged to do for the benefit and happineſs of mankind: but their trouble is nothing to mine. I, who am the king and father of them all, what hardſhips do I go through, and what cares am I diſtracted with! I muſt overlook all the reſt of the gods, and ſee that they do not neglect their buſineſs; beſides doing a hundred little things, ſo numerous and trifling, that there is no attending to them: for, after I have finiſhed my great matters, ſuch as diſpenſing hail, rain, winds, thunder and lightnings, ſtill I can have no quiet, but like the ‡ Nemean ſhepherd, muſt be always upon the watch, looking after thieves, falſe ſwearers, and ſacrifices, obſerving whoſe altars ſmoak, what ſailors and ſick men are ſending up their prayers to me: then, which is worſt of all, at one and the ſame time I muſt attend the hecatombs at Olympia, and the warriors at Babylon, ſend hail to the Getæ, and feaſt with the Æthiopians; and, after all, there is no eſcaping murmurs and complaints.

§ Th' immortals ſlumber on their thrones above,
All but the ever-wakeful eye of Jove.

For, if there is the leaſt neglect, Epicurus pronounces immediately, that we take no care of human affairs: and, let me tell you, if once men come to be-

* *Branchidæ.*] An oracle of Apollo, in the territory of Miletus: ſo called from the family of the prieſts.

† *The Lydian.*] Cræſus.

‡ *Nemean.*] i. e. as the ſhepherds inhabiting that territory muſt always have been, before Hercules was ſo kind as to ſlay the famous Nemean lion.

§ *Th' immortals, &c.*] See beginning of the ſecond book of the Iliad.

lieve

lieve this, we are in imminent danger; our temples will have no garlands, our cups will be empty, and our altars cold; we ſhall have no victims or ſacrifices, and famine muſt enſue: in the mean time, I ſtand like the captain of the veſſel, with the rudder in my hand, the mariners all drunk, or faſt aſleep, and only myſelf awake day and night without food or reſt;

* My heart is full of ſorrow, grief, and care,

And all I have for it is, the honour of being called Lord and Maſter. I would fain aſk theſe philoſophers who talk ſo much of our happineſs, what time they think we can have to enjoy our nectar and ambroſia, with ſo much buſineſs on our hands: for want of leiſure, I have now by me, I know not how many old books of cauſes, covered with ruſt and ſpider's webs, particularly between the profeſſors of arts and ſciences, which I have never been able to ſettle; theſe they are always calling upon me to decide, accuſing me of ſloth and indolence, not knowing that the delay is occaſioned not by neglect, but by that ſtate of felicity which I am ſuppoſed to live in; for ſo they chuſe to call my perpetual hurry and fatigue.

MERCURY.

I have often heard them complain, but never dared to tell you of it; but as you have mentioned the affair yourſelf, I may venture to inform you that they are very angry, and though they are afraid to ſpeak out, murmur and whiſper together, accuſing you of delay, when they ought to be thoroughly ſatisfied.

JUPITER.

What is to be done then, Mercury; ſhall we give them a hearing now, or put it off till next year?

MERCURY.

O by no means; let us have it immediately.

JUPITER.

Be it ſo then: do you fly down, and give out, that "whoever has any cauſe to try, muſt come forth to the Areopagus, Juſtice ſhall there appoint proper judges to determine; but if any one ſhall think himſelf aggrieved by the ſentence, he may appeal to me, and I will rejudge the cauſe." Go you, my † daughter, as aſſeſſor to the ‡ venerable goddeſſes, and preſide over the court.

* *My heart.*] See Iliad, b. ii. l. 3.
† *Daughter.*] Speaking to Juſtice.
‡ *Venerable, &c.*] The Furies.

JUSTICE.

Muſt I to earth again then? to be turned out once more, or bear the inſults of my rival?

JUPITER.

Hope better things; times are altered now, and the philoſophers have perſuaded men to prefer you to Injuſtice; eſpecially the divine Socrates, who has crowned you with the higheſt praiſe, and demonſtrated that you are the chief-good.

JUSTICE.

And of what ſervice was his encomium on me to the poor man himſelf, who was condemned by the * eleven, thrown into a goal, and forced to ſwallow poiſon, even before he had ſacrificed his cock to Æſculapius? ſo much more powerful were his accuſers, who philoſophiſed in favour of my adverſary.

JUPITER.

Philoſophy at that time was unknown amongſt the vulgar, and there were very few profeſſors of it; it was no wonder, therefore, that they ſhould liſten to † Anytus and Melitus: but now it is quite another thing; do not you obſerve how many cloaks, and clubs, and ſatchels there are about, long beards on every ſide, with books under their left arms, and all talking for you; one meets troops of philoſophers in every ſtreet, and not a man but is a diſciple, or a teacher of virtue; hundreds leave their occupations, and get themſelves ſcrips, and long cloaks, blacken their bodies, like Æthiops in the ſun, from coblers and blackſmiths, turn ‡ extempore philoſophers, and go about praiſing you and your virtues: as the proverb ſays, it is § eaſier for a man on board a ſhip to avoid touching wood, than, as we walk along, to eſcape meeting a philoſopher.

JUSTICE.

Theſe, father, are the very people I am moſt afraid of, for they are always diſputing about, and yet know nothing of me; in a word, they pretend to have a great veneration, but in fact have no regard for me, and will

* *The eleven.*] Magiſtrates, or perſons, who ſat as judges in the παρεδρειον, or court of juſtice; if the majority of theſe were againſt the criminal, he was convicted.

† *Anytus and Melitus.*] The accuſers of Socrates.

‡ *Extempore*] This is exactly the caſe with our modern enthuſiaſts, the Methodiſts of this age, who ſtep forth from ſtalls and counters, to teach religion, and abuſe the clergy.

§ *Eaſier.*] This puts us in mind of lady H——; who at the laſt creation of numerous peers, complained that ſhe could not ſpit out of her window into the Park, without daubing a lord.

not

not ſo much as admit me into their houſes, where my enemy, Injuſtice, has already met with a hearty welcome.

JUPITER.

They are not all ſo wicked: you will ſtill find ſome, my dear daughter, who are good and virtuous; but come, let us be gone, that we may do a little buſineſs to-day.

MERCURY.

Away, good Juſtice, towards Sunium; go along under Hymettus, and leave Parthene on your left, where the two mountains are; you ſeem to have forgot the way. How is this! crying and lamenting! never be afraid, child, this is quite a different age; the * Scyrons, and Pityocampti, and Buſiris's, and Phalaris's, whom you were ſo afraid of, are all dead and gone; Wiſdom now, and the Academy, and the Portico are all in all, they are looking for, and talking of you, waiting impatiently for your arrival.

JUSTICE.

You, Mercury, and you only can tell the truth, for you are often with them, both in the Forum, and the Gymnaſium; you are their herald and their crier, and therefore can beſt inform me what they are, and whether it is probable I can ſtay amongſt them.

MERCURY.

That you certainly may; unjuſt it would certainly be in me to deceive you; the generality of people are really much improved by philoſophy; from a regard to external appearances, they at leaſt ſin with more decency; though, to ſay the truth, you will meet with many profligate enough, and with ſome that are but half-wiſe, and half-wicked: when Philoſophy firſt took them in hand, as many as heartily imbibed the tincture which ſhe gave, changed their colour, and became perfectly good; theſe are all fond of, and ready to receive you: thoſe who, from the dirt and filth they had formerly contracted, could not take in enough of her ſalutary medicine, were better than many others, but ſtill weak and imperfect, ſtill ſpotted, like leopards, with vice and folly; and ſome there are, who only † touching the veſſel it was prepared in, thought they had done enough. You,

* *Scyrons, &c.*] Ruffians, who robbed and plundered in Attica, and were deſtroyed by Theſeus.

† *Touching*] Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. Hor.

however, will have nothing to do but with the beſt of them: but ſee, we are already got to Attica; we muſt leave Sunium, therefore, on our left, and turn off towards the Acropolis; you may ſit down on the hill, and ſee the aſſembly from thence, at leaſt till we receive farther commands from Jupiter. I will get upon the Acropolis, and ſummon them together.

JUSTICE.

Before you go, Mercury, tell me who it is that is coming towards us: he ſeems to be horned, has a pipe in his hand, and hairy legs.

MERCURY.

Do not you know * Pan, one of Bacchus's moſt Bacchanalian miniſters? he uſed to live at Parthenium, but on the incurſion of the Barbarians into Marathon, he came as a volunteer to the aſſiſtance of the Athenians, and from that time has been honoured with a cave under the towers, where he generally reſides, and having ſpied us out, is coming up, I ſuppoſe, to pay his compliments to us.

PAN.

Mercury, your ſervant; Juſtice, your's.

JUSTICE.

Your's, moſt noble Pan, thou prince of Satyrs for ſinging and dancing, at Athens the firſt of warriors too.

PAN.

Mercury, what brought you here?

MERCURY.

She will tell you all; I muſt to my office of crier at the Acropolis.

JUSTICE.

Jupiter has ſent me down to determine ſome certain cauſes here: but how go you on at Athens?

PAN.

They do not treat me quite ſo well as they ought to do, conſidering my ſervices, in defending them from ſo many Barbarians; two or three times a year, indeed, they ſacrifice a ſtinking goat to me, honour me with a little empty praiſe, and feed themſelves upon the fleſh of it; their jeſts and merriment, however, is ſome diverſion to me.

* *Pan.*] The god of ſhepherds, hunters, and countrymen, generally repreſented with horns, and a long beard, like a ſatyr. He was worſhipped in Arcadia, where he had an oracle. He is ſaid, but on what good authority we know not, to have fought for the Athenians at the battle of Marathon, and to have ſlain a great number of Barbarians.

JUS-

JUSTICE.

But tell me, Pan, are they grown better and more virtuous, from the inſtruction of theſe philoſophers?

PAN.

What philoſophers? thoſe ſolemn, melancholy, talking fellows, do you mean, with down-caſt eyes, and beards as long as mine?

JUSTICE.

The ſame.

PAN.

I know nothing of them; they are too wiſe to be underſtood by me, who am only a mountaineer, and never learned their fine poliſhed language. who ever heard of a Sophiſt or philoſopher in Arcadia? A crooked reed and a pipe is all my knowlege: I can feed goats, indeed, and dance, and fight a little withal upon occaſion. I have heard them talking ſometimes about ideas, and nature, and virtue, incorporeal ſubſtances, and ſuch kind of ſtrange unintelligible ſtuff: at firſt they are very calm and peaceable, but, in the courſe of the diſpute, frequently raiſe their voices into the * Orthian mode, and in the heat of the battle, will exert themſelves ſo violently that their faces ſhall redden, their necks ſwell, and their veins riſe like a flute-player's when he blows in a narrow pipe: at length, the queſtion entirely loſt in the general confuſion, the combatants wipe the ſweat from their foreheads, and retire, abuſing one another; and he is generally looked upon as conqueror, who can bawl loudeſt, and has the moſt impudence; the multitude, in the mean time, who have nothing elſe to do, gaze at them with aſtoniſhment and admiration: for my own part, I always conſidered them as a ſet of vain empty fellows, and was not a little angry at their having beards ſo like my own. Whether the public may reap any advantage from their noiſe, or what good their eloquence may do, I cannot ſay; but to ſpeak the truth, as I live here in a little cave, hard by, I have ſeen them, ſometimes, late in the evening ——

JUSTICE.

Stop a moment, Pan; is not Mercury haranguing them?

PAN.

He is.

* *Orthian.*] Το Ορθιον, ſay the lexicographers, ſublatâ et intentâ voce. Carmen Verò Orthium dicitur quod voce ſubtiliſſimâ cantatur; the Orthian mode, ſays the Scholiaſt, is that, qui ad accendendos animos in prælio adhibebatur, which was made uſe of to raiſe the ſpirits of men in battle.

MERCURY.

"Oyez, oyez, all people, take notice, that on this day, and good luck attend it! being the ſeventh of February, there is to be a hearing; whoever has any cauſes to try, let him appear in the Areopagus; where Juſtice will herſelf attend and preſide; will appoint judges from amongſt the whole Athenian people; every judge to have three oboli, and the * number of the judges to be in proportion to the crime: thoſe who, having began their proceſs, died before it was determined, † Æacus has orders to ſend back; and if any one ſhall think himſelf wronged by the ſentence here pronounced, he may appeal to Jupiter."

PAN.

What a noiſe and clamour there is amongſt them! how they croud together, and drag one another up the hill! but here comes Mercury. You may go and do your juſtice buſineſs, if you pleaſe, as in duty bound; as for me, I ſhall beg leave to retire to my cave, play upon my pipe, and ſing a love-ſong, as I uſually do, to provoke Echo: of judicial determinations I have enough already, for I hear them every day.

MERCURY.

Come, Juſtice, ſhall we call them over?

JUSTICE.

By all means, for they ſtand very thick, and are buzzing about, you ſee, like ſo many waſps.

ATHENIAN.

I have you now, raſcal.

ANOTHER ATHENIAN.

You are a lyar.

ANOTHER.

You will pay for it at laſt.

ANOTHER.

I ſhall prove you guilty of ſuch facts ——

* *Number.*] In ſome of the Grecian courts of judicature, the number of the judges, who were choſen by lot, was in proportion to the weight of the cauſe to be decided; ſometimes there were fifty, and ſometimes two or five hundred. When cauſes of great conſequence were to be tried, it was cuſtomary to call in all the judges of other courts; and ſometimes, we are told, they amounted even to fifteen hundred, or two thouſand.

† *Æacus.*] One of the three judges in hell, appointed with his two aſſeſſors, Minos and Rhadamanthus, to try men after death, and to puniſh or reward them as they deſerved.

AN-

ANOTHER.

Bring on my cauſe firſt.

ANOTHER.

Come along, villain.

ANOTHER.

Do not throttle me.

JUSTICE.

What ſhall we do, Mercury? we had better, I think, hear the complaints brought againſt men by the Arts, Sciences, and different ways of life to-day, and put off the other cauſes till to-morrow: come, bring on ſome of thoſe.

MERCURY.

Imprimis, Falſe Impriſonment and Drunkenneſs ſues the Academy for running away with Polemon.

JUSTICE.

Appoint ſeven judges for that cauſe.

MERCURY.

Item, a miſdemeanor: the Portico againſt Pleaſure, for ſtealing away their admirer, Dionyſius.

JUSTICE.

Five will be enough for that.

MERCURY.

Item, Luxury againſt Virtue, touching * Ariſtippus.

JUSTICE.

Five will do for that too.

MERCURY.

Item, Gluttony againſt Diogenes, for diſcretion.

JUSTICE.

For that only three.

* *Ariſtippus.*] The diſciple of Socrates. After the death of his maſter, he retired to his own country, Cyrene, and inſtituted a ſect, called from thence the Cyrenaic: his diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic was, that he could conform himſelf to every place, time, and perſon, and, like the apoſtle Paul, become all things to all men, as Horace ſays,

> Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color et ſtatus et res.
> Ev'ry condition, habit, and event,
> With Ariſtippus ſuits.

He was, conſequently, much followed and admired. The Jeſuits, of latter times, ſeem to have adopted the Ariſtippian maxims, and ſucceeded accordingly.

MER-

MERCURY.

Item, Painting againſt * Pyrrho, for † flying his colours.

JUSTICE.

Nine for that.

MERCURY.

Would you have the two new ſuits tried now againſt the Rhetorician?

JUSTICE.

We had better take the old ones firſt, and defer them to another day.

MERCURY.

The cauſes are nearly of the ſame nature with thoſe we have marked down already, and it is a point that ſhould be determined.

JUSTICE.

I ſee, Mercury, you are for obliging every body that applies to you, ſo let us have them; but theſe muſt be the only ones at preſent; there are judges enough appointed already: come, produce them.

MERCURY.

Rhetoric brings a complaint againſt a certain ‡ Syrian for male treatment, and Dialogue alſo for abuſe.

JUSTICE.

Who is it? There is no name?

MERCURY.

The name does not ſignify, we need only ſay the Syrian Rhetorician.

JUSTICE.

Theſe Tramontanes have no buſineſs in the court of Athens, their cauſes ſhould be tried on the other ſide of the Euphrates; however, put down judges for the two cauſes.

MERCURY.

Very well, Juſtice; you are ſaving enough, I find, and would not put the criminals to unneceſſary expence.

* *Pyrrho.*] The famous founder of the Sceptic ſect, was, as Apollodorus tells us, originally a painter. In the Gymnaſium of Elis was preſerved a very good piece of his doing, repreſenting torch-bearers. See Diog. Laert.

† *Flying.*] Greek, λειποταξιο, deſertio ordinis. Here, by a lucky expreſſion in our language, coinciding with the ſenſe, the tranſlation (I beg my readers will not paſs over ſo extraordinary a circumſtance unobſerved,) is better than the original.

‡ *Syrian.*] The ingenious method which Lucian has here taken to introduce and defend himſelf, cannot be ſufficiently admired. Academy's ſpeaking for both ſides of the queſtion, is a fine ſtroke of indirect ſatire.

JUS-

JUSTICE.

The firſt cauſe to come on is that between Drunkenneſs and the Academy: come, pour in the water: do you, Drunkenneſs, ſpeak firſt; what! not a word to ſay for yourſelf, only nodding. Mercury, attend and liſten.

MERCURY.

She ſays, ſhe cannot plead her cauſe, for the wine has tied up her tongue, and ſhe is afraid of being laughed at: you ſee ſhe can hardly ſtand.

JUSTICE.

O, let her employ an advocate; one of the ſharpeſt ſhe can get; there are enough of them here that will crack their lungs for three half-pence.

MERCURY.

But nobody chuſes openly to defend the cauſe of Drunkenneſs, though ſhe certainly has a claim to it.

JUSTICE.

What is to be done then?

MERCURY.

The Academy is always ready to plead on both ſides of the queſtion, and ſhe has offered to do it now; ſhe ſays, ſhe will ſpeak firſt for her, and then for herſelf.

JUSTICE.

That is quite a new ſcheme; however, come, Academy, and plead on both ſides, as it is ſo eaſy to you.

ACADEMY.

Pleaſe to obſerve, moſt noble judges, that I ſpeak now for Drunkenneſs; the water flows for her.

"I have been deeply injured by the Academy, who has robbed me of my ſervant Polemon, who always looked upon me as his beſt friend, and did every thing that I bade him. He uſed to be for ever wandering about with fidlers, roaring, and drinking from morning to night, with a garland of flowers on his head; this the whole Athenian people can bear witneſs to, who never ſaw him ſober; but, chancing one day, in his rambles, to ſtumble upon Academy, ſhe laid violent hands upon him, dragged him away from me, forced him to drink water, and be ſober, tore off his garland, and, inſtead of giving him ſomething to drink in bed, taught him certain hard and unin-

unintelligible phraſes, full of care and miſery: inſtead of that roſy colour which uſed to ſhine on his countenance, he ſoon grew pale, languid, and dirty, forgot all his ſongs, and would ſit without meat or drink till midnight, ſtudying ſome nonſenſe or other, that Academy had taught him; beſides this, which is worſe than all, he does nothing now but abuſe and traduce me."

Thus far have I ſpoken in favour of drunkenneſs; I ſhall now plead for myſelf: change the water.

JUSTICE.

Do ſo; what will ſhe ſay now? I wonder.

ACADEMY.

Thus hath the advocate for drunkenneſs pleaded her cauſe; and now, O moſt venerable judges, if you will liſten to me with kindneſs and attention, I hope fully to prove, that I have done her no injury; for ſhe herſelf debauched this Polemon, a noble and ingenuous youth, and naturally well affected to me, ſeized upon him in his earlieſt years, and with the aſſiſtance of her hand-maid Pleaſure, corrupted his mind, and led him to taverns and brothels, till he had loſt all ſenſe of ſhame. What ſhe ſaid in her own defence, may as well ſuit me: for he was walking night and day through the city, always liſtening to ſome fiddler or other, and never ſober, to the diſgrace of his family, a laughing-ſtock to the whole town, and every ſtranger in it. When he came, I happened to be, as I often am, diſcourſing with ſome of my friends; at firſt he made a violent noiſe, and roaring, and endeavoured as much as he could to interrupt our lecture, but perceiving that we took no notice of him, by degrees, (for as yet he was ſcarce recovered from his drunken fit,) he grew ſober; our converſation had ſuch an effect upon him, that he tore off his garlands, bade the fiddling girl have done playing, and was aſhamed of his fine purple coat; as if awakened from a dream, he began to look into himſelf, and abhor his former life; to the redneſs of a drunkard which had before covered his cheeks, ſucceeded the bluſh of ſhame; the rebel at length came entirely over to me: not as ſhe tells you, either forced or even invited to it, but of his own accord, and convinced that it was better for him. Call him to me, if you pleaſe, and you will ſee what good friends we are. I found him, moſt venerable judges, behaving moſt ridiculouſly, and ſo drunk, that he could neither ſpeak, nor ſtand: I converted him, and inſtead of a contemptible ſlave, ſent him back to his friends

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an honeſt, ſober, and reſpectable man: he acknowleges himſelf much obliged to me for it; and you may judge which of us it was beſt for him to keep company with.

MERCURY.

Come, come, your votes without farther delay: riſe, for we have a great many other cauſes to try.

JUSTICE.

Academy has it by every voice but one.

MERCURY.

It would have been a wonder, indeed, if drunkenneſs had not found one friend amongſt you. Come, ſit down, you that are choſen judges in the cauſe between the Portico, and Pleaſure: the water is poured in; you, * lady of the pictures, may begin.

PORTICO.

I am not ignorant, O judges, how artful and ſpecious an adverſary I am now contending with; many of you, I perceive, are caſting an eye of complacency towards her, deſpiſing me for my homely appearance, the rough manlineſs of my countenance, and the ſeverity of my contracted brow. I doubt not, however, but that, if you will liſten to me with attention, I ſhall appear to have more juſtice on my ſide than ſhe can pretend to: that alluring countenance, that courtezan's dreſs, with all its meretricious ornaments, are proof enough againſt her; with thoſe ſhe ſeduced my lover, the once wiſe and ſober † Dionyſius; the ‡ cauſe you juſt now determined, but too nearly reſembles mine: conſider within yourſelves which is moſt eligible, to wallow in the mire of luxury and intemperance, like ſo many ſwine, without a thought of any thing great or noble; or, preferring the good and uſeful, to the pleaſant and agreeable, to act like freemen and philoſophers: never dreading pain and affliction as evils not to be ſurmounted, nor placing, like ſlaves, our happineſs in figs and honey: theſe are the baits ſhe throws out to allure the weak and idle, repreſenting toil and labour, as ſomething frightful and diſguſting: and then it was that ſhe perſuaded him to ſhake me off,

* *Lady.*] Gr. ποικιλη, Pœcile. The portico where Zeno taught the Stoic philoſophy, was called Ποικιλη, Pœcile, or various; from the variety of curious pictures which it contained, drawn by the greateſt maſters in Greece.

† *Dionyſius.*] A famous diſciple of Zeno's. It is recorded of him, that labouring for a long time under a dreadful diſorder in his eyes, he renounced the Stoic doctrine, and ſo far apoſtatiſed as to acknowlege, that pain was a real evil.

‡ *The cauſe.*] Viz. that between Drunkenneſs and Academy.

after ſhe had infected his mind with this poiſon; for never in his ſober ſenſes would he have liſtened to her. But why ſhould I be angry with her for abuſing me, when ſhe ſpares not even the gods, but arraigns their providence, and deſerves, therefore, to be puniſhed for her impiety! I hear ſhe does not mean to anſwer for herſelf, but has hired Epicurus to plead for her; in ſuch contempt does ſhe hold the ſeat of judgment: but aſk her, I intreat you, what ſhe thinks Hercules, and your Theſeus would have been, if they had fled from labour, and followed the camp of pleaſure; the earth had then been full of nothing but injuſtice and oppreſſion. This is all I ſhall obſerve to you, as I am not fond of long ſpeeches, though, if ſhe thought proper, to enter into a diſpute with me, I could ſoon ſhew you how little ſhe has to ſay for herſelf; but you will remember your oath, and proceed to your ſuffrages, without giving credit to Epicurus, who will tell you that the gods take no care of human affairs.

MERCURY.

Change the water. You, Epicurus, may ſpeak in defence of your client, Pleaſure.

EPICURUS.

I ſhall not detain you, O judges, with a long ſpeech, nor have I occaſion for many arguments; if Pleaſure has in reality made uſe of any poiſons or incantations to ſeduce and betray this ſame Dionyſius, let her be condemned as an enchantreſs, and puniſhed accordingly: but if, on the other hand, a free man, in a free city, diſguſted at the ſourneſs of the Portico, and finding that felicity, which it promiſed, only an idle pretence, ſhould quit its crooked paths, and labyrinths of argument, and ſhake off its chains, ſhould conſider man, not as a ſtock or ſtone, labour as it really is, an evil, and pleaſure as it always muſt be, ſweet and agreeable; muſt ſuch a man, becauſe juſt eſcaped from a ſhip-wreck he would ſwim into the haven, be forced into inceſſant toil, and given up a victim to deſpair, when he fled for refuge to the arms of Pleaſure, like a ſuppliant at the altar of mercy? or ſhould he labour perpetually in ſearch of that great and celebrated object virtue, and ſpend a whole life of miſery and ſorrow here, in hopes of happineſs hereafter? could any man determine more properly than he did, who, though he was well acquainted with all the Stoic doctrines, and acknowleged, that what was honeſt, could alone be good; yet found that labour was a real evil, and made choice of that which experience taught him was the beſt.

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He perceived, moreover, that those who talked so much about patience and long-suffering, were, in private, fond of pleasure; and however they might boast abroad of temperance and fortitude, would indulge themselves in luxury at home; that when they were found a little remiss, in not adhering to their tenets, they would blush at the discovery, though they could but ill support this tantalising punishment; and whenever they had an opportunity of violating the laws in secret, and without fear of punishment, took down full draughts of sensuality. If, therefore, they could procure the ring of * Gyges, or the helmet of † Orcus, to make them invisible, I make no doubt but they would all bid adieu to labour, and, one after another, follow pleasure, as Dionysius did before them, who, for a long time flattered himself, that their lectures and disputations would be of service to him; till sickness and pain came upon him, and then finding by experience, that the Portico and his weak frame did not agree well together, gave credit to one rather than the other; began to feel that he was a mortal, and had a mortal's body; he resolved, therefore, not to treat it like a statue, being well convinced, that whoever pretended to be of a different opinion, and to find fault with pleasure, only boast in word, whilst in deed their minds are fixed upon it. I have done; you may proceed to judgment.

PORTICO.

By no means; I beg to ask him a few questions first.

EPICURUS.

Ask them, and I will answer you.

PORTICO.

Do you imagine labour to be a real evil?

EPICURUS.

Certainly.

* *Gyges.*] A king of Lydia, who dethroned Candaules, and succeeded to his kingdom, had a ring, by turning a certain part of which upwards, he could render himself invisible. If the reader would wish to know how he came by the ring, and what use he made of it, I refer him to the third book of Tully's Offices, where he will find the whole romantic story told from Plato by the Roman orator, with his philosophical reflections upon it.

† *Orcus.*] Alluding to that passage in the fifth book of the Iliad, where Minerva,

——— to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head. See Pope's Hom. Il. b. v. l. 1036.

As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, disappears, and is seen no more: the Greeks from thence borrowed this figurative expression; to put on Orcus, or Pluto's helmet, that is to say, to become invisible.

PORTICO.

And pleaſure a certain good?

EPICURUS.

No doubt of it.

PORTICO.

But tell me, do you know what I mean by things indifferent and not indifferent, eſſential and non-eſſential?

EPICURUS.

I do.

MERCURY. *

The judges ſay they do not underſtand theſe hard terms, therefore have done with your diſpute; they are going to vote.

PORTICO.

I ſhould inevitably have conquered, if I could have gone on with my queſtions in the third figure of the * indemonſtrables.

JUSTICE.

Which has gained the cauſe?

MERCURY.

Pleaſure, unanimouſly.

PORTICO.

I appeal to Jupiter.

JUSTICE.

Succeſs attend you! call ſomebody elſe.

MERCURY.

Virtue and Luxury contending for Ariſtippus: let him appear himſelf.

VIRTUE.

I muſt ſpeak firſt: Ariſtippus is mine, as all his words and actions ſufficiently teſtify.

LUXURY.

It is no ſuch thing; he belongs to me; he is my man, as is evident from his † garlands, his purple, and his ointments.

JUS-

* *Indemonſtrables.*] Modi indemonſtrabiles appellantur, ſays Apuleius, non quod demonſtrari nequerunt, ſed quod tam ſimplices tamque mamifeſti ſunt, ut demonſtratione non egeant—They are called indemonſtrable, not becauſe they cannot be demonſtrated, but becauſe they are ſo plain and ſimple, that they do not ſtand in need of any demonſtration. This is about as good an illuſtration of the word, as ſerjeant Kite's in the Recruiting Officer, "Demonſtration from Dæmon, the father of lies."

† *Garlands.*] Ariſtippus held that Pleaſure was the chief good, or Summum Bonum of life; he

JUSTICE.

Let us have no more diſpute between you; this cauſe, likewiſe, muſt be put off till Jupiter has determined with regard to Dionyſius, for it ſeems to be a ſimilar affair; if that is given in favour of Pleaſure, Luxury ſhall have Ariſtippus; but if the Portico is declared conqueror, he muſt belong to Virtue: ſo let us call another cauſe; but theſe judges muſt not have the * reward, for this is not finiſhed.

MERCURY.

And ſo the old men are to clamber up here for nothing.

JUSTICE.

If they have a third part, it is enough; away with you, do not grumble; you ſhall be judges again by and by.

MERCURY.

It is time for Diogenes the Sinopean to make his appearance: you, Gluttony, may ſpeak.

DIOGENES.

If ſhe is not quiet, I ſhall ſoon give her cauſe not to accuſe me of running away, but of beating her ſoundly, which I will certainly do, and that immediately.

JUSTICE.

What is all this? ſhe is running away, and he purſues her with a large club; ſhe will get into a bade ſcrape ſoon: call Pyrrho.

MERCURY.

Painting is here, but Pyrrho will not come at all; I thought, indeed, he would ſerve us in this manner.

JUSTICE.

Why ſo?

MERCURY.

† Becauſe he never admits of any thing deciſive.

he always, therefore, indulged himſelf in the luxuries of it. When Dionyſius, the Sicilian tyrant, at a feaſt, commanded that all ſhould put on purple robes, Plato refuſed, ſaying,

I will not with a purple robe, diſgrace
Myſelf, who am a man of manly race.

But Ariſtippus took it, and beginning to dance, ſaid,

If it come pure, a mirthful feaſt,
Never corrupts a modeſt breaſt.

This note is from Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophy, ſee p. 135.

* *The reward.*] The three oboli, the eſtabliſhed fee given to the judges; but which, Juſtice ſays, they were not entitled to, as the cauſe remained yet undetermined.

† *Becauſe.*] This is very arch, the Pyrrhoniſts or Sceptics, doubted of every thing, and conſequently could never admit the deciſions of a court of judicature.

JUS-

JUSTICE.

Then let him be non-ſuited. Now call in the Syrian author, though his name was given in laſt, nor did he ſeem anxious about the cauſe; however, let his and Rhetoric's come on firſt: what a crowd there is to hear it!

MERCURY.

No wonder, for it is quite a new thing; they are in hopes of hearing Dialogue and Rhetoric accuſing one another, and the Syrian pleading againſt them both; this has brought ſo many people to the trial. Come, Rhetoric, do you begin.

RHETORIC.

† Firſt then, O Athenians, I humbly implore the gods, that the ſame kindneſs and good-will which I have always borne towards this city, and to all here preſent, may be extended to me in this cauſe; that they will inſpire you with the reſolution, which is but juſt, to impoſe ſilence on him, till I have finiſhed my accuſation; very different is what he hath done, from what he hath ſaid to me; for his words, as you will ſoon perceive, reſemble mine, whilſt his actions are ſuch as would be moſt pernicious, and which, I cannot ſufficiently guard againſt: but, not to make a long exordium, whilſt the water flows in vain, hear what I have to allege againſt him.

Know then, moſt venerable judges, that I found him when a boy, in a habit little better than that of an Aſſyrian ſlave, a mere Barbarian in his language, wandering about Ionia, and not knowing which way to turn himſelf; in this condition I took him under my care and brought him up; as he ſeemed tractable, and attentive to me, for at this time he held me in the higheſt eſteem and veneration, I left all the rich and great, by whom I was courted and admired, and attached myſelf to this poor and ignoble youth, to whom I brought the nobleſt portion, of amazing eloquence; I carried him about to all the tribes, and, though a foreigner, got him enrolled as a citizen, to the no little mortification of his rivals; when he went to rich weddings, I ſtill followed him up and down, helped him to compoſe and adorn his

† *Firſt then, &c.*] This is taken almoſt word for word from Demoſthenes's Oration de Coronâ, and his third Olynthiac, and is introduced here by Lucian, partly, perhaps, as a compliment to Demoſthenes, by putting his words into the mouth of Rhetoric herſelf, and partly, perhaps, to ridicule the affectation and plagiariſm of the orators of his time, who made free with that great ſpeaker's works in every diſcourſe. Lucian takes this occaſion alſo to laviſh not a few encomiums on himſelf.

works,

works, and made him famous wherever he came; what I did for him in Greece was not much, but when he travelled into Italy, I croſſed the Ionian gulph with him, accompanied him even into Gaul, and there made his fortune. For a long time he did every thing I deſired him, and never was abſent even for one night from me. When at length he grew ſatiated of glory and good living, he became proud, and ſupercilious, and from that time neglected, or rather totally deſerted me, falling violently in love with that old, long-bearded fellow, whom they call the Son of Philoſophy; quits, without a bluſh, that flow of words, and eaſy freedom which I had taught him, and confines himſelf to little frittered ſcraps of queſtions and anſwers; inſtead of haranguing with a loud and noble voice, he ſpeaks nothing but ſhort and pithy ſentences, as if his buſineſs were only to put ſyllables together, which I do not find he gets any great admiration or applauſe by, except, perhaps, a ſmile, a ſmall clap between the acts, a nod of the head, and now and then a groan; and yet, fond of this, he neglects and deſpiſes me: though he is not, I hear, on very good terms even with his new favourite, whom he ſometimes, they ſay, abuſes and quarrels with.

Is he not, then, the moſt ungrateful of men, and may I not ſue him for ill-treatment, for leaving his lawful wife, who has heaped ſo many favours on, and ennobled him, to go after a new one? and that at a time too, when all the world beſide is admiring me: I am ſurrounded by lovers on every ſide knocking at my door; but I will not open them to fellows who bring nothing but noiſe and nonſenſe; but all this will not reſtore the falſe one to me, he ſtill doats on his new love; and yet what, good heaven! can he expect from ſuch a one, who has nothing to give him but an old cloak? Judges, I have done; in his reply, you will not, I hope, ſuffer him to uſe my method of defence; that would be turning my own arms againſt me; when he pleads the cauſe of his darling, * Dialogue, let him do it with Dialogue if he can.

MERCURY.

That, lady Rhetoric, we can never allow: he cannot plead by himſelf, and make uſe of Dialogue at the ſame time.

SYRIAN.

Since my adverſary does not chuſe to indulge me in that elaborate and

* *Dialogue.*] An arch kind of puzzle, naturally ariſing from the whimſical perſonification of the two accuſers.

diffuſive

diffuſive mode of ſpeech which I learned from her, I ſhall be brief in my reply. I will ſatify you, however, with regard to every article which ſhe has alleged againſt me. What ſhe told you about me, I acknowlege was all true; ſhe inſtructed, travelled with me, and introduced me to the beſt company in Greece; on all theſe accounts the connection was moſt agreeable to me; and now you ſhall hear why I left her, and fixed my affections on the lovely Dialogue; do not imagine I would be guilty of the leaſt degree of falſehood to ſupport my cauſe.

Know then, that when I perceived ſhe no longer behaved with that temperance and ſobriety, or appeared in that decent habit, which ſhe wore when wedded to the * Pæanian orator, but tricked herſelf out like a harlot, plaited her hair, and painted her cheeks, I began to ſuſpect, and watched her narrowly; but I will not mention all I ſaw; ſuffice it to ſay, that every night the ſtreet was filled with drunken lovers, who came to revel with her, knocking perpetually at her door, and ſome of them breaking in with rude force and violence, ſhe ſeeming all the while to laugh at, and be pleaſed with them for it; frequently would ſhe look down upon them from her window, and liſten to their amorous ditties; nay even ſometimes open her door, and little thinking I knew any thing of it, play the wanton with them. I did not chooſe openly to accuſe her of adultery, but not being able to bear ſuch treatment, betook myſelf to Dialogue, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who, I thought, would with open arms receive me. Theſe are all the great injuries which I have done to Rhetoric; but even, if ſhe had not acted in this manner, ſurely, Sirs, an old man, on the verge of forty, might be permitted to retire from ſtrife and buſtle, and end his days in peace; to ſhelter himſelf both from the accuſations of tyrants, and the applauſes of the great; and, no longer ambitious of fame or admiration, to ſeek the Lycæum or Academy, and converſe there peaceably with my friend Dialogue. And now, having nothing more to ſay, I ſubmit to your equitable determination.

JUSTICE.

Which is the conqueror?

MERCURY.

The Syrian has every vote but one.

JUSTICE.

And that one is a Rhetorician: and now, Dialogue, you muſt ſpeak, be-

* *Pæanian.*] Demoſthenes.

fore

fore the ſame court. You, Judges, are to remain, and be paid double for your pains.

DIALOGUE.

I ſhall not trouble the court with a long ſpeech, but, as my cuſtom is, be brief as poſſible; ignorant though I am of forms, I will proceed in my accuſation, and ſupport it in the uſual manner. Thus far my exordium; and now to the injuries and affronts which I have received from this man, which are as follows: to wit, taking me, who was always, hitherto, uſed to talk in the ſublime and lofty ſtyle, to walk over the clouds, and through the air,

* Where mighty Jove, through the wide æther drives
His rapid chariot.

And when I was juſt got to the pinnacle of all things, ſtopping me in my flight, breaking my wings, and reducing me upon a level with the multitude: taking off my modeſt tragic maſk, and putting me on a comic and ſatiric one; ſhutting me up with bitter jeſts, keen iambics, and cynic licenciouſneſs; joining me with Eupolis and Ariſtophanes, men who laugh at, and are ſevere upon every thing; and, which is worſe, introducing me to the company of that ſnarling cur, Menippus, who fawns upon, and bites you at the ſame time. Is not it the worſt of treatment, not to ſuffer me to wear my own cloaths, and force me to talk comedy, ſtuff, and nonſenſe? Then, what is moſt abſurd of all, to make ſuch a ſtrange jumble of me, that I am neither proſe nor verſe, but a mixed unaccountable compoſition, which the hearers know not what to make of.

MERCURY.

Well, Syrian, what have you to ſay to this?

SYRIAN.

It is an attack which I little expected; I had reaſon, indeed, to hope for different treatment from him, whom I found with a melancholy countenance, ſhrivelled up with dry interrogatories, grave, indeed, and reſpectable; but ſower, aukward, and ungracious. I taught him to walk on the ground like a man, cleanſed him from his filth and naſtineſs, and gave him a ſmile of complacency, that made him agreeable to all beholders; by

* *Where mighty, &c.*] Taken from the Phædrus of Plato, where he ſays, ὁ μεν δη μεγας ηγεμων εν ουρανω Ζευς πτηνον αξμα ελαυνων. Lucian, probably, by this quotation, means to ridicule Plato's expreſſion, as ſavouring too much of poetical rhapſody.

joining him with comedy, which he complains of, I gained him the good will of his auditors, who before, were afraid of his briſtles, which he ſhot forth like a porcupine, ſo that they could not venture to go near him. I know what hurts him moſt is, that I do not ſit with him, and diſpute about idle, ſubtle, and perplexing queſtions, whether the ſoul is immortal; how many meaſures, what portion of the divine nature, god, when he made the world, mixed up with the general maſs of matter; whether Rhetoric is made up of Flattery and Politics; and ſuch like ſubtleties, which he highly delights in, though it be, after all, only like ſcratching an old ſore; nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as to be told he can ſee thoſe things which nobody elſe can. This is what he wants, always looking round for his wings, to fly up to heaven, and at the ſame time cannot ſee the things that lie before him upon earth. As to his complaint, that, being myſelf a Barbarian, I have given him a Barbarian dreſs, and ſtripped him of his Grecian robe, it is a falſehood; ſhamefully ſhould I have tranſgreſſed the laws, to rob him of his native dreſs; I have only improved it. And now, judges, I have made the beſt defence I could, and hope you will, as before, fairly acquit me.

MERCURY.

All the ten are for you, though he who voted againſt you, is ſtill of the ſame opinion; but he is ſure always to envy the deſerving, and put in his black ball againſt them. To-morrow ſome other cauſes are to come on, in the mean time, † you may retire.

† *You.*] Speaking to the judges.

THE

THE PARASITE,

A DIALOGUE.

Under the Maſk of a grave and laboured Encomium on the Art or Myſtery of Paraſitiſm, *univerſally practiſed in* Lucian's *time, and not uncommon in our own, we have here a ſevere Satire on the Profeſſors of it. The Moriæ Encomium, or Praiſe of Folly, by* Eraſmus, *was, probably, ſuggeſted to him by this very entertaining* Dialogue, *which is written is an eaſy unaffected Style, and if it doth not make the Reader ſmile, he muſt either have no riſible Muſcles, or knows not how, or when, to make uſe of them. Our Author follows the* Socratic *Method of Diſputing, made Uſe of by* Socrates; *who, as* * Addiſon *obſerves, "introduced the catechetical Mode of arguing, aſking his Adverſary Queſtion upon Queſtion, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth, that his Opinions were wrong. This way of Debating (he obſerves,) drives an Enemy up into a Corner, ſeizes all the Paſſes through which he can make his Eſcape, and forces him to ſurrender at Diſcretion."*

TYCHIADES, SIMO.

TYCHIADES.

HOW comes it to paſs, Simo, that whilſt all mankind, freemen or ſlaves, exerciſe ſome art which is profitable both to themſelves and to others alſo, you ſeem to have no employment that can be of ſervice, either to yourſelf, or to any body elſe?

SIMO.

I do not rightly underſtand your queſtion, Tychiades; I beg you would be more explicit.

TYCHIADES.

Is there, I mean, any art or ſcience which you are maſter of; do you, for inſtance, underſtand muſic?

SIMO.

By Jupiter, not at all.

TYCHIADES.

Phyſic, perhaps?

SIMO.

Nor that neither.

* See Spectator, No. 239.

TYCHIADES.

Geometry?

SIMO.

No.

TYCHIADES.

What then? Rhetoric mayhap? for as to philoſophy, I know you are as far from it as vice itſelf is.

SIMO.

Yes, and farther too would I wiſh to be if poſſible; nor would I have you think I am aſhamed of my ignorance in that point: I own I am bad enough, and even worſe than you ſuppoſe me.

TYCHIADES.

May be ſo; but theſe, perhaps, are things you never learned, on account of their ſuperior excellency, and the difficulty of attaining them: you may, notwithſtanding, be an adept in ſome of the common trades or profeſſions, a ſmith's, or a cobler's; for your fortune, I know, is too ſmall, to do without ſomething of this kind.

SIMO.

True, Tychiades; and yet I know nothing of them.

TYCHIADES.

What other profeſſion are you of, then?

SIMO.

What profeſſion? a very fine one, I think, and when you know what it is, you will think ſo too, and admire me for it; I aſſure you I am perfect maſter of it, though I cannot explain it to you.

TYCHIADES.

What is it?

SIMO.

I cannot, as yet, properly deſcribe it to you; ſuffice it, at preſent, to inform you, that I have a certain art, which I am a proficient in, and, therefore, am not in want: what it is, you ſhall hear another time.

TYCHIADES.

But I cannot ſtay ſo long.

SIMO.

When you know it, you will ſay it is ſomething very new and aſtoniſhing.

TYCHIADES.

For that very reaſon, I long to be acquainted with it.

SIMO.

Some other time, my friend.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

No no, let us have it now, unleſs you are aſhamed.

SIMO.

It is the art of paraſitiſm.

TYCHIADES.

And would any one but a madman call this an art?

SIMO.

Yes, I do; and if I am mad, conſider that this madneſs excuſes me from learning any other art, and then I am ſure you will acquit me; for that ſame dæmon, madneſs, however dreadful it may be to thoſe who labour under it, is never blamed for the faults it commits, any more than the ſcholar is for what his maſter has taught him.

TYCHIADES.

The paraſite, therefore, practiſes an art?

SIMO.

Certainly; and that art I am maſter of.

TYCHIADES.

You own yourſelf a paraſite then?

SIMO.

I do; and now you think you have abuſed me dreadfully.

TYCHIADES.

Don't you bluſh when you call yourſelf a paraſite?

SIMO.

By no means: on the contrary, I ſhould have more reaſon to bluſh if I did not.

TYCHIADES.

And if I wanted to deſcribe you to a perſon who deſired to know what you were, would you have me ſay, a paraſite?

SIMO.

Were you to call a ſtatuary Phidias, you would not pleaſe him more than you do me, by calling me a paraſite; nor do I glory leſs in my art, than he did in his Jupiter.

TYCHIADES.

Now cannot I help ſmiling, when I think —

SIMO.

Of what?

TYCHIADES.

Why, of writing to you, and directing on the outside, to Simo the Paraſite.

SIMO.

Well, and I ſhall like it better than if it was to * Dion the Philoſopher.

TYCHIADES.

As to what you would wiſh to be called, it ſignifies little or nothing; but the folly is, with regard to the profeſſion.

SIMO.

What do you mean?

TYCHIADES.

Would you place it, I mean, amongſt the arts? if I am aſked what art ſuch a one profeſſes, am I to ſay, as the grammatical, and the medicinal, ſo the paraſitical art?

SIMO.

Certainly, Tychiades; and I would rather ſay that than any other: and if you pleaſe, I will tell you why, though, as I ſaid before, I am not properly prepared for it.

TYCHIADES.

Well, let us hear it, though, I am afraid, there will be but little truth in your aſſertions.

SIMO.

Firſt then, we will conſider art in general, and then deſcend to the ſeveral ſpecies of it, and conſider how far they partake of the firſt principles of it.

TYCHIADES.

What then is art? for it ſeems you can tell me.

SIMO.

I can.

TYCHIADES.

If you know then, let us have it immediately.

SIMO.

An art, then, as I remember to have been told by a certain learned man, is a ſyſtem of approved rules, co-operating to a certain end uſeful to ſociety.

TYCHIADES.

Well recollected; you have delivered it exactly as he defined it to you.

SIMO.

If the practice of a paraſite anſwers in every reſpect to this definition, what is it but an art?

* *Dion*] Of Alexandria, celebrated, according to Philoſtratus, as an eminent philoſopher.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

If it does, an art it muſt certainly be.

SIMO.

Let us ſee then, whether by comparing it with the ſeveral requiſites of an art, it will correſpond, or whether, like cracked veſſels, they will jarr againſt each other: and firſt then, this art, like every other, ſhould be a ſyſtem of approved rules, a complete perception. The firſt thing, therefore, neceſſary, is clearly to explore and diſcern who is the proper perſon to feed and maintain us, and moſt likely, when he has taken that reſolution, not to change his mind; unleſs, indeed, we will advance, that he who can diſtinguiſh good money from bad, is a proper judge of corn: and yet that he is no artiſt who can know an honeſt man from a knave, whereas men are by no means ſo eaſily read as corns: for, according to the ſage Euripides,

* No certain mark by which the good from ill
May be diſtinguiſh'd, doth the body wear.

So much doth the paraſite excel nature in knowing and underſtanding things the moſt hidden and obſcure, and better than divination itſelf; to ſay and do every thing that may recommend and ingratiate himſelf with his patron, is ſurely a mark of the ſtrongeſt faculties and ſuperior underſtanding.

TYCHIADES.

Moſt indiſputably.

SIMO.

To be much better treated, and counted a more agreeable companion than any of thoſe who do not underſtand the art; can this, think you, be managed without ſenſe and wiſdom?

TYCHIADES.

By no means.

SIMO.

Then to point out the beauties and faults of the ſeveral diſhes at table, can never be done but by a proficient in the art; for, as the moſt noble Plato well obſerves, If he who treats, has no ſkill in cookery, he is not fit to give a ſupper.

But farther; not only are the rules of our art fixed and approved, but reduced alſo to practice; other arts may remain for days, nights, months, and years, and yet never operate, though at the ſame time they exiſt in the per-

* *No certain.*] From the Medea of Euripides.

ſon

ſon who poſſeſſes them; whereas, in the paraſite, if the rules are not put in practice, it makes an end both of the art and the artificer. As to the uſefulneſs of the end required, it would be madneſs to call it in queſtion: for ſurely nothing is more uſeful than eating and drinking, as without them, it is impoſſible to live.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

Again, it is not a gift of nature, like ſtrength, or beauty, but acquired, and conſequently an art.

TYCHIADES.

Right.

SIMO.

Neither is it ignorance, for ignorance can never ſerve or aſſiſt you: were you to go to ſea in a ſtorm, and knew not how to guide the ſhip, could you expect to be ſaved?

TYCHIADES.

Certainly, no.

SIMO.

And wherefore? becauſe, doubtleſs, you wanted the art.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

The paraſite, therefore, could not be ſaved if he was ignorant.

TYCHIADES.

Right.

SIMO.

He is ſaved, therefore, by art, and not by ignorance.

TYCHIADES.

No doubt of it.

SIMO.

Paraſitiſm, then, muſt be an art.

TYCHIADES.

So, indeed, it ſhould ſeem to be.

SIMO.

Moreover, very good pilots, and very good drivers have I ſeen thrown from their ſeats, ſome bruiſed, others killed; but never did I hear of a paraſite wrecked or overturned. Upon the whole, then, ſince paraſitiſm is not ignorance, nor a gift of nature, but certain fixed and approved rules reduced to practice, be it agreed, henceforth, between us, that it is an art.

TY.

TYCHIADES.

By what I learn from you, it certainly is ſo; the only thing remaining to be proved, is the goodneſs of the end.

SIMO.

This you have doubtleſs a right to require: to define it, therefore; the paraſitical art is the art of eating and drinking, and ſaying proper things on that ſubject; and the end of it is, pleaſure.

TYCHIADES.

You have defined your art moſt admirably; but take care the philoſophers do not quarrel with you about the end.

SIMO.

It is ſufficient, ſurely, with regard to the end, if the paraſitical art, and the ſummum bonum are found to be the ſame, as will evidently appear; for the wiſe Homer, who admired the life of a paraſite, affirms it to be the moſt happy, and moſt enviable of all human conditions,

* How ſweet (ſays he), the products of a peaceful reign!
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feaſt.
How goodly ſeems it ever to employ
Man's ſocial days in union, and in joy;
The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine,
And, o'er the foaming bowl, the laughing wine!

And then, as if he had not ſufficiently expreſſed his admiration of it, to confirm his opinion, he adds,

Dear to my heart is ſuch delicious fare.

Concluding, if we are to take his word, that none but the paraſite can be truly happy. Obſerve, withal, that he puts theſe words into the mouth of no common man, but the wiſeſt of the Greeks: if Ulyſſes had preferred the ultimate end of the Stoics, he might have ſaid ſo when he brought back Philoctetes from Lemnos, when he laid waſte old Troy, deſtroyed Ilium, or when he entered it, beating himſelf, and in his poor Stoic tatters; and yet even then he did not call that the moſt delightful of all ends; nay, when he got again into the Epicurean life with Calypſo, in luxury and indolence with Atlas's daughter, and all her allurements, even then he never ſaid this

* *How ſweet, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey b. ix. l. 3.

was the ſweeteſt of all ends; but ſtill preferred the life of the paraſite. Paraſites, you will obſerve, at that time were called gueſts; and how does he ſpeak of them! for again, it will be worth while to recur to his verſes, nor can they, indeed, be properly underſtood, unleſs we often repeat them,

* The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine.

Epicurus himſelf ſtole his ſummum bonum from the paraſite; and an impudent theft it was, for Epicurus did not † enjoy that happineſs, which he declares to be his great end; whilſt the paraſite really doth; for pleaſure, in my opinion, conſiſts in having a ‡ body free from pain or trouble, and a mind totally diveſted of all care and ſolicitude. Now the paraſite poſſeſſes both theſe, and the Epicurean neither; for thoſe who are perpetually hunting after the § figure of the earth, the magnitude of the ſun, infinite worlds, and their diſtances from each other, and the firſt elements of things; diſputing whether there are any gods or not, and quarrelling amongſt themſelves about the end of every good, ſurely may be ſtyled not merely ſubject to human miſeries, but deeply involved in worldly matters: whilſt the paraſite, who thinks every thing is as it ſhould be, and that it cannot poſſibly be in a better ſituation than it is; never diſturbed by ſuch thoughts as theſe, eats and drinks in peace and ſafety, and lays all along with his hands and feet in perfect liberty; like Ulyſſes on his return to Ithaca. But there is another reaſon why I think the Epicurean a ſtranger to real pleaſure; this wiſe man either has ſomething to eat, or he has not; now, if he has not, ſo far from living pleaſantly, he cannot live at all: if he has, either he muſt have it from himſelf, or from ſomebody elſe; but if he has it from any body elſe, he

* *The plenteous, &c.*] Part of the lines quoted juſt before from the Odyſſey.

† *Enjoy, &c.*] Lucian here, contrary to his uſual ſeverity, does juſtice to the character of Epicurus, who, though he conſidered pleaſure as the ſummum bonum, lived himſelf a diſtinguiſhed example of temperance and ſobriety: his followers, however, we have reaſon to ſuppoſe, were not ambitious of imitating him in this particular, but were truly what Horace calls them, Epicuri de grege Porci.

‡ *A body, &c.*] Mens ſana in corpore ſano. Hor.

§ *Figure, &c.*] The earth, according to Epicurus, (who ſeemed to have no fixed or determinate opinion concerning it,) may be round, oval, or lenticular; triangular, pyramidal, ſquare, hexaedrical, or of any other plain figure, eſpecially if it be unmoved: "Moſt maintain the world, (ſay he,) to be as immortal and bleſſed, ſo alſo round, becauſe Plato denieth any figure to be more beautiful than that; but to me, that of the cylinder, or the ſquare, or the cone, or the pyramid, ſeem, by reaſon of the variety, more beautiful." See Stanley's Hiſt. of Phil. p. 570.

muſt

muſt be a paraſite, and not, what he would have you think him, a philoſopher; and if he provides them himſelf, he can never live pleaſantly.

TYCHIADES.

Why ſo?

SIMO.

Becauſe he muſt be liable to a thouſand inconveniencies: he who would live pleaſantly, muſt ſatisfy every deſire, muſt he not?

TYCHIADES.

Certainly.

SIMO.

This, he who has a large fortune, perhaps, may, but he who has little or nothing, never can; let not the poor man ever pretend to be wiſe, ſince he cannot attain the great end, I mean pleaſure: but neither can even the rich, who miniſters moſt abundantly to his deſires, arrive at this; and why? becauſe he who ſpends a great deal, muſt always meet with a great deal of trouble, ſuch as quarreling with the cook for dreſſing his victuals ſo badly, or, if he does not, having nothing fit to eat, and conſequently no pleaſure; beſides, perhaps, ſcolding his houſe-keeper for managing matters ſo ill: are not theſe things ſo?

TYCHIADES.

By Jove, I think they are.

SIMO.

Now all this may happen to an Epicurean; ergo, he cannot arrive at the end propoſed: but the paraſite has no cook to be angry with, no houſe-keeper, no land or money to lament the loſs of; he has nothing to do but to eat and drink, and is free from all the troubles and uneaſineſs which the other is perpetually ſubject to.

From the preceding arguments we have fairly proved that paraſitiſm is an art: we ſhall now proceed to ſhew that it is the moſt complete one, that it is not only ſuperior to all arts in general, but, ſeparately conſidered, to every particular one: and firſt, it excels them all, becauſe every art neceſſarily requires labour, diſcipline, terrors, beatings, ſtripes, &c. which we have all a natural averſion to, whereas our art is learned without any of them. Who ever returned in tears from a feaſt, as many do from their maſters; or who ever that was going to a good ſupper looked melancholy, as they do who frequent the ſchools? The paraſite goes chearfully and of his own accord to a treat, and ſeems in love with his art, whilſt thoſe who learn others, hold

them in abhorrence, and even frequently run away to avoid them. In other arts, parents reward children according to their merit; give the boy ſome victuals if he has wrote well, or if he has NOT, give him none; of ſuch conſequence is this ſame eating, that both reward and puniſhment are determined by it: now the paraſite eats every day. In other arts this is the fruit of all their learning; and they receive it with joy after the taſk is over; but the way to it is rough and difficult: the paraſite alone enjoys the fruit of his art at the very time when he is learning it; and even as ſoon as he begins, attains the end deſired. Not only ſome other arts, but every one of them are practiſed to gain a maintenance; whilſt the paraſite gets one the moment he enters upon it. The huſbandman does not till his field for the ſake of agriculture, nor the builder build houſes for the ſake of architecture; but the paraſite has nothing elſe in view but the thing itſelf; his buſineſs, and the end for which it was undertaken, is one and the ſame.

Again: in other arts, men are perpetually employed, and have only two or three holidays in a month; for ſome places have annual, others monthly feſtivals, on which they are allowed to be merry; but the paraſite has thirty holy-days in the month, for every day to him ſeems holy.

In other arts, thoſe who would arrive at any proficiency in them, muſt be dieted like ſick men, for he that eats and drinks abundantly, will never learn much. In other arts, the workman can do nothing without his tools; there is no ſinging without a flute, nor playing without a lyre, nor riding without a horſe; now, our art is ſo commodious, and ſo eaſy to the artiſt, that he can exerciſe it without any inſtrument at all. For other arts, we give ſomething to learn them, but in this we receive for it: others, moreover, require a maſter, but this none: for, as Socrates ſays of poetry; it comes by inſpiration: add to this, that other arts cannot be practiſed when you are at ſea, or upon a journey, but this may.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

Other arts, indeed, ſeem to ſtand in need of this, but this of no other.

TYCHIADES.

But anſwer me this; do not thoſe who take what belongs to another, act unjuſtly?

SIMO.

No doubt of it.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

Is not the paraſite then guilty of injuſtice?

SIMO.

I cannot ſee that; the origin and ſource of every other art is mean and baſe, but the paraſite's is noble and generous; it ſprings from that boaſted virtue of philoſophers, true friendſhip.

TYCHIADES.

How ſo?

SIMO.

Becauſe no body invites a man to dinner who is his enemy, or a ſtranger, or even a perſon ſlightly acquainted with him; he muſt be a friend before he can be admitted to the table, and be initiated into the rites and myſteries of our art: it is a common ſaying, what ſort of a friend muſt he be, who neither eats nor drinks with us! by which it is plain they mean, that he alone who eats and drinks with us, can be a good and faithful friend. That this is the moſt princely, and, as it were, ſovereign of all arts, is indiſputable, becauſe men exerciſe others not only with great toil and labour, but ſtanding, or ſitting, as if they were ſlaves; but the paraſite practiſes his lying all along like a king. Need I mention here the peculiar felicity of him, who, as Homer ſays, neither * plants, turns the glebe, nor ſows, but without doing either, feeds freely upon every thing? the orator, the worker in braſs, or the geometrician may exerciſe their profeſſion, be they ever ſo fooliſh, or ever ſo bad; but no man can be a paraſite, who is either one or the other.

TYCHIADES.

Bleſs us! what a fine thing it is to be a paraſite! I could almoſt wiſh to be one myſelf inſtead of what I am.

SIMO.

I have ſhewn already how much this excels all arts in general; I ſhall now proceed to prove how ſuperior it is to every particular one. To compare it with any of the vulgar and mechanic arts, would debaſe and degrade it: we ſhall, therefore, only conſider the moſt elegant and refined; and amongſt theſe, it is univerſally agreed, that rhetoric and philoſophy are the principal ones; which, on account of their ſuperior excellency, are by many ſtyled

* *Plants.*] See Homer's deſcription of the land of the Cyclops in the 9th book of the Odyſſey, where he tells us the inhabitants are

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or ſow,
They all their products to free nature owe. Pope's Hom. Od. b. ix. l. 121.

ſciences:

ſciences: if we can prove that paraſitiſm is far beyond theſe, it muſt as evidently ſhine forth the ſovereign of arts, as * Nauſicae was the queen of chambermaids.

Firſt then, it excels both rhetoric and philoſophy, as being a real and actual ſubſtance, concerning which, all are agreed; whilſt, with regard to the others, they are not. As to rhetoric, it is not one and the ſame thing with every body; for ſome call it an art, others no art at all, and others a bad and miſchievous one, and ſo on: in like manner, philoſophy is not always the ſame, it is one thing with the Stoics, another with the Epicureans, another with the Academics, and another with the Peripatetics; to this day its profeſſors are not agreed in their opinion of it: from theſe two we may form an idea of the reſt: I cannot poſſibly call that an art, which is not ſo much as a real ſubſtance. Arithmetic, indeed, is always one and the ſame, two and two make four with the Greeks as well as Perſians; in this point, Greeks and barbarians never differ: but many and diverſe are our philoſophies, and we plainly perceive, that neither their principle nor their ends are the ſame.

TYCHIADES.

What you ſay is too true; for the profeſſors call philoſophy one ſimple thing, and yet themſelves ſplit it into a hundred.

SIMO.

In other profeſſions, perhaps, ſome inconſiſtencies may be pardoned, and ſome errors paſſed over; but to philoſophy, which is the teacher of truth, unity is eſſentially neceſſary; and who can bear to ſee it, like ſo many diſcordant inſtruments, diſagreeing with itſelf? it cannot be a ſimple thing, always one and the ſame, becauſe we ſee ſeveral different kinds of it; now, different kinds of it there cannot be, becauſe, if it is philoſophy, it muſt be one and the ſame. We may argue in the ſame manner alſo with regard to rhetoric; when all do not ſay the ſame on the ſubject propoſed, but perpetually diſagree in their opinions, it is plain to a demonſtration, that object can have no real actual exiſtence, the perceptions ariſing from which, are not univerſally the ſame; when the thing is conteſted, to whom can it belong? its never being found in any particular perſon, at once deſtroys its exiſtence. But it is not ſo with paraſitiſm, which is the ſame, both amongſt Greeks and barbarians, in its practice, and in the manner of it; nor can it ever be ſaid, that one man is a paraſite in one way, and another in another:

Nauſicae.] See Homer's Odyſſey, book vi.

nor

nor have they, like the Stoics and Epicureans, different tenets, but a general union and harmony amongſt themſelves, the actions ever correſponding with the ends propoſed by them. Paraſitiſm, therefore, as far as I ſee, ſtands the chance of being ſtyled the only true wiſdom.

TYCHIADES.

Thus far you ſeem to be in the right; but how will you prove your art to be ſuperior to philoſophy in all other points?

SIMO.

Firſt, I ſhall obſerve that no paraſite ever fell in love with philoſophy, whereas many philoſophers are recorded to have turned paraſites, and do ſo to this day.

TYCHIADES.

What philoſophers may they be?

SIMO.

Thoſe whom Simo is very well acquainted with, though you ſeem to inſinuate that I know no ſuch perſons; as if you thought it would be no honour to them, but rather a diſgrace.

TYCHIADES.

Not ſo, by Jupiter! but I am really in doubt whether you can produce them.

SIMO.

You can never have read their lives, my good friend, otherwiſe you muſt know well enough who I mean.

TYCHIADES.

By Hercules, then, I ſhould be glad you would tell me their names.

SIMO.

I will; and I aſſure you they are men of the firſt rank, and ſuch, perhaps, as you little think of: and firſt, then, there was * Æſchines, the Socratic, who wrote the long and elegant dialogues which he brought with him into Sicily, purpoſely to introduce himſelf to Dionyſius; and finding that his Miltiades, which he read over to the tyrant, met with his approbation, he even ſat himſelf down there, became the king's paraſite, and from that hour bad a final adieu to the diſputations of Socrates.

* *Æſchines.*] A famous philoſopher, contemporary with and a diſciple of the great Socrates. He ingratiated himſelf with Dionyſius the tyrant, and was ſupported by him. He wrote many dialogues, amongſt which was the Miltiades here mentioned, together with ſeveral orations and epiſtles, which are greatly admired.

Next to him, what think you of * Ariſtippus the Cyrenian, was not he one of your moſt celebrated philoſophers?

TYCHIADES.

Moſt undoubtedly.

SIMO.

He alſo lived in Sicily at the ſame time, and was a paraſite to Dionyſius, who held him in the higheſt eſteem; his genius, indeed, appeared, above all men, beſt adapted to that art, inſomuch, that the tyrant would every day ſend his cooks to be inſtructed by him: he ſeems, indeed, to have been one of the greateſt ornaments of our profeſſion.

The next I ſhall mention, is your famous Plato, who travelled into Sicily for this very purpoſe, who practiſed this art at the † tyrant's court for a few days, but failed from want of natural capacity; after which, he returned to Athens, took a great deal of pains to qualify himſelf, and once more ſet ſail for Sicily, where, trying a little while, he again met with as bad ſucceſs through unſkilfulneſs; his misfortune, indeed, in this particular, reſembles the fate of ‡ Nicias.

TYCHIADES.

Who mentions this affair, Simo?

SIMO.

Several; particularly § Ariſtoxenus the muſician, a man of no little note,

* *Ariſtippus.*] This ſatire on Ariſtippus is very fair: it is well known that philoſopher lived a great part of his time in the court of Dionyſius the Sicilian tyrant; and, as he acknowleged himſelf, for a very good reaſon; "when I wanted wiſdom, (ſaid he to the king,) I went to Socrates; now I want money, I come to you." He fell down at the king's feet to aſk a favour of him, which was granted, and being reproved for his meanneſs and ſervility; "Blame me not, ſaid he, but Dionyſius, whoſe ears are in his feet."

† *Tyrant's, &c.*] Dionyſius, to which he reſorted, but not being altogether of ſo compliant a diſpoſition as Æſchines and Ariſtippus, did not meet with the ſame encouragement; he ſtaid there, however, long enough to rank amongſt Lucian's paraſites, and to be handed down as ſuch, (with what degree of truth we know not) to poſterity.

‡ *Nicias.*] A famous commander mentioned by Thucydides, who periſhed at Syracuſe, in the ſea-fight between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians.

§ *Ariſtoxenus.*] He lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was a contemporary of Plato and Ariſtotle; eminent both as a philoſopher and a muſician, but moſt diſtinguiſhed in the latter character: having written ſeveral learned treatiſes on ancient muſic, of which only his Harmonics, in three books, are come down to us; they are tranſlated into Latin by Meurſius. He is ſaid by Suidas to have written no leſs than 452 different works, amongſt which, thoſe on muſic were moſt eſteemed.

For a farther account of him and the merit of his Harmonics, I refer my readers to the ingenious Dr. Burney's General Hiſtory of Muſic, one of the moſt inſtructive and entertaining works publiſhed in this century. See his Account of the Greek Muſic, p. 450.

who

who was, himſelf, the paraſite of * Neleus. † Euripides, beſides, as you very well know, was paraſite to Archelaus, to the day of his death, as ‡ Anaxarchus was to Alexander: as to Ariſtotle, he § touched but ſlightly this art, as he did on all the reſt. Philoſophers, therefore, as I juſt now obſerved, have frequently turned paraſites, but nobody ever ſaw a paraſite who wiſhed to turn philoſopher. If never to know hunger, thirſt, or cold, be real happineſs, paraſites alone are happy: for, as to philoſophers, many are found ſtarving, we never are: this is the fate of your wiſe men only, or ſuch wretches and beggars as reſemble them.

TYCHIADES.

True; but how will you prove, after all, that your art is ſuperior to rhetoric and philoſophy?

SIMO.

There are too ſeaſons, my good friend, when the arts, and the profeſſors of them, have an opportunity of ſhewing their real merit; the time of war, and the time of peace; let us, if you pleaſe, take the former, and conſider which will appear to the greateſt advantage, and be of moſt ſervice, both to themſelves and the public.

TYCHIADES.

An excellent trial of ſkill you have propoſed, and I cannot help ſmiling to myſelf, when I think of a paraſite and a philoſopher thus compared together.

* *Neleus.*] Concerning this Neleus we have very little information to be depended on, though he is ſlightly mentioned by Athenæus. He was, probably, however, ſome man of faſhion and conſequence at that time, with whom Ariſtoxenus was intimately connected.

† *Euripides.*] This famous tragedian, as it is well known, and recorded by all his biographers, left his native country, probably, on account of ſome ill treatment from his rivals, and ſpent the latter part of his life at the court of Archelaus, king of Macedon, who loaded him with favours, and treated him with all the reſpect due to his character and abilities: this was a ſufficient foundation for Lucian to call him a paraſite, a name which, notwithſtanding, he might probably very little deſerve.

‡ *Anaxarchus.*] A philoſopher of Abdera, and follower of Democritus. He lived intirely with Alexander the Great, and flouriſhed about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

§ *Touched, &c.*] Ariſtotle, ſays Lucian, only ſkimmed the ſurface of this art, as he did with regard to many others, by which he means, we may ſuppoſe, to inſinuate that this great writer treated matters but ſuperficially, and never went to the bottom of them. Of his abſtruſe philoſophy we have certainly enough, becauſe if he had ſaid more, he would only have been more tedious: but when we turn to his rhetoric, tragedy, &c. we wiſh, perhaps, with Lucian, he had been more copious and explicit.

SIMO.

To ſtop your admiration, and convince you that it is no jeſting matter, let us but for a moment ſuppoſe word was juſt now brought, that the enemy had invaded this country, that we could no longer ſuffer him to lay waſte our lands, but were under the immediate neceſſity of taking up arms againſt him; that our commanders had ſummoned all to the field who were of age to fight, and, among the reſt, the philoſophers, rhetoricians, and paraſites were gathered together: firſt, then, let us ſee them naked, for they muſt be ſtripped before they put down their arms; obſerve the men one by one, and examine their bodies; you will find ſome of them pale, thin, and emaciated, as if they had been left half dead on the field of battle; how ridiculous it is to imagine, that ſuch poor wretches as theſe could ever be fit for a cloſe engagement, or be able to endure the fatigue and buſtle of a war! but now, on the other hand, turn your eyes towards the paraſite, and mark his appearance; obſerve what a body he has, and what a colour, not black like a ſlave, nor white like a woman, but of a fine ſanguine complexion, and a countenance full of fire and ſpirit, like mine. To go to battle with a weak and timid eye, is mean and deteſtable; but ſuch a warrior as ours

* In life is beauteous, and in death admir'd.

But why need we form conjectures about what we may eaſily prove by example? to ſay the truth, never would your orators or philoſophers venture on the outſide of the walls, or if they were ever forced into an engagement, they were ſure to quit their ranks and run away.

TYCHIADES.

Very ſurpriſing and extraordinary indeed!

SIMO.

Yet ſo it is, and I will prove it; amongſt your orators, how did Iſocrates behave! ſo far was he from going out to battle, that he was afraid even to aſcend the roſtrum, but loſt his voice in the fright. In the war with Philip, did not Demades, Æſchines, and Philocrates give up themſelves and their country through fear to the invader; did not they ſtay at home on purpoſe to manage his affairs with the commonwealth, and were not all thoſe who took his part ranked amongſt their beſt friends? even Hyperides, Lycurgus,

* *In life, &c.*] This is probably from ſome tragic writer, though I do not remember the paſſage in any now extant.

and

and Demoſthenes, who were ſo much braver, who were always abuſing Philip, and ſtirring up the people againſt him in their harangues, what mighty act did they perform againſt him when the war began? Hyperides and Lycurgus never ſo much as dared to put their heads out beyond the city walls, but ſculked behind them, and during the ſiege, contented themſelves with making little ſpeeches and decrees againſt him; whilſt their great * leader, who was always crying out "Philip, that plague of Macedon, from whom no man would even purchaſe a ſlave." After venturing as far as Bœotia, before the battle began, threw down his ſhield, and fled. This you muſt have heard, as it is univerſally known, not by Athenians only, but by the Thracians and Scythians, thoſe barbarians from whom this coward ſprung.

TYCHIADES.

I acknowlege it; but theſe were only orators, people employed to teach language and not virtue; what ſay you to philoſophers? you cannot accuſe them.

SIMO.

Theſe, Tychiades, though they are perpetually talking about fortitude, and hackneying the name of virtue, are more timid and cowardly even than our orators: who ever heard of a philoſopher dying in battle? they either never fought at all, or if they did, took the firſt opportunity to run away. Antiſthenes, Diogenes, Crates, Zeno, Plato, Æſchines, Ariſtotle, and the whole tribe of them, never ſo much as ſaw an engagement. The wiſe Socrates alone ventured to a battle, but was glad to retreat from † Parnethe to the palæſtra of Taurea; he thought it much pleaſanter and more polite to divert himſelf with the young men, and throw out his jeſts and ſarcaſms, than to fight with the Spartans.

* *Leader.*] Demoſthenes.

† *Parnethe.*] Socrates, in ſpite of what is here roundly aſſerted by Lucian's Paraſite, was no coward; but, according to Plutarch's teſtimony, always behaved well in battle, ſo well, indeed, that an honourable reward was aſſigned to him by the general, which he declined in favour of his friend Alcibiades. With regard to the affair here alluded to, Lucian has miſrepreſented it; for, as Plutarch tells us, in his tract concerning the dæmon of Socrates, as the army came to a way that was divided into two, Socrates made a ſtand, and adviſed thoſe that were with him not to take the path they were going into, along the mountain Parne, but the other, by the way called Retiſte, for ſuch, ſaid he to them, was the dæmon's advice; moſt of them, however, perſiſted in their own opinion, were met by a party of horſemen, and all cut off. Socrates, and thoſe who followed him, got ſafe home.

This, ſurely, was prudence, and not cowardice. We muſt not always depend on my friend Lucian's veracity.

TYCHIADES.

In truth, my good friend, I have heard as much from others, and thoſe too, who did not ſay it merely for the ſake of laughing at, or abuſing them, nor do I therefore imagine you have belyed them, in compliment to your own art; but now, if you pleaſe, let us know how your friends behave in battle, and whether any of the ancient heroes were paraſites.

SIMO.

Every body, my friend, be he ever ſo ignorant, is acquainted with Homer; and thoſe that know him, know that his greateſt heroes were paraſites: the famous Neſtor, whoſe * lips flowed with honey, was the king's paraſite; nor was Achilles, who not only ſeemed, but was the moſt beautiful and moſt courageous of men, nor Diomed, nor Ajax, ſo much praiſed and admired by him as Neſtor; he does not wiſh for ten Ajax's, or ten Achilles's, but tells us he ſhould † ſoon take Troy, if he had but ten ſuch ſoldiers as this old paraſite. Idomeneus too, the offspring of Jove, was another paraſite, as he informs us, of Agamemnon's.

TYCHIADES.

I remember very well what you mention, but I do not rightly comprehend why they muſt be ſtyled paraſites.

SIMO.

Recollect, I beſeech you, the verſes where Agamemnon ſpeaks to Idomeneus.

TYCHIADES.

Which do you mean?

SIMO.

‡ —— in banquets when the gen'rous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warrior's ſouls,
Tho' all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.

And this, he ſaid, not becauſe the goblet of Idomeneus was always filled for

* *Lips.*] Words, ſweet as honey, from his lips diſtill'd.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 332.

† *Soon take, &c.*] —— Wou'd the gods decree
But ten ſuch ſages as they grant in thee,
Such wiſdom ſoon ſhou'd Priam's force deſtroy,
And ſoon ſhou'd fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 442.

‡ *In banquets, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 296.

him,

him, either fighting or ſleeping, but becauſe he alone had the privilege of ſupping every night with the king, whilſt other ſoldiers were only invited on particular occaſions.

Again, after Ajax had fought in ſingle combat with Hector, they * led him, he tells us, to the divine Agamemnon, where he was rewarded by ſupping with the king; but Neſtor and Idomeneus, as he informs us, had that honour every day. Neſtor, indeed, was the firſt of royal paraſites, and underſtood the art better than any of them, having practiſed it before with † Cæneus and Hexadius, nor did he quit it, till after the death of Agamemnon.

TYCHIADES.

He was certainly a moſt excellent one; if you know of any others, let us have them.

SIMO.

What think you of Patroclus, the famous paraſite of Achilles, a man not inferior to any of the Greeks, though but a youth, either in body or mind? nay, if Homer is to be credited, equal to Achilles himſelf: he who burſt through the gates, and attacked Hector in the trenches, and drove him to the ſhips, he who ſaved the burning veſſel of Proteſilaus, which was more than Ajax and Teucer, the ſons of Telamon, could do, though one was a heavy-armed leader, and the other a famous archer: this noble paraſite ſlew a number of the barbarians, and amongſt the reſt Sarpedon, the ſon of Jove: nor did he die like other men; Achilles we know alone, killed Hector, and Paris alone ſlew Achilles; but no leſs than two men and one god went to the ſlaying of our paraſite, who, when he died, did not ſupplicate like the brave Hector, who fell down at Achilles's feet, and intreated that his body might be given to his friends, but behaved as became the dignity of his calling, and cried out

TYCHIADES.

What?

* *Led him.*] See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 312.

† *Cæneus.*] This alludes to Neſtor's ſpeech in the firſt book of the Iliad, where he talks of his old acquaintance,

> Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
> Dryas the bold, or Cæneus' deathleſs name.

Theſeus and Polyphron are likewiſe recorded, but no mention is there made of Hexadius.

SIMO.

SIMO.

* Had twenty mortals, each thy match in fight,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in night.

TYCHIADES.

That's enough; but you muſt firſt fairly prove that Patroclus was not a friend, but a paraſite.

SIMO.

I will produce you his own words to prove him the latter.

TYCHIADES.

Wonderful indeed!

SIMO.

Mark what he ſays:

† —— As in fate and love we join,
Ah, ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine;
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed.

Again, when he went away,

Me Peleus cheriſh'd long, and bade me be,
What I have prov'd, a ‡ miniſter to thee.

That is, his paraſite; if he had meant that Patroclus was his friend, he would not have called him miniſter, for Patroclus, we know, was a free man; whom then could he call miniſters, but thoſe who were neither ſlaves nor friends, and conſequently muſt be paraſites? You will obſerve too, that he does not honour Idomeneus, though he was the ſon of Jupiter, with the epithet of Mars-like, but his paraſite Meriones. Again, what think you of Ariſtogiton, the poor plebeian, who, as Thucydides tells us, was the paraſite of Hermodius, and his lover alſo, for paraſites muſt love thoſe who maintain them; this man, we know, defended Athens when groaning under tyranny and oppreſſion, and reſtored her freedom and independency: the brazen ſtatues of him and his dearly beloved remain to this day in the market-place: pleaſe to obſerve, that all theſe brave men were paraſites.

How does our paraſite behave in the battle! does he not always, before

* *Had twenty, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 1002.

† *As in fate.*] Part of the ſpeech of Patroclus's ſhade to Achilles. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 103.

‡ *Miniſter.*] Greek, Θεραποντ'.

he

he goes out to fight, as * Ulyſſes preſcribes, take his breakfaſt? for, whomſoever he commanded to fight, him he firſt invited to feaſt, let him begin ever ſo early: whilſt other ſoldiers ſpend their time in a cowardly manner, ſome in fitting on their helmets, others preparing their breaſt-plates, others in trembling for the event of the battle; he with a chearful countenance employs it in making a good meal, and the moment he goes out, ſteps forward, and is foremoſt in the engagement: behind him, in another rank, ſtands his feeder, whom he covers with his ſhield, as Ajax did Teucer, and as the darts are flying round, expoſing his own body, ſhelters him, anxious to protect and ſave his patron, rather than himſelf: if he periſhes in battle, neither general nor ſoldier need bluſh to ſee his beauteous body falling gracefully as at a banquet. It is worth while, at the ſame time, to obſerve the carcaſe of the philoſopher that lies by him, dry and dirty, with his long beard, a poor little creature who was half dead before the fight began: how muſt we deſpiſe the unfortunate city that has ſuch defenders, who that beheld theſe pale puny wretches thus ſtretched out on the ground, but muſt ſuppoſe them to be ſo many malefactors let out of priſon for lack of better ſoldiers to fight for their country! Such, my friend, are paraſites in time of war, compared to your orators and philoſophers; in peace they are as preferable to them as peace itſelf is to war; and to prove this, we will firſt, if you pleaſe, conſider the ſituations of peace.

TYCHIADES.

I do not rightly underſtand what you mean by that.

SIMO.

The forum, the courts of juſtice, the palæſtra, the gymnaſium, hunting parties, and banquets, theſe I call peaceful ſituations; are they not ſo?

TYCHIADES.

Moſt undoubtedly.

SIMO.

To the forum, or court of juſtice then, our paraſite never comes, becauſe they are fitter for informers and petty-foggers, ſeldom any thing juſt or honeſt is carried on there; the palæſtra indeed, the gymnaſium, and the ban-

* *Ulyſſes preſcribes.*] Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food;
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xix. l. 169.

quet,

quet, he always frequents, and is the great ornament and conductor of them. In the palæſtra, what orator or philoſopher can be compared with him for ſhape and beauty, which of them is not rather a diſgrace to the gymnaſium whenever he appears in it? If one of them meets a wild beaſt in the deſart, he is frightened out of his wits at him; whilſt our paraſite ſuſtains his attack with the greateſt eaſe and indifference: by the frequent view of his adverſary on a * table, he has learned to deſpiſe him; no ſtag nor horrid boar affrights our hero; for if the boar whets his teeth againſt him, he, in return, whets his teeth againſt the boar: as to hares, he is fonder of running after them than the dogs themſelves: at a feaſt, whether eating or jeſting, who is able to contend with him? who can ſo well entertain the company, he who is for ever finging and cutting jokes, or the poor creature who lies down in his ſhort cloak, never ſmiles, but looks upon the ground, with a melancholy countenance, as if he came to a funeral inſtead of a banquet; a philoſopher at a feaſt, I think, is like a † dog in a bath.

But, to paſs over theſe matters, let us come at once to the life of the paraſite, and compare it with theirs. In the firſt place then, he has an utter contempt of all fame and glory, and never cares what people think of him; now your orators and philoſophers, one and all of them, are fond of both, and what is worſe, of money too; whilſt the paraſite values it no more than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore, and thinks it as bad as fire. Our rhetoricians, and what is more ſhameful, thoſe who call themſelves philoſophers, are ſo attached to their intereſt, that amongſt them, (for as to the orators, I ſhall take no notice of them,) ſome in the courts of judicature have taken bribes, others exact money from their pupils, others without a bluſh, will aſk a ſtipend of a king for living with him. You may ſee many an old fellow rambling about, and letting himſelf out, like Indian and Scythian ſlaves, nor is he aſhamed to own that he receives wages: beſides all this, you will find them ſubject to melancholy, to anger, envy, to paſſions, appetites, and deſires of every kind; but the paraſite is free from all: he is never angry, firſt, becauſe he can bear misfortunes, and ſecondly, becauſe there is nobody whom he can be angry with; if at any time he is a little ruffled, his reſent-

* *A table.*] The wild-boar was a favourite diſh at the tables of the great: the paraſite, therefore, is not afraid of meeting with his old acquaintance.

† *A dog.*] Frightened at the hot water, ſplaſhing, ſweating, and, in ſhort, as we ſay, quite out of his element.

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ment produces nothing harſh nor gloomy, but rather excites mirth and laughter; he puts thoſe in a good humour with whom he converſes, and is, himſelf, never melancholy, as it is the peculiar advantage of his profeſſion, that nothing can make him uneaſy; for he has neither eſtate, nor houſe, nor ſervant, nor wife, nor children, the loſs of which, and they are all periſhable, muſt deeply affect the poſſeſſor of them; but he is not fond of glory, or riches, or any of thoſe things that are ſo univerſally admired.

TYCHIADES.

But, perhaps, Simo, want of victuals may now and then affect him a little.

SIMO.

You have forgot, my friend, that he who wants victuals is no paraſite; he is not a brave man whoſe bravery is departed from him, nor is he a wiſe man who is deprived of wiſdom; our inquiry is about him who is a paraſite, and not about him who is none; now if the brave man is only brave whilſt he is exerciſing his bravery, and the prudent man whilſt he is practiſing prudence, in like manner, he only is a paraſite who is * actually feeding, and if he is not ſo, we are talking not about him, but about ſomebody elſe.

TYCHIADES.

The paraſite then, you think, muſt always have plenty.

SIMO.

Certainly; neither on this account, therefore, nor any other, can he be unhappy. Moreover, you will pleaſe to obſerve, that orators and philoſophers are all cowards; you never ſee them go out without a club, which they would not be armed with, if they were not afraid; making their doors as faſt as poſſible for fear of thieves: whilſt our paraſite juſt ſhuts his, and that careleſsly, to keep the wind out; be there ever ſo much noiſe in the night, he is no more moved than if there was no noiſe at all; and if he walks through a deſart, he goes without a ſword, for he is afraid of nothing: but many a philoſopher have I ſeen, armed with ſpears and arrows, where there is nothing to fear; they carry clubs with them even when they go into the bath, or to dinner: you never knew a paraſite accuſed of an aſſault, rape, adultery, or any crime of that kind; he never hurts any body but himſelf: but as to orators and philoſophers, we not only know of a thouſand crimes

* *Actually feeding.*] Gr. παρασιτος, paraſitus, from σιτος, food. A pun upon the Greek word.

committed by them in our own age, but have them recorded in books; there is ſtill extant the apology of Socrates, Æſchines, Hyperides, Demoſthenes, and many others amongſt your wiſe men; but who ever ſaw the defence of a paraſite? nor can we call to mind a ſuit commenced againſt one of them.

TYCHIADES.

But, ſuppoſing the life of a paraſite ſuperior to that of an orator or philoſopher, his death, after all, perhaps, may be much more wretched.

SIMO.

So far from it, that it is infinitely more happy. All your philoſophers, we know, at leaſt three parts of them, have died miſerably; ſome condemned to ſuffer for the moſt atrocious of crimes, have been forced to drink * poiſon, others were burned to aſhes, others died of the ſtrangury, and others were baniſhed; whereas paraſites never go off in either of theſe ways, but come to a happy end, eating and drinking; or if, perhaps, any of them ever did die a violent death, it muſt have been from indigeſtion.

TYCHIADES.

You have fought your paraſite's battle with the philoſophers moſt nobly; all I want you now to ſhew, is, what honour and profit redounds to the patron who ſupports him, and whether it is not a ſhame he ſhould be ſo liberally ſupported.

SIMO.

How ignorant, Tychiades, muſt you be, not to know that the rich man, who eats by himſelf, though he had all the wealth of Gyges, muſt be really poor, and if he appears in public without a paraſite, looks like a beggar! for, as a ſoldier is contemptible without arms, a garment without purple, or a horſe without his trappings, even ſo does a great man without a paraſite ſeem of no rank or eſtimation. The paraſite ſets off the rich man, but the rich man never ſets off the paraſite: it is no diſgrace, as you acknowlege, for the latter to live upon the former, as the poor ſhould depend upon the rich; and to the former the dependent is highly uſeful, not only becauſe he ſhews him off, but becauſe from the attendance of the one, is derived the happineſs of the other: woe be to thoſe who attack the patron, when his paraſite ſtands by him; and who will attempt to poiſon the man who has always a friend to taſte his meat and drink for him? the rich man is not only digni-

* *Poiſon.*] Alluding to the deaths of Socrates and Empedocles.

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fied by the paraſite, but is, at the ſame time, ſaved from the greateſt dangers by him; the paraſite, from his zeal and attachment, runs every hazard for his patron, not only takes care he ſhall never eat by himſelf, but even chuſes to eat with him at the peril of his life.

TYCHIADES.

In good truth, my friend, you have done every thing in your power, have not neglected the defence of your art in any particular, but appeared to be what you promiſed, well prepared, and an adept in the profeſſion; I would only aſk you now, whether there is not ſomething in the appellation of paraſite, that is mean and baſe.

SIMO.

No ſuch thing: it means no more than eating together; and is not ſailing together, running together, riding and ſhooting together, and conſequently eating together, better than ſailing, and running, and riding, and ſhooting, and eating alone?

TYCHIADES.

You are quite right, and I entirely agree with you: for the future I ſhall come, as the children do, night and morning, to learn of you; you ſhould teach me your art, I think, freely, becauſe I am your firſt ſcholar, as mother's, they ſay, are always fondeſt of their firſt-born.

ANACHARSIS.

A DIALOGUE ON GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

The Advantages arising from the public gymnastic Exercises practised in Greece, *and the Inconveniences sometimes attendant on them, are here set forth in a lively and entertaining* Dialogue. LUCIAN, *in the Person of* ANACHARSIS, *the* Scythian, *laughs, but with great good Humour, at the obvious Absurdities, and ridiculous Circumstances which sometimes accompanied them: whilst the Lawgiver defends his own Statutes and Customs, with a Warmth and Seriousness suitable to the Occasion. The contrasted Characters of the* Grecian, *and* Scythian, *are well supported throughout, and the whole sprinkled with that Portion of true* Attic *Salt which distinguishes the Productions of this amusing Author.*

ANACHARSIS AND SOLON.

ANACHARSIS.

PRAY, Solon, what is is the meaning of these young gentlemen's diverting themselves in this manner? Some of them are locked close together, and tripping up one another's heels, some writhing and twisting, rolling in the mud, and begriming themselves like so many hogs: when they first undressed, I saw them stroking and anointing one another, as peaceably as could be; then, all on a sudden, heaven knows why or wherefore, butting, and lifting their heads together, like rams. Look there, one of them has thrown his antagonist on the ground, he will not suffer him to rise, but gets upon, and keeps him down with his knees, and, with his hands at his throat, is going to suffocate him, whilst the other lays hold on his shoulder, as if beseeching that he would not throttle him. The oil does not keep them a bit cleaner, for it is soon wiped off, and they are covered with sweat and dirt. I cannot help laughing to see them slip out of one another's hands like eels. Yonder are others in the open air, with a deep sand under them, which they are raking up like so many chicken, and sprinkling each other with, I suppose that they may lay the faster hold, as the sand takes off the slipperiness of the ointment, and makes them stand firmer on the ground: and now they go to it hand and foot; one poor creature seems as if he was spitting out all his teeth, his mouth is so full of sand

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and blood, from the blow he has received on his face; that officer who preſides over the ſport, for by the purple I take him to be a magiſtrate, never offers to part them, or put an end to the fray, but ſeems to encourage and promote it, as you ſee by the applauſes he beſtows on that bruiſer. But look yonder, ſome of them are ſkipping about with great agility, as if they were running a race, though they never ſtir from the ſpot; obſerve how they raiſe their bodies up into the air, and ſhake their legs: I ſhould be glad to know what good end or purpoſe this can poſſibly anſwer, for, to me, it appears like madneſs, nor ſhall I eaſily be perſuaded that they are not all out of their ſenſes.

SOLON.

No wonder, Anacharſis, they ſhould ſeem ſo to you, as theſe cuſtoms muſt appear ſtrange and foreign to your Scythian manners; and ſo would many of your's to us, if we were eye-witneſſes of them, as you are now of our's: but believe me, my good friend, there is no madneſs in the caſe, nor do they, when they roll about in the dirt, kick up the ſand, and ſtrike one another, mean to do any injury, or act from anger and reſentment: many good and uſeful conſequences reſult from it, and the body acquires no little ſtrength and improvement; if you ſtay any time in Greece, as I hope you will, I make no doubt but I ſhall ſee you as deep in dirt and duſt as the beſt of them, ſo uſeful and ſo agreeable will the cuſtom ſoon appear to you.

ANACHARSIS.

Keep your uſeful and agreeable to yourſelves, I beſeech you, Solon; for if any one of you attempts to treat me in that manner, he ſhall find I do not wear a * ſcymitar for nothing: but pray inform me, what do you call this, and what is it they are about?

SOLON.

This place is called the † Gymnaſium, and is ſacred to Apollo the Lycian. Obſerve his ſtatue, the head reclining on his right hand, with a bow in his left, repreſents the deity as riſing from long labour: with regard to the exerciſes, what you obſerve in the mud there, and likewiſe on the ſand, we call wreſtling: when they ſtand upright, and attack one another, we

* *A ſcymitar.*] The acinaces, or ſcymitar of the Scythians, was their favourite weapon, which they always wore, both in peace and war; it was even treated with ſome degree of adoration, and worſhipped by them. See Lucian's Toxaris, and the note upon it.

† *Gymnaſium.*] The gymnaſium, or palæſtra, was the place where all the public exerciſes were performed, divided into ſeveral parts, which are all accurately and minutely deſcribed by Pauſanias, Vitruvius, Potter, and other writers.

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term it the pancratium: we have likewiſe other ſports, ſuch as *boxing, quoits, and leaping, for every one of which we lay down certain rewards, which the conqueror is entitled to.

ANACHARSIS.

And what are they?

SOLON.

At the Olympic games, an ‡ olive crown, or garland; at the Iſthmian, one of pine; at the Nemean, one of parſley; at the Pythian, apples from the trees ſacred to Apollo; and with us, at the Panathenaica, olives from the tree of Minerva. What do you ſmile at? you think our prizes very ſmall, I ſuppoſe.

ANACHARSIS.

O no; your rewards are certainly moſt magnificent, and ſuch as muſt ſtir up a conteſt amongſt the donors which ſhall be moſt liberal, worthy, no doubt, to be contended for by the candidates, even beyond their ſtrength: they muſt take a great deal of pains, to be ſure, and willingly run the hazard of being throttled for apples and parſley, as if they could not have plenty of them when they pleaſed, without having their faces ſmeared with mud, and their breaths trod out of their bodies for it.

SOLON.

But remember, my friend, it is not the reward alone which we look towards: theſe are only the marks and tokens of victory: the glory which reſults from it, is the conqueror's great reward: thoſe who look for glory, and thirſt after that alone, muſt ſuffer many things, and wait for it as the noble and worthy end of all their labours.

ANACHARSIS.

The great and noble end, you talk of then, is, that thoſe, who before pitied them for their wounds and dangers, ſhall applaud their victories, and ſee them crowned: whilſt they ſhall themſelves be ſupremely happy in the poſſeſſion of their apples and parſley.

* *Boxing, &c*] The curious reader will meet with a particular account of all the ancient gymnaſtic ſports, in three pieces written by Monſ. Burette, and printed in the ſecond volume of Memoires de Literature de l'Academie Royale des Inſcriptions, &c.

‡ *Olive.*] The firſt reward beſtowed upon the conquerors in the Olympic games was a chaplet, or crown, compoſed of the branches of wild olive, to enhance the value of which, it was pretended, that the tree from whence they were taken was brought to Olympia by *Hercules*, from the country of the Hyperboreans, and withal, that it was indicated to the *Eleans* by the Delphic oracle. See Weſt's Diſſertation on the Olympic Games.

SOLON.

You know little at preſent, I tell you, of our manners; by and by you will think better of them: when you come to the aſſembly, and ſee ſuch numbers of people gathered together, and the amphitheatre filled with ſo many thouſand ſpectators, the combatants crowned with ſhouts of applauſe, and the conqueror equalled in honour and glory to the gods.

ANACHARSIS.

That, now, to me appears the moſt unfortunate circumſtance of all; to ſuffer ſo many hardſhips, not before a few judges only, but in the ſight of ſo many people, who are eye-witneſſes of their miſery, and compliment them ſo highly when they are bleeding at every vein, and half-choaked by their adverſaries; for this it ſeems is the happineſs of victory. Now, amongſt us Scythians, if any one beats a citizen, throws him down, or tears his cloaths off his back, he is ſeverely puniſhed by our elders, even when there are ever ſo few witneſſes, and not in large and ſpacious theatres, ſuch as you talk of at your Iſthmians and Olympics. I pity the combatants moſt ſincerely on account of their ſufferings, and as to your ſpectators, compoſed, as you ſay, of the firſt people in the ſtate, who frequent theſe aſſemblies, I wonder not a little how they can neglect their own affairs to throw away their time on ſuch things as theſe, nor do I underſtand what pleaſure they can find in ſeeing men beating, ſqueezing, and tearing one another.

SOLON.

If this was the ſeaſon of our public games, you would then ſee how uſeful and agreeable they are; you cannot by deſcription form any idea of the pleaſure which it would give you to ſit amidſt a number of ſpectators, and obſerve the courage of the men, the beauty of their forms, their ſtrength and agility, their ſkill and bravery, their unconquerable ſpirit, and never-ceaſing deſire of fame and victory; I am ſure, if you were to be an eye-witneſs of it, there would be no end of your acclamations and applauſe.

ANACHARSIS.

Rather ſay, my friend, of ridicule and cenſure; for to tell you the truth, I think all thoſe mighty virtues, you talk of, that ſtrength, ſkill, and ſpirit, is only thrown away for nothing, when neither your country is in danger, your lands laid waſte, nor your friends injured nor affronted; if the combatants, therefore, are, as you ſay, perſons of the firſt rank, more fools are they, to ſuffer ſo much for nothing, to contend with misfortune, and roll

beautiful

beautiful bodies in the dirt, to get a few apples, or a branch of olive: for I cannot forget the immenſe rewards which you beſtow on your conquerors. But, pray inform me, does every candidate receive a prize?

SOLON.

By no means, * only he who overcomes all the reſt.

ANACHARSIS.

It is only, therefore, in purſuit of a doubtful and uncertain victory that all theſe men contend, though they know at the ſame time only one can be conqueror, and all the others, not only vanquiſhed, but perhaps miſerably mauled and wounded into the bargain.

SOLON.

You ſeem, Anacharſis, to be an utter ſtranger to every thing that concerns the proper regulation and management of a commonwealth; you would not otherwiſe find fault with ſuch excellent inſtitutions; but when you come to know how a city may be beſt eſtabliſhed, and its members become moſt uſeful and praiſe-worthy, you will then approve of theſe our exerciſes, and the warmth with which we purſue them, and will acknowlege that ſuch employments are of uſe, though they now appear to you ſo fruitleſs and unprofitable.

ANACHARSIS.

For no other reaſon, Solon, did I travel thus far, and croſs the ſtormy Euxine, but that I might learn the laws of the Greeks, acquaint myſelf with your manners, and acquire the moſt perfect idea of true policy: for this purpoſe did I fix on Solon to be my friend and companion, as a man who, I was told, had framed the moſt excellent laws, introduced the moſt uſeful inſtitutions, and formed the moſt noble republic: receive therefore your diſciple, and inſtruct him; for I would ſtay here with pleaſure, without meat or drink, as long as you pleaſe, to hear your talk on theſe ſubjects.

SOLON.

It would require, my friend, much time and pains to explain every thing to you; but if you have a mind to go through the ſeveral parts, I will give you my opinion concerning the gods, parents, marriage, and the reſt. But firſt, with regard to the treatment of our youth, and the methods which we

† *Only he, &c.*] "Know ye not (ſays St. Paul), that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize; ſo run that ye may obtain." See Epiſt. to the Corinthians, ch. ix. v. 24.

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take, as ſoon as they are capable of knowing what is good, to ſtrengthen their bodies, and render them fit for labour, I ſhall acquaint you with the reaſons why we exerciſe them in this manner, not, as you will ſee, merely for the ſake of the reward, for that a few only can obtain, but with the view to a much greater advantage ariſing to the whole city, and to every individual in it; another more noble contention ſprings from hence, amongſt all the members of the community, and a crown is beſtowed, not of pine, of olive, or of parſley, but one, with which is wreathed public happineſs and private liberty, the ancient rites and ceremonies, the wealth, honour, and glory of our country, the ſafety of every man's property, with every good and noble gift we wiſh for from the gods: theſe are all inwoven with that crown, and reſult from that conteſt, and to this all our toils and labours lead.

ANACHARSIS.

When you had ſuch rewards as theſe, my worthy friend, why did you talk of wild olives, pines, apples, and parſley?

SOLON.

Even theſe you will not think ſo trifling and inconſiderable, when you come rightly to underſtand what I juſt now mentioned; for theſe are in conſequence of the ſame plan, and ſhould be conſidered as ſo many ſmall parts of that great contention, and that noble crown which I ſpoke of. I have wandered I know not how from the main ſubject, and got into our Iſthmian, Olympic, and Nemæan games; but as we are now at leiſure, and you are deſirous of hearing me, we will go back, if you pleaſe, to the great principle, that common and univerſal trial of ſkill, which, as I obſerved to you, all this is intended to raiſe and promote.

ANACHARSIS.

It would be better, I think, to do ſo; I ſhall then, perhaps, learn to laugh no longer at thoſe who are ſo happy in their crowns of olive and parſley; but, if you pleaſe, we will retire into that arbour, and ſeat ourſelves on the bench, where we ſhall be removed a little from the noiſe of the combatants, and the ſhouts of the ſpectators; beſides, to tell you the truth, I cannot well bear the heat of the ſun, which ſtrikes full upon my head, and I have left my * hat at home, on purpoſe that I might not appear as a foreigner

* *Hat.*] The Scythian, we ſee, leaves his hat at home in complaiſance to the Grecian, who, we may ſuppoſe by this, thought it effeminate to wear any thing upon his head, even in the

reigner amongſt you; at this time of the year, what you call the dog-ſtar burns up every thing, and makes the air hot and dry, and the meridian ſun juſt over our heads renders the heat intolerable; I am ſurpriſed, therefore, that you, who are an old man, ſeem neither to ſweat as I do, nor feel any inconvenience from it, never looking about for ſhade, but expoſing yourſelf thus to the ſun.

SOLON.

Thoſe ridiculous labours, as you call them, Anacharſis, our conſtant rolling about in the mud, and the harſhips we ſuffer, by being perpetually on the ſand and in the open air, are the very things which make us proof againſt the darts of the ſun: we want no hats to keep the rays from our heads; but, come, I will accompany you.

And now, obſerve, I do not expect you implicitly to obey and ſubmit to my laws, but whenever I appear to be wrong, that you will ſcrutiniſe and oppoſe my tenets, whence this advantage will inevitably accrue, either that you, when every thing is carefully examined, will embrace and firmly adhere to my opinion, or, on the other hand, I ſhall be convinced of my error, and learn beter of you, for which the whole city of Athens will be infinitely obliged to you: in this caſe I ſhall conceal nothing, but ſtanding up in the great aſſembly, "I have given you, O Athenians, will I ſay to them, a body of laws, which I deemed good and ſalutary, but this ſtranger (pointing to you), who, though a Scythian, is a man of the higheſt ſenſe and abilities, hath convinced me of my miſtake, and taught me better precepts with regard to life and manners; look upon him, therefore, as your friend and benefactor, and erect a ſtatue to him next to your Minerva." Athens, I aſſure you, will never be aſhamed of learning what is good, even from a ſtranger and Barbarian.

ANACHARSIS.

* You Athenians, I ſee, as I have often heard, are fond of irony; for how ſhould a poor wandering ſhepherd like me, who have lived in a waggon all my life, and ſtrolled about from place to place, one who had never learned any thing before he came here, pretend to diſpute about your affairs,

dog-days. Lucian, in the character of Anacharſis, laughs at him, as well he might, for the abſurdity; but when a cuſtom is once eſtabliſhed, eſpecially when founded on national vanity, as this was, be it ever ſo ridiculous, it is not eaſily ſhaken off.

* *You Athenians, &c.*] It is obſervable that, whilſt Anacharſis is blaming the Athenians for their irony, he is here himſelf praiſing it.

or

or to inſtruct men, like you, * ſprung from the ſoil which they inhabit, who have preſerved this noble and moſt ancient city, by your ſalutary laws, for ſo many ages; or you above all, great Solon, who knows ſo well what will beſt eſtabliſh and promote its happineſs and proſperity! but, as a legiſlator, I will obey you even in this; and if any thing you advance appears wrong, venture to contradict, only that I may be better inſtructed by you. We are now got into the ſhade, where the ſun can no longer annoy us, and this cool ſtone will afford us a pleaſant ſeat. Begin, therefore, and inform me, why you ſo early inure your young men to labour, how it happens that rolling in the mud makes men good, and why duſt and dirt ſhould increaſe honour and virtue; this is what I would firſt wiſh to know, and inſtruct me in other points afterwards, each in its proper place; only remember, I beſeech you, that you are converſing with an ignorant Barbarian. I mention this, that you may be plain and intelligible in your diſcourſe, and, above all, not too long, leſt whilſt you are delivering one part, I ſhould forget the other.

SOLON.

When I am obſcure or tedious, therefore, you muſt interrupt and cut me off; though if what I ſay is not foreign to the purpoſe, you may indulge me a little in point of time, for thus it is our cuſtom to act in the Areopagus; when a cauſe comes on there of murther or fire, the parties have a right to ſpeak, the plaintiff and defendant, each in their turn, either themſelves, or by their orator who pleads for them. As long as they confine themſelves to the matter in hand, the judges liſten with ſilence and attention; but if any of them uſher in their defence with a long procœmium in favour of their clients, or attempt to excite compaſſion, or ſtir up the reſentment of the audience, as the ſons of rhetoric are apt to do, the † crier immediately ſteps forth into the

* *Sprung, &c.*] Anacharſis laughs at the vanity of the Athenians, which, after all, was a vanity not peculiar to themſelves, for the Ægyptians, Phrygians, Scythians, and many other nations fancied themſelves to be the firſt race of mankind, as the Arcadians boaſted that they were προσελήνοι, or, before the moon; in like manner the Athenians gave out that they were produced at the ſame time with the ſun, and aſſumed the pompous name of αυτοχθονες, perſons produced out of the ſame ſoil that they inhabit, as it was a vulgar opinion, that in the beginning of the world men ſprang up like plants from their mother earth; the Athenians called themſelves alſo, alluding to this opinion, τεττιγες, or graſshoppers, and wore graſshoppers of gold in their hair, to ſignify the antiquity of their race, becauſe thoſe inſects were believed to be generated out of the ground.

† *The cryer.*] This check upon the prating counſel muſt have been of infinite ſervice, and contributed greatly towards ſhortening a tedious law-ſuit. How extremely uſeful would an office of this kind be in our courts of judicature!

middle of the aſſembly, and commands ſilence, never ſuffering them to play the fool before the judges, to obſcure or puzzle the cauſe by a multiplicity of words, but obliging them to explain the naked fact, and that only. And here, Anacharſis, in like manner, I conſtitute and appoint you an Areopagite: hear me as counſel in this cauſe, and impoſe ſilence on me when you think I play the orator, and endeavour to deceive you; but give me leave to go on, whilſt I adhere to the point in queſtion. We are not now in the heat of the ſun, ſo that a little longer converſation will never hurt us, the ſhade is thick round us, and we have nothing elſe to do.

ANACHARSIS.

True, Solon, I am greatly obliged to you, for thus acquainting me with your manner of determining cauſes in the Areopagus, where the judges decide ſo equitably: but proceed; I accept the honourable office you have conferred on me, and ſhall act accordingly.

SOLON.

I will firſt, then, acquaint you with the methods we take in regard to the city and its inhabitants: the former is conſidered by us, not merely as conſiſting of walls, temples, wharfs, and buildings, but the whole as a firm and immovable body, framed for the reception and ſecurity of the citizens, in whom alone we place all our ſtrength, and who are to preſide over, govern and direct every thing, as the ſoul preſides over the body; we take care, therefore, of the city, adorning it with noble edifices within, and ſecuring it by ſtrong bulwarks from without: but our chief concern is the citizens themſelves, to preſerve them in ſtrength both of mind and body, that they may be able to guard the commonwealth, and keep it free and happy, in war and in peace. For this purpoſe, we commit our children firſt to the care of mothers, nurſes, and ſchool-maſters, to inſtruct them properly in their early years; but as ſoon as they begin to underſtand what is right and good, when fear, ſhame, and emulation ſpring up in their minds, we then employ them in ſtudies of a different kind, and inure their bodies to labour by exerciſes that will increaſe their ſtrength and vigour: we do not reſt content with that power of mind or body which nature has endowed them with, but endeavour to improve it by education, which renders the good qualities that are born with us more conſpicuous, and changes the bad into better; following the example of the huſbandman, who ſhelters and hedges round the plant, whilſt it is low and tender; but when it has gained ſtrength and thickneſs,

neſs, takes away the unneceſſary ſupport, and by leaving it open to the wind and weather, increaſes its growth and fertility.

We teach them, therefore, firſt muſic, and arithmetic, to write letters, and to read aloud clearly and diſtinctly; as they grow older, we give them the maxims, ſayings, and opinions of the wiſe men, and the works of the ancients, generally in verſe, as eaſier for the memory: when they read of the great and noble actions thus recorded, they are ſtruck with admiration, and a deſire of imitating them, ambitious of being themſelves diſtinguiſhed, admired, and celebrated by the poets of future ages, as their predeceſſors were by Homer and Heſiod. When they become able to guard the commonwealth, and enter on public affairs —— but I am wandering beyond my ſubject; as my intention was firſt to explain to you, why we inured them ſo much to bodily exerciſes: I ſhall ſtop, therefore, of my own accord, without waiting for a crier to admoniſh me, or your cenſure, my good Areopagite, though you are ſo modeſt, as not to reprove me for prating thus.

ANACHARSIS.

Pray, Solon, inform me, is there no puniſhment in your court for thoſe who leave unſaid what they ought to have ſaid?

SOLON.

Why do you aſk me that queſtion?

ANACHARSIS.

Becauſe you are for paſſing over what it is moſt neceſſary for me, as well as moſt agreeable to hear, and would dwell upon the leaſt uſeful, your ſports and exerciſes.

SOLON.

I only do that, my friend, in purſuance of the ſubject we * firſt entered upon, and that I might not load your memory with too many things at once; I will ſpeak, however, of what you deſire to know, but briefly at preſent, as the full conſideration of this, will require another interview.

We form then, the minds of our youth, by making them throughly acquainted with the laws of the community, which are written in great letters, and put up in a public place, and which contain every thing which ſhould be done, and every thing which ſhould not. We commit them, moreover, to the care of certain good and approved maſters, who are called ſophiſts, or philoſophers, by whom they are taught both to ſay and do what is right and

* *Firſt, &c.*] The gymnaſtic exerciſes.

juſt,

juſt, to attend to, and aſſiſt the common-weal, to live honeſtly, never to ſeek after what is baſe or unworthy, or to commit violence on any man: we carry them to comedies and tragedies at our theatre, that whilſt they behold the virtues and vices of paſt times, they may, themſelves, be attached to the one, and avoid the other; permitting our comic writers to expoſe and ridicule the citizens; and this we do, as well for their ſakes, who may grow better by ſeeing themſelves laughed at, as for that of the ſpectators in general, who may thus eſcape being ridiculed for the like abſurdities.

ANACHARSIS.

I have ſeen, I believe, what you call your tragedians and comedians; the former, I think, have high heavy ſhoes, gold fringes on their garments, with great * helmets on their heads, gaping immenſely wide, and truly ridiculous; they made a prodigious noiſe, and contrived, heaven knows how, to walk in their † chopines: it was, if I remember right, at the feaſt of Bacchus, where the comedians wore ſhoes not quite ſo high, could ſtand upon their feet, and were more like human creatures, but their head-pieces were even more ridiculous than the others, and the whole audience laughed at them, though they looked very grave and melancholy at the high-heeled tragedians, as if they were concerned at the load which they dragged after them.

SOLON.

It was not their compaſſion, my good friend, which made them ſo melancholy, but, probably, the ſtory which the poet told of ſome ancient calamity, which, repeated in a mournful tragic ſtrain, drew tears from them; at the ſame time, I ſuppoſe, you heard ſome playing on the flute, and others ſinging to it, ſtanding in a ‡ circle; theſe, I aſſure you, have their uſe, for by ſuch allurements, the mind is ſharpened, and the heart improved.

* *Helmets.*] The ancient maſque was a kind of caſque or helmet, which covered the whole head, generally copied from the buſts or ſtatues of the perſonages repreſented: in ſo extenſive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be neceſſary to exaggerate the features, and enlarge the form of the actor. This, however, makes the maſk a proper ſubject of ridicule, and Lucian has frequently taken the liberty to laugh at it as ſuch.

† *Chopines.*] The cothurnus or buſkin was a kind of large and high ſhoe, the ſole of which, being made of very thick wood, raiſed the actors to an extraordinary height, and made them appear extremely tall. It was, probably, of the ſame form as the high ſhoe, or piece of cork, worn by the Spaniſh women, called a chopini, and which it ſhould ſeem by a paſſage in Shakſpeare, was uſed on our own ſtage —"Your ladyſhip (ſays Hamlet to the player,) is nearer heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine." Hamlet, act II. ſcene 7.

‡ *In a circle.*] The chorus. For a full account of which, ſee the Diſſertation on Ancient Tragedy, prefixed to my tranſlation of Sophocles. Octavo edition, vol. i. p. 22.

And

And now, with regard to their bodies, which you ſeemed particularly inquiſitive about, I will ſhew you how we exerciſe them. Firſt, as ſoon as they are able to bear it, we ſtrip them naked, to accuſtom them to the open air, to inure them to all kinds of weather, that they may be able to bear heat and cold; we then anoint them with oil, to fit them for more laborious exertion. It would be abſurd, indeed, to ſuppoſe, that leather could be rendered by oil more ſupple, to laſt longer, and be leſs liable to crack, and that a living body like our own, ſhould not be the better for it: we, therefore, invented various methods of exerciſe, and appointed maſters in every one of them; ſome wreſtle, others box, by which they are enabled to bear fatigue, and not to faint under wounds and blows; it gives them ſpirit to encounter difficulties and danger, and at the ſame time, makes them hardy and robuſt: by frequent throws, they learn to fall without danger, and to riſe with eaſe; by the various inflexions, and ſqueezings of their bodies, and lifting up their adverſary, and preſſing him in their arms, their limbs are rendered more pliant, and leſs ſuſceptible of injury; but the greateſt advantage ariſing from hence is, their practice of the ſame diſcipline in the field of battle; as it is manifeſt, that the man who is thus inſtructed, if he lays hold on his enemy, knows better how to throw him down, or, if he falls himſelf, can riſe with more eaſe. To this great purpoſe, we endeavour to make every thing ſubſervient, and imagine that thoſe who are thus kept in conſtant exerciſe, will prove the beſt ſoldiers, their bodies being thus rendered ſtronger, as well as more ſupple and fit for engagement. You ſee what a figure it is probable thoſe will make in arms, who, even when naked, ſtrike their enemies with terror; who do not carry about with them a lifeleſs load of fleſh, nor lean and pale bodies, like women's, that wither in the ſhade, or diſſolve in perpetual ſweats, eſpecially if the meridian ſun ſcorches as it does now. What ſervice can ſuch be of, always thirſting, unable to bear the heat and duſt, who faint at the ſight of blood, and die with fear before they come within reach of a weapon? but our young warriors are robuſt and roſy, borrow their colour from the ſun that burns them, of a manly aſpect, full of warmth, ſpirit, and courage; not rough and dry, or bending beneath their own weight, but with bodies of due ſymmetry and proportion, who have carried off their ſuperfluous fleſh by conſtant labour, and kept only that which is firm and ſubſtantial. Exerciſe is to the body, what a fan is to the corn, which blows away the chaff, and duſt, and ſeparates it from

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the uſeful grain. Such, therefore, muſt be healthful and fit for labour, not ſubject to colliquation, nor, till the latter part of life, to infirmities or decay; for to return to my alluſion of the corn, if you ſet it on fire, the flames will firſt deſtroy the ſtubble, and afterwards the grain, which will ſmoke and take fire by degrees: and in like manner, ſuch bodies as I have been deſcribing to you, will not ſoon or eaſily be ſubdued either by toil or diſtemperature; their interior parts being well prepared, and the external ſo defended as not to be hurt by heat or cold: if at any time they yield to extraordinary fatigue, the vital ſpirits within, ſupplies them with freſh vigour, and alacrity; inſomuch, that increaſe of labour, only increaſes ſtrength, and renders them indefatigable.

We teach them likewiſe to run races, which makes them ſwift of foot, and prevents their being out of breath; the courſe, moreover, is not on ſolid ground, but in a deep ſand, where the foot can never be firm, but ſlips away from beneath them: we exerciſe them likewiſe in leaping over ditches, with leaden weights in their hands, and teach them to throw darts at a great diſtance: you muſt have ſeen alſo in the gymnaſium, a braſs thing like a ſmall ſhield, round, and without a handle or ſtrings; you took one up, I remember, and thought it very heavy, and ſo ſmooth that you could not hold it; this they throw up into the air, or * ſtrait forwards, contending who ſhall caſt it fartheſt; this ſtrengthens the ſhoulders, and gives the limbs their full power and agility. As to the duſt and dirt, which ſeemed to you ſo ridiculous, I will tell you why we have ſo much of it; in the firſt place, we do it that the combatants may not hurt themſelves on the ground, but fall ſoft, and without danger; and ſecondly, becauſe, when they grow wet in the mud, and look like ſo many eels, as you called them, it lubricates the limbs; it is therefore neither uſeleſs nor ridiculous, but promotes ſtrength and agility, by obliging them to hold one another with all their might, to prevent their ſlipping away; add to this, that to lift up a man

* *Strait, &c.*] Lucian has here given us a pretty exact deſcription of the quoit, or diſcus, and the manner of playing with it, a proof, at the ſame time, as the learned Mr. Weſt obſerves, that all the competitors made uſe of one and the ſame diſc, which is confirmed by the teſtimonies of Homer, Ovid, and Statius. The diſc was probably compoſed of different materials, as iron, braſs, ſtone, or wood, and thrown underhand, much in the ſame manner as the quoit is amongſt us, though not as we do at any particular mark, their whole endeavour being to throw beyond one another, and he who threw fartheſt obtained the victory. With the Greeks it was only a trial of ſtrength, with us it is a game of ſkill alſo.

who

who is anointed with oil, and rolled in the mud beſides, is no eaſy taſk: all this, as I before obſerved to you, may be uſeful in time of war, if you want to carry off a wounded friend, or to lift up an enemy whom you have taken: for this reaſon we uſe them to the moſt violent exerciſes, teaching them firſt the moſt difficult things, that thoſe which are leſs ſo may be performed by them with the greater facility; the ſand, moreover, prevents their ſlipping away from each other; beſides that, when ſpread over the body, it keeps in the ſweat, makes them ſtronger, and hinders the cold air from entering into their open pores; it likewiſe wipes off the filth, and makes the man appear more neat and clean. I am ſure you would prefer one of theſe to our delicate youth that are brought up in the ſhade, even without putting their abilities to the proof, as you would find the body of the one firm, ſolid, and compact, of the other ſoft, pale, and bloodleſs.

Thus, my friend, do we exerciſe our youth, hoping by theſe means to render them the guardians of our city, and ſupporters of the common-weal, that they will defend our liberties, conquer our enemies, and make us fear'd and reſpected by all around us: in peace they become better ſubjects, are above any thing that is baſe, and do not run into vice and debauchery from idleneſs, but ſpend their leiſure in theſe uſeful employments. I call this, therefore, a common good, and the greateſt happineſs which we enjoy, that our young men are thus prepared for peace and war, and are always thus engaged in what is both innocent and praiſe-worthy.

ANACHARSIS.

If then, Solon, you are at any time invaded by your enemies, you have nothing to do but to anoint yourſelves with oil, ſprinkle the duſt over your bodies, and fall upon them; they, to be ſure, will run away immediately, being afraid, as well they may, that you will throw the ſand in their faces, or, getting behind them with agility, twiſt your legs round, and preſs them to death: then your archers will caſt their darts at them, you, in the mean time, will ſtand like ſo many impenetrable ſtatues; you who take your colour from the ſun, and have ſuch a quantity of blood in you; you are no chaff and ſtubble, to be deſtroyed immediately, though, perhaps, at laſt, and by very deep wounds, they may draw a little blood from you; for ſo, if I underſtand you right, it muſt happen; it is odds, moreover, but you will borrow arms from your players, and when you ruſh out upon the enemy, put on their gaping vizards to appear formidable, and ſtrike terror into

them, or, perhaps, ſtrut in their high ſhoes; they would be light to fly in if you are beat, or if you purſue the foe, you will make ſuch long ſtrides in them, that he can never eſcape you. Upon the whole, I am afraid theſe diverſions, which ſeem ſo excellent to you, are only trifling and ridiculous, a mere ſport for boys, that can only make cowards of them: if you wiſh to be free and happy, you muſt uſe yourſelves to other exerciſes, and ſuch as may be of ſervice to you in battle; leave your oil and your ſand, and teach your young men not to throw light darts, that are carried away by the wind, but heavy lances, that hiſs in the air, large ſtones that will fill their hands, a hatchet in one, and a ſhield in the other, with helmets and breaſt-plates. As you furniſh them at preſent, a few light-armed ſoldiers would ſoon rout them, and they muſt owe their ſafety, I think, to the mercy of heaven. If I were to draw this little ſword out of my girdle, I could put your whole gymnaſium to flight; they would not dare to look at it, but hide themſelves behind the ſtatues and pillars, whilſt I ſhould laugh at their fright, and divert myſelf with their miſery; you would ſoon ſee them, not freſh and roſy as they are at preſent, but pale with fear: you have had ſuch a long peace that your men dare not ſo much as look at the creſt of an enemy's ſhield.

SOLON.

The * Thracians who came with Eumolpus to attack us, were not of that opinion, nor thoſe women of your's, whom † Hippolyta led to invade us, nor any, indeed, who ever tried our courage in the field: though we ſtrip the bodies of our youth in their exerciſe, we do not, therefore, my good friend, ſend them naked and unarmed to battle, but when they have gained ſtrength, put weapons in their hands, which by theſe means they know better how to make uſe of.

ANACHARSIS.

And pray, Solon, whereabouts is your armory? I have looked all about the city, and could never find one.

* *The Thracians.*] Eumolpus, by ſome ſuppoſed to be the ſon of Orpheus, by others of Muſæus, diſputed the kingdom of Athens with Erectheus. Both leaders were ſlain in the conteſt. The Athenians, after their death, gave the throne to the family of Erectheus, and beſtowed on that of Eumolpus the dignity of hierophantes, or chief prieſt in the Eleuſinian myſteries, wherein it is ſaid to have continued for twelve hundred years.

† *Hippolyta.*] Queen of the Amazons. Hercules, by command of Euryſtheus, invaded her kingdom, killed her brothers Mygdon and Amycus, took her priſoner, and gave her in marriage to his friend Theſeus.

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SOLON.

If you ſtay a little longer with us, you will ſoon ſee it; we have creſts, horſes, trappings, and arms of every kind to uſe, whenever there is occaſion for them: a fourth part of our citizens are horſemen; but we think it very unneceſſary to wear arms in time of peace; it is even forbidden by our laws to carry them about the city: but it is pardonable, indeed, in you, who are always at war; as you live without any walls and bulwarks, you are perpetually expoſed to treachery, and for ever in danger, a man may drag you by night out of your cart, and kill you in your ſleep; you live in fear of each other, every man acts as he pleaſes, and there are no laws to reſtrain you: the ſword, therefore, muſt always be drawn, and ready to defend you againſt violence and rapine.

ANACHARSIS.

You think it then unneceſſary to carry arms conſtantly about you, but lay them by you for ſervice when there may be occaſion for them, ſubduing the bodies of your young men by perpetual labour, and exhauſting all their ſtrength by rolling in dirt and filth for nothing.

SOLON.

You ſeem to conſider the ſtrength of man as if it was like water, wine, or any other liquor, that by dint of labour it would evaporate out of the veſſel, and leave the body dry and empty, having no reſource to ſupply it with more; but this is not the caſe, for the more ſtrength is exhauſted by exerciſe, the more is added; like the hydra, which when one head was cut off, produced two in the room of it; but if they are not inured to labour from their infancy, and by that gain ſupplies of ſtrength, then are they quickly conſumed and worn away by the leaſt toil or exertion; it is like fire and a candle, the ſame breath which adds force to the one, extinguiſhes the other, if you do not ſupply it with freſh matter.

ANACHARSIS.

I really do not underſtand you; your alluſions are too refined, and above my comprehenſion: but I ſhould be glad to know why at the Olympic, Iſthmian, and Pythian games, when ſo many people, as you tell me, come together to ſee your exerciſes, you do not arm your young men, but ſend them forth naked, to be kicked and beat about, and when they conquer give them nothing but apples and olive garlands.

SOLON.

Becauſe it makes them more inclined to labour and aſſiduity, when they ſee the victors thus crowned with honour and glory by the applauſe of all Greece; beſides, that being obliged to appear naked, makes them keep their bodies neat and fit to be ſeen. As to the rewards, they, as I before obſerved to you, are by no means inconſiderable; to be praiſed by the ſpectators, and pointed out as ſuperior to their rivals, is a prize ſufficient for them; add to this, that numbers of the ſpectators, whoſe age demands the like exerciſe, feel the ſame ambition of excelling, and prepare themſelves for labour. Take away the love of fame from mankind, and what virtue would remain amongſt us, or who would ſtrive to perform great and ſplendid actions; you may judge from hence how they will fight for their wives and children, their religion and their country, who, naked and unarmed, ſhew ſuch an ardent thirſt after victory, when they contend only for apples and wreaths of olive.

But what would you ſay if you were to ſee the battles of our * quails, and † fighting cocks! you would ſmile, no doubt, eſpecially when I tell you, that they are by public appointment; and that we enjoin our youth, when they arrive at years of maturity to attend them, and be eye-witneſſes of the courage of theſe birds who fight till they die: nor is there any thing ridiculous in this cuſtom; for, hence they learn to deſpiſe danger, and are aſhamed to appear leſs bold and courageous than our cocks, to ſink under any wounds, or be intimidated at any difficulty or misfortune; as to putting arms in their hands, and permitting them to cut and hack one another, we think it idle, ſavage, and unneceſſary, to run the hazard of deſtroying our beſt men, who might be of ſo much ſervice againſt our enemies.

* *Quails, &c.*] The fighting of quails is mentioned by ſeveral authors, as a favourite diverſion amongſt the ancients; "Circulos faciunt (ſays Belingerus,) in illiſque Coturnices ſtatuunt, quas ad pugnam inter ſe ſtimulant; Coturnix quæ victa circulo ejicitur cedit domino Coturnicis victricis." See Jul. Cæſar Belingerus de Ludis Veterum.

By this account it appears that they fought in a pit, like our game cocks. The ancients had, probably, a great plenty of theſe martial birds: in England they are rather ſcarce; we, therefore, when we can get, make a better uſe of them.

† *Fighting cocks.*] Our favourite diverſion of cock-fighting has, we ſee, at leaſt, the plea of antiquity, and, perhaps, it is the only plea it can boaſt, in favour of it. It does not, however, appear that the ancients furniſhed them as we do, with any artificial arms to deſtroy one another. For a circumſtantial account of the places and manner in which theſe bloody battles were fought, I refer the curious reader to a Tract on this ſubject in the Hiſt. de l' Acad. des Inſcript, and Belles Lettres.

As

As you propoſe, before your return home, to viſit the other parts of Greece, you will not, I hope, when you come to Lacedæmon, laugh at, or condemn the Spartans, for frequently killing one another about a ball, or for aſſembling together in a little iſland, ſurrounded with water, where the Lycurgeans and Herculeans attack furiouſly, and throw each other into the river: after which, a peace ſucceeds, and they are all good friends again; nor, above all, muſt you be offended when you ſee their * young men whipped at the altar, and ſtreaming with blood; whilſt their fathers and mothers ſtand by, intreating them to ſuffer it courageouſly, and even proceed to threats, if they do not bear it with patience and reſolution: many have died under this diſcipline, rather than acknowlege themſelves unequal to it before their friends and relations. Statues of theſe have frequently been erected at the public expence. Think not, therefore, that they are out of their ſenſes, becauſe, neither forced by their enemies, nor at the command of a tyrant, they ſubmit to ſuch puniſhments. Their law-giver, Lycurgus, would give you very good reaſons for it; would tell you, that he does not thus chaſtiſe them from hatred or cruelty, but with intent, that thoſe who are to defend their country, may be endowed with extraordinary patience, and be ſuperior to all pain and affliction. But, without Lycurgus's apology, you muſt, yourſelf, naturally conclude, that one of theſe young men would never reveal a ſecret prejudicial to his country, though the enemy ſhould torture him ever ſo ſeverely, but rather provoke a repetition of the ſtrokes, and try who ſhould be tired firſt.

ANACHARSIS.

Was Lycurgus himſelf whipped thus when he was a youth, or, being paſſed the whipping, did he ſafely and ſecurely enjoin this diſcipline to be practiſed by others?

SOLON.

When he made theſe laws he was an old man, and juſt returned from Crete, whither he had travelled, on account of the excellent ſtatutes which he had heard were eſtabliſhed there by Minos the ſon of Jupiter.

ANACHARSIS.

And why do not you imitate Lycurgus, and flog your young men? it is a noble cuſtom, and worthy of you.

* *Young men.*] The Spartan cuſtom of whipping their boys at the altar of Diana, is taken notice of by Pauſanias, and by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus.

SOLON.

SOLON.

Becauſe our own exerciſes are of themſelves ſufficient; beſides that we think it beneath us to imitate foreigners.

ANACHARSIS.

That is not your reaſon; you are convinced, I am ſure, that to tye up young men naked in this manner, by both their hands, and whip them, can anſwer no good end whatſoever, either to the individual, or the whole community; and if ever I go to Sparta, and find them at this ſport, I ſhall certainly be ſtoned for laughing at them, when I ſee them whipping their young men like ſo many thieves and robbers. That city, in my opinion, ſtands in need of a good quantity of hellebore, which gives its public ſanction to any thing ſo abſurd and ridiculous.

SOLON.

Think not, my good friend, to gain the victory by thus arguing without an antagoniſt; you will find at Sparta enough who will be able to anſwer and confute you. But, as I have told you all our cuſtoms, which you ſeem not much to approve of, I have a right to beg in return that you will acquaint me with your's, that I may know how you exerciſe and bring up your Scythian youth, and by what means you make them good and honeſt men.

ANACHARSIS.

To this, Solon, you have, no doubt, a fair claim, and I will give you an exact account of our laws and cuſtoms, though they are not ſo grand and reſpectable as your's, nor indeed any ways reſembling them, as we never ſo much as venture to give one another a ſlap on the face; we are rather afraid, indeed, of the conſequence: however, ſuch as they are, you ſhall have them; but I muſt defer it till * to-morrow, that I may have time to reflect a little on what you have told me, and recollect what I am to inform you of; in the mean time, we muſt part for the preſent, for it is almoſt dark.

* *To-morrow.*] An account of the Scythian cuſtoms, with Lucian's remarks upon them, would have been a valuable tract; but Anacharſis, which we have reaſon to lament, probably, did not keep his word, as no ſuch piece is come down to us.

ON

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

In this little Tract LUCIAN *laughs at the whole Story of the Pagan Hell, as related by the Poets, and believed by the Multitude; together with many of the ridiculous Cuſtoms and Ceremonies uſed at Funerals, by People of all Nations. There are ſome good ſtrokes of Humour in ſeveral Parts of it.*

IT is well worthy of our obſervation to remark what ſtrange things the generality of mankind do and ſay with regard to mourning, both thoſe who ſuffer, and thoſe who condole; how dreadful and lamentable every thing appears, though, by Pluto and Proſerpine, I believe none of them really know whether what happens is the better or the worſe, for thoſe whom they thus pity and lament: but they grieve according to ſtated modes and forms, and when a man dies, thus they always act. I would firſt examine, therefore, what their opinion concerning death is, ſo will all the ſuperfluous pomp and parade attending it be beſt accounted for.

The great multitude, whom the wiſe and learned call the mobility, who have an implicit faith in Homer, Heſiod, and other fabulous writers, believe that there is beneath the earth, a place called Hades, or Hell, deep, dark, and ſpacious, where the ſun never enters, and yet, we know not how, ſo * enlightened, as that all things in it may be fairly ſeen. In this cavern reigns the brother of Jupiter, ſurnamed Pluto, (for ſo I was informed by one ſkilled in thoſe matters), and ſo called, becauſe he is † rich in dead men; here he lives, and gives laws to his own kingdom, for to him, it ſeems, was allotted the empire of the dead, whom he holds in indiſſoluble chains, never permitting them to return to earth, but on ſome particular occaſions, and which have very ſeldom happened from the earlieſt period of time to this day: the whole region is ſurrounded by rivers, which excite terror by their very names, ſuch as ‡ Cocytus, Periphlegethon, and the reſt of them; then

* *Enlightened.*] What Milton in his deſcription of hell poetically calls "Darkneſs viſible."

† *Rich.*] A play upon the word Πλουτος, or Pluto, in Greek ſignifying rich.

‡ *Cocytus.*] From Κωκυτος, lamentation.

there

there is the lake * Acheron, that receives the new inhabitants, and which cannot be paſſed without a ferry-man, too deep to go through on foot, and too wide to ſwim over; even the dead birds cannot fly ſo far. At the gate, which is of adamant, ſits † Æacus, the king's brother's ſon, who guards it; and near him ſtands the ‡ three-headed dog, a moſt fierce beaſt, who welcomes the gueſts with a mild and placid countenance, but if they endeavour to eſcape, makes a moſt dreadful howling. After paſſing this lake, they are received into a large meadow, planted with aſphodelus, and drink the liquor of oblivion, which deſtroys the memory, and is therefore called || Lethe: ſo we are told by thoſe who returned from thence, Alceſtes, Proteſilaus, Theſſalus, Theſeus the ſon of Ægeus, and Homer's Ulyſſes, moſt grave and creditable witneſſes, and who, I ſuppoſe, never drank of that ſame water, or they could not ſo well have remembered it. There, they tell us, Pluto and Proſerpine reign, and govern all things; with them exerciſe dominion alſo, a large multitude of Furies, Terrors, and Puniſhments, with § Mercury at their head, though he is not always amongſt them. As magiſtrates, ſatraps, or judges, ſit Minos and Rhadmanthus, two Cretans, and ſons of Jupiter; theſe, when they get together a few good and honeſt men, who have lived virtuouſly, ſend them off to eſtabliſh a colony in the Elyſian fields, where they live a life of joy and happineſs. On the other hand, when they lay hold on the wicked, they deliver them over to the Furies to be puniſhed for their iniquities, in the regions of ſorrow; there they ſuffer moſt grievouſly; ſome are tortured, others burned, torn by vulturs, fixed on wheels, or rolling ſtones up hill; Tantalus ſtanding at the lake, and dying with thirſt;

* *Acheron.*] From the Greek, which ſignifies ſine gaudio, or joyleſs. See Virg. Georg. ii. and the ſixth book of the Æneid.

† *Æacus.*] Son of Jupiter and Ægina, he was king of Oenopia, which he called Ægina, in honour of his mother; he was ſo renowned for equity that the poets thought proper to reward him, by reſerving a place for him between Minos and Rhadamanthus, the two chief juſtices of hell.

‡ *Three-headed dog.*] Cerberus.

§ *Lethe.*] Which in Greek ſignifies oblivion. The properties attributed to this water, furniſhed a late ingenious writer, whom we cannot ſufficiently lament, with the ſubject of his excellent dramatic ſatire.

|| *Mercury.*] Whoſe buſineſs it was to conduct the departed mortals to the ſhades, leave them there, and immediately return to earth for another cargo. His ſtay, therefore, as Lucian obſerves, could be but ſhort amongſt them.

great

great numbers in a kind of * middle ſtate, wander along the mead without bodies, ſhades, that on the leaſt touch, vaniſh like ſmoke: theſe receive a ſort of nouriſhment from our libations, and the offerings which we leave on their graves, ſo that if the poor ſpirit has no friends or relations left above ground, he ſtands a chance of ſtarving in the regions below. The vulgar are firmly perſuaded, that if any of their kindred die, it is their duty to put a piece of money into their mouth to pay the ferry-man for his paſſage, not determining, at the ſame time, what coin will beſt paſs there, whether a farthing of Attica, or Ægina, or Macedonia will be moſt current; nor reflecting, that it would be better for them not to pay at all, as the ferry man then would not admit them, and ſo they might return to life again.

After this, when they have waſhed them well (as if the infernal lake was not ſufficient for the purpoſe), they anoint with the fineſt ointment the almoſt ſtinking carcaſe, crown it with flowers, and dreſs it up fine, that it may not catch cold upon the road, or appear naked before Cerberus. To this ſucceeds the weeping of the women, tears and lamentations on every ſide, beatings of the breaſt, tearings of the hair, and bloody cheeks; ſometimes the garments are rent in pieces, duſt ſprinkled on the head, and the living, in ſhort, in a worſe condition than the dead; for they roll themſelves on the earth, and beat their heads againſt the ground, whilſt the deceaſed is finely adorned, and carried about as to ſome pompous celebrity: then, perhaps, ſteps forth from the middle of the croud the father or mother (for we will ſuppoſe, the better to carry on the farce, that the deceaſed is ſome beautiful youth,) and embracing him, utters ſome ſtrange and abſurd ſpeech, which the dead man, if he had a voice, would give a proper † anſwer to; for now the father, in a melancholy tone, cries out, "‡ My ſweeteſt boy, why would you die, and leave me thus, cut off in the flower of your age; never

* *Middle ſtate.*] This is probably the

Inhumata infletaque turba,

mentioned by Virgil; a ſet of poor ſouls, who for want of the ceremony of being buried were forced after death to wander about, and could gain admittance neither into the regions of bliſs, nor the ſeats of puniſhment. The account of this in ancient authors is very imperfect and obſcure; it ſeems, however, to have laid the foundation of a doctrine equally abſurd with the Pagan, a Popiſh purgatory.

† *Anſwer.*] This anſwer Lucian gives a little farther on. Wherefore, good old man, &c.

‡ *My ſweeteſt boy, &c.*] This cuſtom, I am told, is even now to be found in ſeveral parts of Ireland, where the relations of the deceaſed, croud about the grave, and cry out, "Arrah! why would you die, my dear honey, and leave your wife and ſweet babes, &c."

didſt thou marry or have children; never didſt thou fight for thy country, or till the earth, or arrive at old age; never again, my child, ſhalt thou keep company, never ſhalt thou fall in love, never ſhalt thou get drunk with thy companions." This, or ſomething like this, will the fooliſh father ſay, as if he thought he could ſtand in need of theſe things after death, and would not be able to get them. But this is nothing; ſome I have known ridiculous enough on the death of their relations, to kill their horſes, their women, and their ſlaves, to burn along with them their apparel, and bury their furniture, as thinking they may have occaſion for them below. But the old man I mentioned, whatever he might ſay with a tragical voice, did not do it for his ſon's ſake, who, he very well knew, could not hear him, though he roared like Stentor; nor was it for his own, as the ſentiment would have done juſt as well without being expreſſed, and nobody need talk to themſelves; it muſt be therefore only to pleaſe others, and becauſe it is the faſhion, as he could not poſſibly tell where his ſon was going, or whether his death was really a misfortune or not.

Might not the ſon, therefore, having begged leave of Æacus and Pluto to peep from the door of his priſon, thus have reproved the father for his idle complaints, "Wherefore, good old man, art thou ſo unhappy and diſquieted? Why doſt thou trouble me with thy lamentations; leave off tearing thy hair, and cutting thy fleſh; why doſt thou call me wretched, when I am much happier than thyſelf? doſt thou think it a misfortune to me that I am not like thee, old, haggard, and withered, and ruſty, with a bald pate, and wrinkled face, bent down with age, and weak hams, after ſuch a number of Olympiads, that are but ſo many witneſſes of thy folly; what is there in life ſo valuable that I ſhould here regret the loſs of it? Eating and drinking, you will ſay, fine cloaths, and fine women; and feareſt thou that I ſhall be wretched for want of theſe? Knoweſt thou not that never to be thirſty is better than to drink, never to be hungry than to eat, never to want cloaths than to have the greateſt plenty of them?

"But I will tell you, for you ſeem not to know, why you ſhould lament; once more begin your complaints, and cry out, "Wretched ſon, no longer ſhalt thou he hungry or dry, no longer ſhalt thou mourn, no longer dread diſorders, fevers, enemies, or tyrants, no longer ſhall love or paſſion torment thee, no longer ſhalt thou ſtuff thyſelf two or three times a day, nor ſhalt thou grow old and deſpiſed, or thy preſence be deteſted by the young and gay."

gay." Would not this, my good father, be a fitter ſubject of complaint? but you cannot bear the darkneſs, it ſeems which is to ſurround me, and are afraid I ſhall be choaked in my grave; but pleaſe to remember, when my eyes are putrified, or burned, if you mean to burn me, I ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh light from darkneſs: but, moreover, of what ſervice to me will be all your grief, the beatings of the breaſt, and women's lamentations, the ſepulchre crowned with flowers, or the wine poured upon it, do you think it will diſtill to me, or penetrate into the infernal regions? And as for your ſacrifices and libations, the ſmoke of them can only riſe to heaven, and be of little uſe to the dead; what is left will be nothing but duſt, and do you think we are to be fed with aſhes? that the empire of Pluto is ſo barren and unfruitful, that we have no aſphodelus left, and muſt be obliged to you for our ſubſiſtence? By Tiſiphone, I could laugh at every thing you have ſaid and done, but that you have tied up my jaws with your linen bandage."

* He ceas'd, the Fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breath.

And now, by Jupiter, I beſeech you, might not the dead youth moſt juſtly have argued in this manner? And yet fooliſh men make a noiſe and buſtle, and call in every day ſome lamentable ſophiſt or other to murmur for them, and join their own ridiculous complaints to his melancholy ſong: with regard to this all are fools alike; but as to ſepulture, people have different cuſtoms; the Grecian burns his dead, the Perſian inters, the Indian makes an earthen cruſt for them, the Scythian eats, the Ægyptian pickles them, he makes the dried carcaſe, I ſpeak from ocular proof, his gueſt and pot companion; a poor Ægyptian frequently gets money to maintain himſelf by pawning his dead relations; then come pyramids, tombs, monuments, and inſcriptions, which laſt, heaven knows, but a very little time, and are truly idle and ridiculous: ſome have inſtituted ſports and funeral orations at the tombs of the deceaſed, as if they meant to plead his cauſe, and give a favourable character of him to the judges below; after all theſe comes the relations feaſt; the kindred meet to comfort the parents, and force them to take ſome refreſhment, which they need not do, for they who have faſted three days are glad enough to eat again; then they cry out to them, how long, my friends, will you mourn, ſuffer the manes of your happy child to reſt in peace; but if you are reſolved ſtill to weep and lament, for that very

* *He ceas'd, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, II. 502.

reaſon you ſhould not abſtain from food, but eat away, that you may have ſtrength to go on with it; then in the mouths of all you hear thoſe verſes of Homer,

* —— Do not, thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego;
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equalled thine.

And,

† Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead.

They then, perhaps, begin to feed a little, though with fear and trembling, as if they were aſhamed, after the death of their dear relations, to be ſubject to human infirmities.

Theſe, and a great many other things, ſtill more ridiculous, one may obſerve with regard to mourning, ariſing, perhaps, all from the vulgar opinion, that death is the greateſt of evils.

* *Do not thus, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiv. l. 755.

† *Eternal, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 227.

THE

COMPLETE ORATOR.

In the Time of LUCIAN, *and it is not impoſſible but ſuch a Thing may happen in our own, a Species of falſe and tinſel Eloquence had crept in, and, probably gained many Admirers amongſt the idle and unthinking Multitude, which our Satiriſt has here attacked with his uſual Arms of Raillery and Ridicule. A rich Vein of pleaſant Irony runs through the whole, which muſt render it highly entertaining to every Reader of Taſte and Senſibility; nothing, indeed, is wanting to recommend it to us, but a perfect Knowlege of the Facts and Speeches, viſibly alluded to in many Parts of it, which at this Diſtance of Time we cannot poſſibly acquire. Some Critics aſſert that the Satire was principally aimed at* JULIUS POLLUX, *Author of the* Onomaſticum; *but this ſeems to be a mere Conjecture.*

YOU have often aſked me, my young friend, how you may become an orator, and acquire the moſt noble and reſpectable title of a ſophiſt: you have even gone ſo far as to ſay, you cannot properly enjoy life till you have gained ſuch a proficiency in the art of ſpeaking as to be irreſiſtible, one whom none ſhould dare to oppoſe, but all Greece unite to admire: you are reſolved, therefore, to purſue the means, whatever they may be, that are conducive to this end: nor ſhall I refuſe my inſtructions to a youth, who, like you, ambitious of excelling in the nobleſt accompliſhments, and ignorant how to acquire them, ſolicits advice and direction. Liſten then to what I am going to ſay, and make not the leaſt doubt but that in a very ſhort time you will know every thing that is requiſite, and be able to practiſe it, provided that you continue to obſerve what I ſhall teach you, reflect ſeriouſly upon it, and carefully tread in that path, till you reach the goal. The game you are in chaſe of is, indeed, by no means poor or contemptible, but ſuch as will require toil and vigilance, and in purſuit of which there is nothing which ought not to be borne; for how many, you muſt remark, who before were men of no eſteem, have, by their ſkill in oratory, become rich, great, and noble!

In the mean time, be not diſmayed or terrified by the multiplicity of labours which you are to undergo; for I ſhall not carry you ſuch a rough and bad

bad road as will tire you before you get half way, and make you turn back again: that would be acting like moſt other guides, who generally lead people through round-about, ſtony, and dangerous paths; but the advantage of following me is, that I ſhall ſhew you the pleaſanteſt and the neareſt way, a fine ſmooth * horſe-road, which you will travel with delight, through flowery meadows and thick ſhade, go on at your eaſe, and get ſoon, without ſweating and toil, to the end of your journey, where you may lay and feaſt yourſelf, and look down upon the poor wretches who went the other way, puffing and blowing at the bottom of the hill, ſcarce able to crawl through the rough and dangerous precipices, ſome tumbling on their heads, and others wounded by the rocks; whilſt you ſit at the top, crowned with honour and glory, and reaping, in a ſhort time, all the fruits of eloquence, and are ſcarce waked out of your ſleep for it.

A moſt magnificent promiſe this! but by hoſpitable Jove I intreat you not to doubt or miſtruſt me, when I ſay, I will conduct you with the greateſt eaſe, pleaſure, and ſafety; and if † Heſiod, only by cropping a few leaves from Helicon, from a ſimple ſhepherd, immediately became a poet, and favoured by the Muſes, ſung the birth of gods and men: ſhall we think it impoſſible, in a very ſhort time, to make an orator, who is ſo much beneath the grandeur and dignity of a poet, if we can but diſcover the quickeſt way for it?

I will tell you the propoſal of a certain Sidonian merchant, which failed only by not being attended to, and, therefore, was of no ſervice to the perſon to whom it was addreſſed. Alexander, after the victory over Darius at Arbela, was maſter of Perſia, and had occaſion to ſend meſſengers through all parts of the empire; now, it was a long way from Perſia to Ægypt, for they were to go all round the mountains, and then from Babylonia into Ara-

* *Horſe-road.*] Gr. ἱππηλατον.

† *Heſiod.*] Alluding to the following paſſage in the beginning of his Theogony:

——— The maids of Jove, the ſacred nine,
Had pluck'd a ſceptre from the tree divine,
To me the branch they gave, with look ſerene,
The laurel enſign, never-fading green;
I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow ſweeter, and my ſoul's inſpir'd.

Ovid, in the beginning of his Art of Love, alludes to this enthuſiaſtic flight of Heſiod's, where he ſays,

Nor Clio, nor her ſiſters, have I ſeen,
As Heſiod ſaw them in the ſhady green.

bia,

bia, and after paſſing through a long deſert, on to Ægypt: this gave Alexander no little uneaſineſs, as he had heard the Ægyptians were planning ſomething againſt him, and wanted much to give orders to his ſatraps concerning them. At this time it was, that a Sidonian merchant ſaid to him, "I can promiſe, O king, to ſhew you a very ſhort way from Perſia to Ægypt; let a man but get over thoſe mountains, which he may do in three days, and he will be there immediately." And ſuch was really the caſe, but Alexander would not believe the merchant, and called him an impoſtor: the improbability of the promiſe ever being fulfilled rendered it abſolutely incredible to the multitude.

But do not you imitate them, for you will ſoon know by experience, that nothing can hinder you from being a complete orator in leſs than a day's time, by flying with me over the mountain from Perſia into Ægypt: but, before we ſet off, let me ſhew you, by an allegory, in the manner of * Cebes, both the roads, for there are two which leads to that oratory which you ſeem ſo ambitious to obtain. Obſerve then, ſitting on an eminence, a beautiful figure, bearing in her right hand the horn of Amalthæa, filled with fruit of every kind; imagine that on the other ſide, you behold the amiable Plutus all over gold, by their ſide are glory and power, with a number of praiſes and compliments, like ſo many little Cupids, embracing each other, and fluttering about you; juſt as you have ſeen the Nile repreſented leaning on a crocodile, or Hippopotamos, with boys playing round him, which they call the † cubits of Ægypt; ſuch are the praiſes that hover round an orator. Approach then, fond lover, aſcend the eminence, and there receive thy bride, with riches, glory, and applauſe, for theſe are all the lawful right of him who ſhall eſpouſe her. When you come near to the mountain, at firſt you will, perhaps, deſpair of ever getting to the top of it; it will appear as Aornos did to the Macedonians, ſo inacceſſible, that even the birds can ſcarce fly up to it, and requires the ſtrength of a Bacchus, or Hercules, to take poſſeſſion of it. But you will ſoon perceive two paths that lead up to

* *Cebes.*] The Theban Philoſopher, and diſciple of Socrates, author of the famous allegory of the Tabula Cebetis.

† *Cubits.*] There is now at the Tuilleries near Paris, a marble groupe of figures, copied from the antique ſtatue here alluded to, repreſenting the river Nile, under the figure of an old man crowned with laurel, and leaning on his elbow with a cornucopia in his hand, on his arms, ſhoulders, and thighs, are ſixteen naked boys, ſignifying ſo many cubits, the height of the river, when it overflows, and enriches the whole territory of Ægypt.

it, one narrow, rough, and overgrown with thorns and briars, ſcarce paſſable, without much toil and labour; Heſiod has already engaged to ſhew it, and therefore you will not want my aſſiſtance: the other is broad, pleaſant, flowery, well-watered, ſuch, in ſhort, not to detain you from the deſired object, as I before deſcribed to you. Here, however, I muſt not forget to obſerve, that in the hard and rough way, you will find very few footſteps, and what there are, of a long ſtanding: I myſelf went that road, like a fool as I was, and took a great deal of unneceſſary pains. The other plain and even path, I ſaw, indeed, at a diſtance, juſt as it now is, but would not ſtep into it, for when I was young, I did not know what was beſt for me, but thought the poet muſt be right who tells us, that * labour is the ſource of happineſs; but it is not ſo, for I ſee numbers every day, who acquire the good things of life, without toil or care, only by a happy choice of the right road to them.

You will be in doubt, I know, at the beginning of the journey, which path you ſhall turn to; but I will inſtruct you how to reach with eaſe the ſummit, to enjoy your beloved miſtreſs, to be happy, and to be admired. It is enough, that I was myſelf deceived and tired, for you every thing ſhall ſpring up without ploughing or ſowing, as in the days of Saturn.

And now, obſerve, there comes towards you a ſtout and hardy figure, robuſt and active, with a manly gait and geſture; he comes to be your guide in that rough and thorny way, and commands you to follow him: he will tell you many an idle tale, ſhew you the ſteps of Demoſthenes, Plato, and others, ſteps much † larger than thoſe of our days, but ſuch as are now buried in obſcurity and oblivion; theſe, he will ſay, if you tread in, you will ſoon gain the lovely bride, and be happy: but it is like walking on a rope, for if you go but ever ſo little beyond the line, or turn your foot to the right, or

* *Labour.*] The paths of virtue muſt be reach'd by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged ſoil;
Thorny the path, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the proſpect plain.
See Heſiod's Weeks and Days, l. 290.

† *Larger.*] A happy alluſion to what Homer tells us of Hector's extraordinary ſtrength, when, as Garth, in his Epilogue to the Diſtreſs'd Mother, has humouroufly deſcribed it,

He threw a ſtone of ſuch prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not even of thoſe,
Who in that race of thundering mortals roſe;
It would have ſtrain'd a dozen—modern beaux.

left,

left, down you tumble. He will then order you to imitate the ancients, which is not very eaſy to do, and produce you ſome obſolete examples out of the old ſhop, ſuch as * Crates, † Hegeſias, and the famous ‡ iſlander, ſtiff and laboured things, mighty accurate and exact. He will inform you, perhaps, that induſtry, watchfulneſs, water-drinking, frugality, and ſo forth, are indiſpenſible, as without them you can never travel that road. But what is the moſt diſagreeable of all, is, that it will coſt you ſo much time, not days or months, but years, nay, whole Olympiads, ſo that before half your talk is over, you will ſink under the toil, and in deſpair, bid a long adieu to all your hoped-for happineſs: add to this, that he will himſelf expect no little reward, nor will he condeſcend to be your guide, unleſs you bribe him handſomely before-hand. This inſolent old Saturnian, who propoſes his ancient models, and wants you to rake up things long ſince buried in oblivion; will adviſe you, as a great and mighty matter, to rival the § ſword-maker's ſon, or || Atrometes the ſcribe, and that too, in time of peace, not when Philip invades, or Alexander commands, for then it might have been of ſome ſervice. But he knows nothing, all the time, of our new, ſhort, eaſy, and direct road to rhetoric: never do you liſten or attend to him, leſt he ſhould entirely ruin you, or at leaſt make you grow old before your time, by the toil and labour he will impoſe on you; if you are really fond of eloquence, and wiſh as ſoon as poſſible to poſſeſs her, whilſt you are in full vigour, take an eternal farewell of that ſturdy rugged old fellow, let him go up himſelf, and carry with him as many as he can ſeduce, whilſt you leave them all ſweating and panting behind you.

For, as ſoon as you ſtrike into the other road, you will meet a number of

* *Crates*.] Is mentioned by Diogenes Laertius as a celebrated orator. The critics, however, ſeem to think, that Lucian meant in this place, to ſpeak of Critias, the famous orator, mentioned by Cicero, in his Treatiſe de Claris Oratoribus, who lived in the time of Thucydides; and who is likewiſe taken notice of by Philoſtratus, in his book de Vitis Sophiſtarum.

† *Hegeſias*.] Cicero ſpeaks likewiſe, but ſeems to have entertained no very high opinion of him, obſerving in the above mentioned treatiſe, de Clar. Orat. that Chariſii voluit ſimilis eſſe, atque ſe ita putavit Atticum, ut viros illos præ ſe penè agreſtes putaret.

‡ *Iſlander*.] Gorgias Leontinus, called the Iſlander, from his being a native of Sicily, which was termed the iſland Κατ' ἐξοχην; he was a diſciple of Empedocles, and held the firſt rank amongſt the ſophiſts of his time; he is mentioned likewiſe by Philoſtratus and Plutarch.

§ *Sword-maker's ſon*.] Demoſthenes.

|| *Atrometes*.] Æſchines, the famous orator. See Demoſthenes's Oratio de Coronâ.

figures, and amongſt the reſt an * all-knowing and beautiful man, with an undulating motion in his gait, and his head bent on one ſide, a ſoft voice, and an effeminate countenance, touching his head gently with the tip of his finger, and adjuſting his curled hyacinthine locks, like Sardanapalus, Cyniras, or † Agatho himſelf, the famous handſome tragic poet: you will know him by theſe marks; let not, I beſeech you, ſo divine a figure, one ſo dear to Venus and the Graces, eſcape your obſervation; but how can I ſuppoſe it ſhould! for when he ſhall approach you, even though you were blind, and open, which ſuits admirably with a white hat, that ‡ Hymettian mouth of his, with its accuſtomed ſweetneſs, you will ſoon perceive that he is not one of us common people, who live upon the fruits of the earth, but ſome foreign and miraculous creature, fed with dew and ambroſia: to him, if you conſign yourſelf, you will immediately become a famous orator, or, as he calls himſelf, a § king of words, and ride in the chariot of eloquence; for he will ſoon teach you every thing.

But let him ſpeak for himſelf; ridiculous, indeed, would it be in me, to harangue for ſuch an orator; I ſhould but ſpoil the part of ſo great a hero, were I to attempt to perform it: let him, therefore, addreſs you, as ſoon as he has ſtroked down his little foretop, and given you one of his ſoft beautiful ſmiles, with a voice like Glycera, Malthace, or the great comic ‖ Thais herſelf; in this modeſt manner then, will he, perhaps, ſpeak of himſelf:

"Did the Pythian oracle ſend you here? and did it inform you that I was the prince of orators, as it told ¶ Chærephon of old, who was the wiſeſt of men? if it be not ſo, and urged by the love of glory, you come of your own

* *An all-knowing, &c.*] It is ſuppoſed, as I obſerved in the firſt note, that Lucian here meant to ſatiriſe Julius Pollux; but this is by no means clear.

† *Agatho.*] This famous tragic poet is mentioned by Ariſtotle in his Poetics, and by the ſcholiaſts on Ariſtophanes. But for the fulleſt account of him, I refer the curious reader to the learned Bentley's Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Euripides.

‡ *Hymettian.*] Alluding to the mountain of Hymettus, ſo famous for its honey.

§ *King of words, &c.*] Ridiculous expreſſions, probably quoted from the works of the unfortunate author, now (happily for himſelf,) conſigned to oblivion, whom Lucian meant to expoſe.

‖ *Thais herſelf.*] Lucian calls her Αυτοθαϊς, the great Thais, or Thais herſelf. In the ſame manner in his Timon, he calls Boreas Αυτο Βορεας, ipſemet Boreas; an uncommon expreſſion, I believe, and peculiar to this author.

¶ *Chærephon.*] Who, we are told, enquired of the Pythian oracle, who was the wiſeſt of men? the oracle returned for anſwer, Socrates.

accord,

accord, becauſe you have heard all mankind unite in praiſe of my perfections, and, aſtoniſhed at my ſuperiority, yield the palm to me, ſoon ſhall you know how divine a perſon you are applying to. You will not compare me to common men, but think what I ſhall ſhew you, beyond all that a * Tityus, an Otus, or Ophialtes could produce: my voice ſhall excel every other, as much as the trumpet doth the pipe, the bee a graſhopper, or the full chorus, every little chanter.

"If you wiſh to be an orator, nobody can teach you better than myſelf; follow me, therefore, thou favourite of Apollo, mind what I ſay, and look forward to every thing thou canſt deſire, but mark the laws which I lay down, and obſerve them well; go on boldly, and without delay; be not afraid becauſe thou art not firſt initiated by vain pretenders, who would ſhew thee another path; we ſhall not want their aſſiſtance; ſtep in, as the proverb ſays, with unwaſhed feet, thou wilt be never the worſe for it; nay, not even ſhouldſt thou not be able to write thy name; a true orator is above all theſe things.

"But, firſt, I muſt tell you what proviſion you are to bring along with you, and what neceſſaries for the journey; and then, by my advice and direction, before ſun-ſet, I will make you as good an orator as myſelf, who know the beginning, and the middle, and the end of every thing that can, or ought to be ſaid. Bring with you, therefore, a great deal of ignorance, with much confidence, and, above all, a large quantity of boldneſs and aſſurance: as to modeſty, bluſhing, truth, and equity, you may leave them at home, as totally uſeleſs, and contrary to our deſign: forget not, however, the loudeſt bawling you can produce, an impudent tone, with gait and geſture exactly like mine. Theſe are abſolutely neceſſary, and theſe alone are ſufficient. Let your dreſs be white, with flowers upon it, and of the † Tarentine make, that the body may be ſeen through it; your ſlippers Attic, ſuch as the women wear, and finely wrought; or a ‡ Sicyonian ſhoe, which ſuits admirably with a white hat; bring a good many ſervants with you, and always carry

* *Tityus.*] The famous giants mentioned by Homer. See Odyſſey A. l. 307.

† *Tarentine.*] The linen of Tarentum was, probably, a kind of gauſe, ſo remarkably fine as to be almoſt pellucid, and conſequently ſhewed the ladies or gentlemens limbs who wore it to the greateſt advantage.

‡ *Sicyonian ſhoe.*] This kind of ſhoe, ſo called from the place where it was made, and generally worn by the ladies; though the macaronies of that age, as we find by this paſſage, ſometimes made uſe of them. Si mihi calceos (ſays Tully,) Sicyonias attuliſſes, non uterer, quamvis eſſent habiles, & apti ad pedem; ſed non viriles. See Cic. de Orat. b. i.

a book in your hand. All this you muſt provide yourſelf with; and as for the reſt, as we go along, I will explain every thing to you, and lay down ſome rules, which, if you carefully obſerve, oratory ſhall not reject you as one who hath never been initiated into her myſteries, but with open arms receive and embrace you. And firſt, remember that your dreſs and appearance are decent and handſome; then get you fifteen or twenty good Attic words, well ſelected, and maturely conſidered of, which you muſt have always ready, and at your tongue's end, ſuch as * *atta*, and *kata*, and *mone*, and *ameegete*, and *lowſte*, and ſo forth; theſe you muſt ſprinkle over every diſcourſe, like ſo many ſweetmeats, and never mind, if the reſt of your words are ever ſo unlike them, harſh, and diſſonant, and of quite another claſs. Let your garb be as coarſe as you pleaſe, ſo that the purple be fine, and full of flowers. In the other parts of your ſpeech, your words may be ſtrange, obſolete, and ſuch as are ſeldom met with amongſt the ancients; theſe you muſt have ready to throw at every body who converſes with you: the vulgar will admire you, and think you a wonderful man, whoſe learning is above their † comprehenſion.

"If, after all, you blunder upon ſoleciſms and barbariſms, there is one infallible remedy for you, which is impudence; you have nothing to do but immediately to quote ſome poet or proſe-writer, no matter whether there ever was ſuch a perſon, who approves that mode of ſpeech, and who was a moſt learned man, and an excellent judge of language. As to ſtudy, you muſt never read the ancients, the trifler ‡ Iſocrates, the awkward ungraceful Demoſthenes, or the frigid Plato; but conſult the books lately publiſhed, what we call our declamations; from theſe you may gather inſtructions, uſe them whenever you have occaſion, and take, as from a ſtore-houſe, whatever you want out of them.

"If you are to ſpeak on any point, and the perſons preſent are for ſuggeſting arguments to you, and furniſhing you with matter, treat them with con-

* *Atta, &c.*] Greek words frequently uſed by ſome of the beſt Attic writers, and which, therefore, the ridiculous imitators of them were perpetually making uſe of, and applying, right or wrong, in their own works.

† *Comprehenſion.*] Here Lucian quotes two or three quaint words and phraſes, uſed at that time by the literary coxcombs of the age, which, as the learned reader who well knows them, will eaſily perceive, are untranſlatable.

‡ *Iſocrates.*] See Bayle.

tempt;

tempt; tell them, what they call difficult is extremely eaſy, and that they are afraid of doing any thing great or noble: then without delay ruſh on, and ſay any thing that comes into your head, never going from firſt to ſecond, and from ſecond to third, but let whatever comes firſt, be firſt advanced; and if it ſo happens, put the boot upon your head, and the helmet on your foot; go on talking, whatever you do, and never be ſilent. If you are ſpeaking about an adultery at Athens, be ſure you let them know what is done in ſuch caſes at Perſia, and the Indies: above all, do not forget Marathon and Cynagirus, for without them you do nothing: fail to mount Athos, and go on foot to the Helleſpont, cover the Sun with Perſian arrows, make Xerxes fly, hold up Leonidas to admiration, read the bloody letters of * Othryades, and talk for ever about Salamis, Artemiſium, and Platæa; dwell perpetually on theſe, let them float upon the ſurface, keep theſe flowers always in bloom, and continually repeating your *atta* and *depothen*, though there is no occaſion for them; for they are always beautiful, even when they are nothing to the purpoſe.

"If at any time you have an opportunity of ſinging, let every thing be ſung; but if you can find nothing fit to be ſung, modulate your voice to the proper tone, addreſs yourſelf in ſing-ſong to the judges, and depend upon it, the harmony is complete. Be ſure to repeat frequently, alas! alas! then ſtrike your thigh, ſtretch your throat, and roar out your words in a loud ſcream, and ſtrut about manfully, and ſhake your poſteriors: if they do not applaud you, be angry with, and abuſe them; if they ſeem aſhamed, and want to go off, ſtop them, make them ſit down, and, in ſhort, exerciſe your full dominion over them. That the vulgar may admire your ſpeeches, bring your arguments from the ſiege of Troy, or rather, if you will, from the marriage of Deucalion and Pyrrha, quite down to the preſent times. Underſtanding hearers are few in number, and out of good nature will ſay nothing, or if they ſhould, it will only look like envy; but the multitude will admire your dreſs, voice, walk, geſture, ſinging, nay even your fine ſhoes, and your *atta*; and when they ſee you ſweat, and toil, and puff, and blow, will never be perſuaded but that you are a moſt accompliſhed orator: beſides, that the rapidity of your extempore eloquence carries with it no little excuſe for every thing, and always gains admiration with the vulgar. Take care, therefore, that you never write down any thing, or ſeem to

* *Othryades.*] See latter part of Charon, vol. i. and the note upon it.

think

think before you ſpeak; for that would be a ſtrong argument againſt you. Let your friends be always ready to applaud you with their * feet; it is what they owe you for their ſuppers; and if at any time they perceive you tripping, or heſitating, let them lay hold of your hand and pay you compliments, in the mean time you may find ſomething to ſay and go on. Be ſure you take care to have a chorus of your own to ſing with you.

"This you are to obſerve with regard to your ſpeeches: after they are over, let your guard of friends lead you off, converſing with them about your oration; and if you meet any body, be full of your own praiſes, that you may appear of ſome conſequence to him, crying out, what is the † Pæanian to me, which of the ancients will contend with me? and ſo forth.

"But there is one principal thing, and which will raiſe your reputation above all, which I had forgot to mention; whoever ſpeaks beſides yourſelf, always laugh at them; if they ſpeak well, ſay they ſtole it, and it is none of their own; if it only tolerable, ſay it is good for nothing: always come late into the aſſembly, and you will be the more taken notice of, and when they are all ſilent, begin ſome ſtrange panegyric, that may call off the attention of the audience from him who was ſpeaking before, and make them ſhut their ears againſt him. Do not move your hand too often by way of applauding any body, for that is low and vulgar; nor riſe up to ſpeak above once or twice at moſt, but often ſmile to yourſelf, as if to ſhew your contempt of all that is ſaid; for to thoſe who are inclined to cenſure, ſome occaſion may always be found; you muſt be confident and bold, have a lie always ready, and an oath at your tongue's end, envy, hatred, calumny, and malice, theſe will ſoon make you celebrated and conſpicuous.

"So much for your outward appearance: in private you may game, whore, commit adultery, at leaſt tell every body you do, glory in it, and ſhew the love-letters written to you; endeavour to make yourſelf as handſome as you can, that the women may ſeem to have ſome reaſon for admiring you; this will be of uſe to you as an orator, as it will give you more aſſurance; women are more loquacious than men, and have better talents for abuſe:

* *Feet.*] This method of applauſe, by ſtriking the feet on the ground, was, we have reaſon to ſuppoſe, generally adopted by the ancients: a modern audience makes uſe of the hands, for the ſame purpoſe, which is eaſier, and at the ſame time, perhaps, more exhilarating.

† *Paonian.*] Demoſthenes.

the

the more you are like them, therefore, the more you will † excel. * * * —Theſe things, young man, if you diligently obſerve (and they are very eaſily done), I will anſwer for it, in a ſhort time, you will be the beſt orator in the world, and as great as myſelf; the conſequence I need not point out to you, nor the many advantages which eloquence has to beſtow; for only look on me, born of no very noble race, for my father was a * ſlave, and my mother a mender of old cloaths: at firſt, for you ſee my perſon is not contemptible, I ſerved an old miſer only for my board, for that was all I could get, though, as I told you before, I was well accompliſhed, having a good ſhare of ignorance and impudence. After this, I lived with an old woman of ſeventy, who fed me well for ſome time, for I pretended to be fond of her, though ſhe had but four teeth left, and thoſe ‡ faſtened in by a bit of gold: I was compelled by poverty to go through this laborious employment; hunger made the cold kiſſes from this ſepulchre moſt delicious to me; and I ſhould certainly have been left heir to all ſhe had, if a raſcally ſervant had not told her that I bought ſome poiſon on purpoſe to make an end of her; upon which ſhe thruſt me headlong out of doors. I was not, however, left to ſtarve, for I ſoon after turned orator, and gained univerſal applauſe, betrayed my clients, and promiſed thoſe that knew no better, that I would bribe the judges for them. Many a time have I loſt my cauſe, but ſtill I § hung up the green branches and crowns before my door; for I always lay this as a bait for the ignorant, and it is no little advantage to me to be known and fear'd, to be pointed at as a ſkilful advo-

† *Excel.*] Here follow in the original two or three lines, which, for decency's ſake, are omitted in the tranſlation.

* *A ſlave.*] The original adds, which ſerved on the other ſide of Xois and Thmuis, cities of Lower Ægypt, or Abyſſinia.

‡ *Faſtened.*] The art, we ſee, of faſtening in falſe teeth with gold wire, though generally conſidered as a modern invention, was known by the Spence's and Vanbutchell's of antiquity.

§ *Hung up.*] It was cuſtomary amongſt the ancients, as we learn from Caſaubon and other writers, for thoſe advocates, who had gained their cauſe, to hang up green branches and crowns before their doors, in token of their ſucceſs, which Juvenal alludes to,

ut tibi laſſo
Figantur virides, ſcalarum gloria palmæ.

And Martial alſo, in the following lines,

Sic fora mirentur, ſic te palatia laudent,
Excolat et geminas plurima palma fores. Book vii. Epig. 27.

If this cuſtom took place amongſt us, what groves of triumphant green would have crowned the doors of a *Thurlow*, a *Norton*, and a *Dunning!*

cate,

cate, verſed in every fraud, and the prince of miſchief. Such are the precepts which I deliver to you, and which I practiſed long ago myſelf, with no little emolument."

Thus will your noble guide finiſh his diſcourſe: and now, my young friend, if you will follow his advice, you may ſuppoſe yourſelf arrived at the deſired haven; nor need you fear but that you will ſoon be a great orator, and univerſally admired; that you will be wedded, not to an old woman like your preceptor, but to the beauteous fair one, Eloquence herſelf, and ride in the ſwift chariot of Plato. As for myſelf (ſlothful and timid as I am), I muſt get out of your way, and ſince I cannot follow ſuch advice, give up all thoughts of being an orator. I have, indeed, long ſince declined it. Go you, therefore, my good friend, talk away, and be admired; only remember, that you did not get before me by running faſter, but by taking the eaſieſt and the neareſt way.

THE

LYARS,

A DIALOGUE

ON SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

In the Decline of the Roman *Empire, when* LUCIAN *wrote, the Minds of Men were, in general, ſtrongly tinctured with that Superſtition and Enthuſiaſm, which are the natural Conſequences of univerſal Vice and Depravity. Ignorance and Credulity had even infected the Seats of Learning and Science; Philoſophy and good Senſe had given way to Aſtrology, Magic, Incantations, and a Belief in Ghoſts and Wizards, with many other Fooleries of the like Nature: this rouſed the Indignation of our ſenſible Satiriſt, who, in the Perſon of* TYCHIADES, *in the following* Dialogue, *by the bare Recital of ſome ſtrange and improbable Stories, though related by men of the firſt Characters, ſufficiently expoſes the Abſurdity of thoſe who were weak enough to believe them.* LUCIAN *is here, in the ſtricteſt Senſe, ſplendide mendax, and all his Lies are agreeable and entertaining.*

TYCHIADES AND PHILOCLES.

TYCHIADES.

CAN you inform me, Philocles, what it is that excites in men the univerſal paſſion for lying, which makes them ſo happy in ſpreading falſehoods themſelves, and liſtening ſo eagerly to others who do the ſame?

PHILOCLES.

There are many things, Tychiades, which induce men to tell lies for their own intereſt and advantage.

TYCHIADES.

That is not what I mean; I did not aſk with regard to thoſe who have a reaſon for it, they deſerve pardon, nay even praiſe, who practiſe it to deceive an enemy, or ſave themſelves from any misfortune, as * Ulyſſes did to preſerve his own life, and ſecure the ſafe return of his companions; but I am ſpeaking of thoſe who, without any neceſſity, prefer lying to truth, and delight in it for no reaſon whatſoever.

* *Ulyſſes.*] Alluding to the artifice made uſe of by Ulyſſes to eſcape the Cyclop, as related by Homer, in the ninth book of the Odyſſey.

PHILOCLES.

Know you any in whom this love of falſehood is ſo ſtrongly implanted?

TYCHIADES.

Many.

PHILOCLES.

What can we ſay for ſuch, but that they are fools and madmen, who thus prefer the worſt and meaneſt, to the nobleſt and beſt of things!

TYCHIADES.

And yet it is not always ſo; for many have I known in other reſpects men of admirable ſenſe and wiſdom, who yet have, I know not how, been ſo infatuated with this vice, as to be ever deceiving others, and themſelves alſo; you know as well as I do, how egregiouſly thoſe ancient writers * Herodotus and † Cteſias, and before them the famous poets, with Homer himſelf amongſt them, by their lies, impoſed upon not only the readers of their times, but delivered them down in their beautiful verſes even to our own. I bluſh for them when they talk about the ‡ diviſion of heaven, the chains of Prometheus, the rebellion of the giants, and the whole tragic tale of the infernal regions, and how Jupiter was turned into a bull, or a ſwan, and women changed to bears and birds; add to theſe, their Pegaſus, Chimæras, Gorgons, Cyclops, and all ſuch ſort of fables, fit only to amuſe children who are afraid of ghoſts and ſpectres. The fictions of poets, however, might be paſſed over; but how abſurd and ridiculous is it, in whole cities and kingdoms, to tell public and palpable falſehoods! the Cretans are not aſhamed to ſhew you the tomb of Jupiter, and the Athenians tell you, that Erichthonius grew out of the earth, and that the firſt men ſprung up like ſo many cabbages from Attic ſoil; and yet theſe were more ſpecious liars than the § Thebans, who talk of men riſing up from dragon's teeth. If, on examination, you find all theſe things to be ſo far from true, that they could

* *Herodotus.*] In this writer, who is certainly one of the moſt agreeable liars of antiquity; we meet, as Lucian here intimates, with ſome very ſtrange ſtories. Herodotus, however, it may be ſaid in defence of him, does not himſelf, vouch for the truth of every thing he relates, but gives us the lie juſt as he found it, leaving his readers to allow it what degree of credit they think proper.

† *Cteſias*] Who wrote the hiſtory of the Perſian war; and, according to all account, told as many lies as Herodotus, though not half ſo entertaining.

‡ *Diviſion.*] After the death of Saturn; between Jupiter, &c.

§ *Thebans.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Cadmus. See Ovid's Metamorphoſis.

only

only be credited by a * Coræbus or Margites, yet if you will not believe this, nor that † Triptolemus was carried through the air on the wings of dragons, that ‡ Pan came out of Arcadia, to aſſiſt at the battle of Marathon, and that § Orythia was raviſhed by the north-wind; he who will not give credit to things ſo plain and true as theſe, would be thought an impious madman: to ſuch a degree hath lying, and the love of it, gained a footing amongſt men.

PHILOCLES.

Still poets, Tychiades, and nations too, may ſtand excuſed; for with the one, it gives a reliſh to their fictions, and charms the reader, and with the other, gains a reſpect and veneration for their country. || Rob Greece of all her fables, and you will ſtarve the people who ſhew it; and ſtrangers would not thank you for telling them the bare truth, even though they pay nothing for it. Thoſe, however, who love lying only for lying ſake, are, indeed, truly ridiculous.

TYCHIADES.

I aſſure you I think ſo; for I have this moment left Eucrates, from whom I heard the moſt ſtrange and incredible ſtories; I was obliged, to ſay the truth, to get away from him as faſt as I could, and even in the midſt of his diſcourſe: his abſurd and abominable tales, like ſo many furies, drove me out of his houſe.

PHILOCLES.

Eucrates is a man of ſixty, a philoſopher, with a long beard, of credit and reputation, and was always conſidered as a perſon who would never tell a lie himſelf, nor ſuffer any body elſe to do it in his preſence.

TYCHIADES.

And yet you cannot imagine, Tychiades, what things he advanced, how anxious he ſeemed to have them believed, ſwore to, and pledged his own

* *Coræbus or Margites*] Probably the original names of two celebrated fools of antiquity, and afterwards uſed in general to ſignify, any idiot. Homer is ſaid to have written a ſatirical poem called the Margites, or the idiot; but it was, moſt probably, like the battle of the frogs and mice, the work of ſome one of his numerous imitators.

† *Triptolemus.*] See Lucian's Dream, and the note upon it.

‡ *Pan.*] In Jupiter the Tragedian. See note on Pan.

§ *Orythia.*] See Ovid's Metamorphoſis, b. vi.

|| *Rob Greece, &c.*] For a full confutation of

—— Quicquid Græcia mendax,
Audet in Hiſtoriâ.

I refer my reader's to the learned and ingenious Mr. Bryant's Analyſis.

children for the truth of them, inſomuch, that I fixed my eyes on him with aſtoniſhment: ſometimes I thought the man was not in his right mind, and at others, that he was an impoſtor who had deceived me, or an aſs in a lion's ſkin, ſo very abſurd and ridiculous were the ſtories which he told.

PHILOCLES.

Pray, let us have them, for I ſhould be glad to know what kind of folly could lay hid under that great beard.

TYCHIADES.

I uſed frequently to viſit him, and this morning wanting to meet Leontichus, who, you know, is my old friend, and hearing by his boy that he was gone to ſee Eucrates, who was ſick, and which I had not heard of, I went to his houſe on purpoſe to meet them both there: when I came, Leontichus, they told me, was juſt gone, but there was a good deal of company left, amongſt whom I found Cleodemus the Peripatetic, Dinomachus the Stoic, and Ion, who, you know, is famous for his Platonic diſputations, and eſteemed as the beſt expoſitor of his maſter's tenets; you ſee what venerable company I had got into, men of the firſt rank for wiſdom and virtue in their ſeveral ſects, and whoſe very countenances were awful and tremendous; beſides theſe, there was Antigonus the phyſician, who, I ſuppoſe, had been called in to give his advice in the diſorder which Eucrates laboured under, and which was growing better, as it was now getting down again into his * feet: he ſpoke to me in a low voice, as if diſtempered, and deſired me to ſit down by him on the bed, though, as I came in, I thought I heard him talking very loud: I took great care not to touch his feet, and after making the uſual excuſe, that I did not know of his illneſs, but came as ſoon as ever I did, ſat down by him; the company were all talking about his diſtemper, and every one preſcribing his own remedy for it: if, ſaid Cleodemus, you take up a weaſel from the ground in your left hand, killed in the manner I mentioned, and wrap it up in the ſkin of a lion juſt ſlead, and clap it to the leg, the pain will ceaſe immediately; not a lion's, ſaid Dinomachus, but, as I have heard, a young virgin hind: this, indeed, is the moſt probable, becauſe the hind is ſwift, and her ſtrength lies in her feet: a lion is ſtrong indeed, his fat, therefore, and his right paw, with ſome

* *Feet.*] Probably the gout, which, by all accounts, was as faſhionable amongſt the Greeks and Romans as ourſelves. The diſpute between the two learned doctors, whether it was to be cured by the lion's or the hind's ſkin, and the reaſons in favour of each are full of true humour.

ſtrait

ſtrait hairs out of his beard, properly adminiſtered, and with ſome certain words ſuited to the occaſion, may do much, but not in diſorders of the feet. I thought formerly, replied Cleodemus, as you do, that it ſhould be a hind's ſkin, becauſe the hind is ſwift-footed; but a certain African, well ſkilled in things of this nature, lately informed me that lions were ſwifter than hinds, for they frequently purſue and kill them. Every body preſent agreed in commendation of the African, who, they ſaid, was certainly in the right. And do you really think, cried I, that a man can be cured by charms and incantations; that external applications can remove the diſorder that is within? At this ſpeech of mine they all laughed immoderately, plainly deſpiſing my folly and ignorance, in not knowing things which were ſo clear and evident, that no man in his ſenſes would ever dare to contradict them. The phyſician alone ſeemed pleaſed at my queſtion, who, I ſuppoſe, had himſelf been laughed at for adviſing his patient to abſtain from wine, live upon vegetables, and not talk ſo loud. Cleodemus ſimpered, and ſaid, "Does it appear, Tychiades, ſo incredible that theſe remedies ſhould be of any ſervice in certain diſtempers?" "To me, replied I, it undoubtedly muſt, unleſs you think me ſuch an idiot as to believe that an application from without can poſſibly be communicated to the parts within, or that certain charms and hard words can produce a cure, which it certainly cannot, though you were to wrap up a hundred weaſels in the ſkin of the Nemæan lion, for many a one of thoſe noble beaſts have I ſeen with his whole ſkin on, and yet lame himſelf." "You ſeem, ſaid Dinomachus, totally ignorant, and never to have learned the wonderful effects of theſe medicines; you do not believe, I ſuppoſe, what is clear to every body, that intermitting fevers may be cured, and the bites of ſerpents charmed away by old women; and yet if theſe things are done every day, why may not the other?" "Dinomachus, replied I, you draw falſe concluſions, and as they ſay, only drive out one nail with another, for what you mention can never be performed by the means which you aſſign; nor will I ever believe it, till you can convince me that a fever or a ſwelling can be frightened away by a ſpell, or an incantation. I look upon all you have advanced, therefore, as ſo many old women's fables."

"By your talk, ſaid Dinomachus, you ſeem not to believe that there are any gods, or you would not ſurely deny that diſorders may be removed by divine invocations." "That, ſaid I, my friend, does by no means follow: there may be gods, and yet all this be a lie. I am a devout worſhipper of the

the gods, and bear witneſs to the cures which they work on men by the help of medicine: but Æſculapius and his ſons healed the ſick by adminiſtering good and proper remedies, not by lions and weaſels."

"No more of this, interrupted Ion, but let me tell you a moſt miraculous thing. When I was a boy about fourteen, a man came one day to my father and told him that Midas, his vine-dreſſer, a ſtrong luſty fellow, had been juſt bitten by a ſerpent, and laid with his leg all putrified: it ſeems, as he was tying up the branches, a viper had crept up, bit his thumb, and returned to his hole. The poor man was weeping, and almoſt dead with the pain; for we ſaw him carried by his fellow-ſervants on a bed, livid, ſwelled, and almoſt expiring. My father ſeemed much concerned, when a friend of his, who happened to be preſent ſaid, I will ſend you a man of Babylon, one of the Chaldæans, who can cure him. To cut my ſtory ſhort, the Babylonian came, and by an incantation drew the poiſon out of his body, at the ſame time tying a ſtone to his foot, which he had broke off from the tomb of a virgin lately dead. This, perhaps, may ſeem nothing extraordinary to you, though the man, which I was an eye-witneſs of, took up the bed which he had been brought upon, and walked back to his work: ſuch effect had the incantation, and the ſtone from the ſepulchre.

"But after this he ſhewed ſtill greater marks of divine power; for early one morning in the country, he walked thrice round a certain place, and after purifying it with torches and ſulphur, pronounced ſeven holy words out of an ancient book, which immediately drove out all the ſerpents that were within that circle: drawn by his incantation, there came about him innumerable aſps, vipers, * ruddocks, and ſnakes of every kind; one old dragon, indeed, ſtaid behind, who was too old to crawl, and therefore did not obey the mandate; the magician, however, who knew by his art that he had not got them complete, ſent the youngeſt ſerpent to the dragon, who came a little after, and when he had gathered them all together, the Babylonian † blowed upon them, and, to our great aſtoniſhment, they were immediately conſumed." "And pray, ſaid I, this young ſerpent that went on the embaſſy, did he bring the old dragon you talked of in his hand, or leaning on a crutch?" "You are laughing at me I ſee, ſaid Cleodemus, I was formerly, I own, as incredulous about theſe things as you are (for I really

* *Ruddocks.*] Greek, κίρκαι, the phyſalus of the Red Sea, mentioned by Ælian.

† *Blowed.*] This is quite in the ſtyle of a modern conjurer.

could

could not bring myſelf to believe them), but ſince I ſaw the flying ſtranger from the North, I have been convinced, and though for a long time very loth, am at length ſatisfied: how, indeed, ſhould it be otherwiſe, when I ſaw him, in the middle of the day, fly in the air, walk upon the water, and paſs ſlowly and deliberately through the fire." "And have you really, ſaid I, ſeen this northern hero fly thus, and walk upon the water?" "I have, ſays he, and with leathern ſhoes, like other people's; not to mention many little things which he does, ſuch as creating affections, driving out ſpirits, calling up the dead to life, ſtopping Hecate, and drawing down the Moon. I will tell you what I ſaw him do for Glaucias, the ſon of Alexicles; this young man, as ſoon as he came to his eſtate, after the death of his father, fell in love with Chryſis, the daughter of Demenetus; he was at that time my pupil in philoſophy, and if it had not been for this paſſion, would ſoon have learned all the doctrines of the Peripatetic ſchool, for though but a youth of eighteen, he had maſtered analyſis, and gone through the nature of things: this love affair, however, had ſtopped him in his progreſs, and he made me his confident in it; upon which, as * became his maſter, I carried him immediately to this northern magician; gave him four minæ down (for he wanted ſome money for the ſacrifices), and promiſed him ſixteen more on the poſſeſſion of Chryſis: whereupon, as ſoon as he had got a full moon, and performed certain holy ceremonies, he dug a deep trench in a particular part of the houſe, and, at midnight, firſt called up Anaxicles, the father of Glaucias, who had been dead near ſeven months: the old man did not approve of the affair, and ſeemed for a time extremely angry with his ſon about it, but at length gave his conſent. The next who appeared was Hecate, accompanied by Cerberus, and, after her, the Moon, putting on various ſhapes, firſt taking the form of a woman, then of an ox, and laſtly of a dog; then our cunning man faſhioned out of clay a little Cupid, and bade him go and fetch Chryſis; away he flew, and in a ſhort time after ſhe knocked at the door, came in, and embraced Glaucias, with all the marks of the ſtrongeſt love and affection. After this, the Moon flew away to heaven, Hecate deſcended to the earth, the ſpectres vaniſhed, and about day-break we let the fair Chryſis out again.

* *Became.*] The grave tutor carrying his young pupil to a conjuror, and giving him money to procure a girl for him, is a fine ſtroke on the pious philoſophers of that time, who, in the true ſpirit of a modern Cheſterfield, thought it cruel, no doubt, to baulk the young man's inclinations, in ſo virtuous a deſign as that of keeping a miſtreſs.

"If you had ſeen all this, Tychiades, you would not, I think, have called in queſtion the power of incantations." "You are right, ſaid I, if I had ſeen I ſhould certainly have believed; but you will pardon me, I hope, if I am not altogether ſo quick-ſighted as you are. I know the lady whom you ſpeak of extremely well, a very loving one ſhe is, and with no great difficulty to be acquired, nor can I ſee any neceſſity of ſending your little clay ambaſſador to her, or the Moon, or the Northern Magician; as for twenty drachmas ſhe would go to the Hyperboreans themſelves; this is an incantation which ſhe always liſtens to: though her nature is a little different from that of apparitions, for they, as you tell us, fly away at the ſound of braſs or iron, whereas, if ſhe hears the leaſt tinkling of ſilver, ſhe will run to you immediately. But I am moſt ſurpriſed, that this great magician himſelf, who might, no doubt, be loved by the wealthieſt of the ſex, and be paid with many a good talent, ſhould be ſo ridiculous as to employ his art only in making Glaucias beloved."

"It is ridiculous in you, ſaid Ion, thus to diſbelieve every thing; but what think you of thoſe, who ſet the dæmoniacs free from all their pains and terrors, and charm the evil ſpirits? they want not my teſtimony, for thouſands will tell you of the Syrian from Palæſtine, ſo famous for his cures of this kind; who took ſo many poor wretches laying on the ground by moon-light, rolling their eyes about, and foaming at the mouth, and for a certain ſmall reward, raiſed them up, and ſent them home quite recovered. He would ſtand over the evil ſpirits, and aſk them whence they came; the patient, all the time, ſays nothing, and the ſpirit anſwers in Greek, or ſome other language, and tells him how, and from whence he came into the man; then, by conjurations, or, if that will not do, by threats, he drives the evil ſpirit out of him: I have ſeen it myſelf, and it looked black and ſmoaky." "I am not at all ſurpriſed, replied I, at your ſeeing ſuch things; for even your father Plato's * ideas are viſibly ſeen by you, though ſo much thinner ſubſtances, and to us, common mortals, abſolutely inviſible."

"Ion,

* *Ideas.*] The deſcription of ideas, according to the doctrine of Plato, delivered by Alcinous, is as follows:

"Ideas are the eternal notions of God, perfect in themſelves, whether God be intellect, or ſomething intelligent; he muſt have his intelligibles, and thoſe eternal and immoveable: if ſo, there are ideas; for, if matter itſelf, be in itſelf void of meaſure, it is neceſſary that it receive meaſure from ſome ſuperior, that is wholly remote from matter: but the antecedent is true, therefore the conſequent; and if ſo, there are ideas. If the world were not made by chance, it

"Ion, interrupted Eucrates, is not the only one who has ſeen ſpirits, both by day and by night; I have myſelf, indeed, a thouſand times: at firſt I was frightened, but at length, by being uſed to them, find nothing extraordinary in their appearance; eſpecially ſince an Arabian made me a preſent of a ring of iron, formed out of ſeveral * croſſes, and taught me a certain incantation, with a number of words in it; but, perhaps, you will not believe me." "How is it poſſible, replied I, that I ſhould doubt the veracity of ſo wiſe a man as Eucrates, ſpeaking with freedom and authority, and in his own houſe too?"

"As to the ſtatue, reſumed he, who appears to every body, young and old, I need not tell you myſelf, for it is known to all the family." "What ſtatue, ſaid I, do you mean?" "That beautiful one, replied he, which you ſee as you come into the hall, made by Demetrius." "The † Diſcobolus, I ſuppoſe, you mean, bending down as if going to throw the diſcus, and looking back at the perſon that brought it him, with one knee bent, as if prepared to riſe after the caſt." "No, no, that is Myro's; I do not mean that, nor the next to it, which is Polycletus's, that has the head bound with a fillet; paſs over thoſe on the right hand which repreſent the Tyrant-Killers, done by Critias, and obſerve that which ſtands by the fountain, with a large belly, bald-pated, half-naked, with the hairs of his beard fluttering in the wind, the muſcles ſtrong and bold, in ſhort, the very ‡ man him-

it muſt not only be made *of* ſomething, but *by* ſomething, and not only ſo, but after the likeneſs of ſomething; but, that after whoſe likeneſs it was made, what is it but an idea? whence it followeth, that there are ideas."

Lucian frequently laughs at Plato and his followers, as obſcure, myſterious, and unintelligible: from a view of the above explication of ideas, my readers will, probably, be of the ſame opinion.

* *Croſſes.*] The iron, wood, and probably every part of the materials of which the croſs, or gallows, was made, for the execution of criminals, was, we may ſuppoſe, reckoned peculiarly efficacious in the exorciſing of evil ſpirits by the ſuperſtitious heathens of that time. But ſuperſtitions full as idle and ridiculous as any here recounted, have, we know, to our ſhame be it ſpoken, many ages after, diſgraced the enlightened æra of Chriſtianity.

† *Diſcobolus.*] From δισκος βαλλειν, the thrower of the diſcus; a ſort of heavy round quoit launched from a thong, put through a hole made in the middle of it; it was thrown with a circular motion, one of the thrower's hands being near the breaſt, the other balancing the diſk; the limbs being all, as it were, in motion, the attitude fine, and the muſcles properly extended, muſt have formed, altogether, a good figure for the ſtatuary. The diſcobolus of Myro, probably the ſame as is here taken notice of, is mentioned by Quintilian.

‡ *Man himſelf.*] Gr. αυτοανθρωπω ομοιον. See the note on αυτοθεις.

ſelf; it is the image of § Pelichus, the Corinthian general." "Now, by Jove, ſaid I, I have him, it is he next to Saturn, with the withered garlands hanging about him, and plates of gold on his breaſt." "Aye, replied Eucrates, I gave him them for curing me of a tertian ague." "My good friend Pelichus too, it ſeems." "May be ſo, replied Eucrates, but do not ſcoff, for he may be revenged on you by and by: I know what this ſtatue, which you laught at ſo, has power to do; do you think, if he can cure an ague, that he cannot bring one alſo?" "Kind then, ſaid I, and propitious may he be to me! but what did he do, pray, to you who were in the houſe?" "I will tell you, ſaid Eucrates; as ſoon as night comes on, he quits the pedeſtal which he ſtands on, and takes his walk round the houſe; they frequently meet him ſinging: he never hurts any body if they give way to him, but paſſes on without doing miſchief: he will often divert himſelf with waſhing, and the plaſhing of the water is heard till the morning." "I have a notion, ſaid I, that this ſame ſtatue is not Pelichus, but Talus the Cretan, ſon of Minos, who went all about the country. If he had been of braſs inſtead of wood, I ſhould have thought him, not the work of Demetrius, but one of Dædalus's productions; for he ran away, it ſeems, from his pedeſtal." "Take care, ſaid Eucrates, interrupting me, you do not repent of this hereafter; I know what happened to ſomebody that ſtole the oboli which we offered to him at the new-moon." "Whatever he ſuffered, ſaid Ion, the villain well deſerved it; but tell me, Eucrates, how was he revenged on him? I ſhould be glad to know, though this Tychiades here will give no credit to it." "A number of oboli, reſumed Eucrates, lay at his feet, ſome pieces of ſilver money were alſo glued on with wax about his thighs, and ſome plates of the ſame, which he had received as offerings from ſome of his votaries, or in return, for curing them of their fevers. We had at that time a Libyan ſlave to take care of our horſes: this raſcal had the impudence to come in the night, and ſteal all theſe things away, whilſt the ſtatue was got off his pedeſtal: but, as ſoon as Pelichus returned, and perceived that he had been robbed, mark the vengeance which fell upon the African, and how he was taken: he walked all night round about the hall, and could not get out of it, but was caught, as it were, in a labyrinth, and at break of day, ſeized with the things which he had ſtolen upon him. After which, he ſuffered grievouſly, for every night he was terribly flogged, ſo that the wales

* *Pelichus.*] See Thucydides, b. i. 29.

appeared

appeared on his body the next day: he lived a little while and then died in the greateſt miſery. And now, Tychiades, you may laugh at Pelichus, think me mad, and compare me to * Minos's friend and contemporary, if you pleaſe." "Eucrates, ſaid I, whilſt the braſs remains, braſs he will be, and the work of Demetrius, who did not make gods but men; and as for the ſtatue of Pelichus, I ſhould be no more afraid of it, that I ſhould of Pelichus himſelf, or his threats, were he now alive, and before me."

"Eucrates, ſaid Antigonus the phyſician, I have, myſelf, got a little braſs Hippocrates, about a cubit long, who, every night, as ſoon as the lamp is out, walks all over the houſe, makes a violent noiſe, opens and ſhuts the doors, mixes my phials one with another, and turns my boxes topſy-turvy, eſpecially if we happen to defer our annual ſacrifice to him." "And does Hippocrates, ſaid I, at this time of day, look for ſacrifices, and expect rich offerings to be made to him? I think he might be ſatisfied with a † funeral cake, a garland for his head, or a little milk and honey."

"And now, ſaid Eucrates, I will tell you ſomething that can be well atteſted, which I ſaw above five years ago: it was about the time of vintage, when, chancing in the middle of the day, to leave the workmen, I rambled by myſelf into a wood, wrapped up in deep thought and meditation; I was got into a dark place, when on a ſudden, methought I heard the barking of dogs, and imagined it muſt have been my ſon Mnaſo ſporting there, and who, according to his uſual cuſtom, was hunting in the thickeſt part of the grove: but it was not ſo; for, a little after, I heard a ſhaking of the earth, and a noiſe like thunder, when a woman of moſt dreadful appearance came towards me; ſhe ſeemed half a ſtadium in height, carrying a torch in her left hand, and in her right, a ſword, about twenty cubits long; her lower parts ſeemed formed of ſnakes, and from the waiſt upwards ſhe was like a Gorgon, with a moſt horrible and frightful countenance; inſtead of hair, ſhe had ſerpents which hung round her neck, and twined like ſpires about her ſhoulders. Only obſerve, ſays he, my friends, how my hairs, even

* *Minos's friend.*] Talus, mentioned above; he was employed as the prime miniſter of Minos, king of Crete, to enforce his laws throughout the kingdom, and which were engraved by him, as is before remarked, on tables of braſs.

† *Funeral cake.*] It was the cuſtom of the Greeks, to put into the mouths of their deceaſed friends a ſmall cake compoſed of flour, honey, and other ingredients. Virgil calls it, Melle ſopocatam & medicatis frugibus offam. This was deſigned to appeaſe the fury of Cerberus, the famous dog of hell, and to procure of him a ſafe and quiet entrance.

now, ſtand an end at the recital of it." And ſaying this, he ſhewed them all the hairs on his arm, which ſtood up in briſtles with the fright.

All this time, the old fellows, Ion, Dinomachus, and Cleodemus, liſtened to him with open mouths; permitted him patiently to lead them by the noſe, and greedily ſwallowed his incredible ſtory of the Coloſſus, and his giant ſpectre half a ſtadium high. In the mean while, I could not help reflecting how theſe men are reſpected and admired by our youth for their wiſdom, though their grey beards alone diſtinguiſh them from children, who are not ſo eaſily deceived as they are, by ſuch abominable falſehoods.

"And how big, ſaid Dinomachus, were the dogs?" "Taller, replied he, than Indian elephants, black, rough, and with dirty hides; when I ſaw them, I ſtood ſtill, and turned my ring on the inſide, which the Arabian gave me; upon which, Hecate, ſtriking the ground with her ſnaky foot, the earth opened, wide as the mouth of Tartarus; ſhe leaped in, and vaniſhed immediately. I took courage then, and leaning forward, looked down, laying hold of a tree that grew cloſe to it, to prevent my falling in headlong: then had I a view of the ſhades below, of * Pyriphlegethon, the burning lake, and Cerberus; and ſaw the dead ſo plainly, that I could diſtinguiſh ſeveral of them, and, among the reſt, my own father, whom I knew very well, and in the ſame cloaths which he had on when we buried him." "And pray, Eucrates, ſaid Ion, what were the ſouls about?" "What would you have them do, replied Eucrates, but walk about in companies with their friends and relations, and lay on beds of aſphodel." "What will your Epicureans ſay now, rejoined Ion, to the divine Plato, and his book on immortality? but now, I think on it, did you ſee him or Socrates amongſt them?" "Socrates, replied he, I believe I did, though not plainly: I gueſſed, however, that it was he, by his bald pate and large belly; as to Plato, for amongſt friends one ſhould always ſpeak the truth, I cannot ſay I ſaw him there; as I was looking at all theſe things, the gulph began to ſhut in, and juſt as it cloſed, my ſervants came in ſearch of me, juſt before it was covered in. Pyrrhia here, was one of them: is not it all true, girl?" "Yes, by Jupiter, ſaid Pyrrhia, I heard the barking out of the gulph, and ſaw the light of the torch." This ſupernumerary witneſs of noiſe and flame, made me laugh exceſſively.

* *Pyriphlegethon.*] A burning lake, or river, whoſe waves of liquid fire are perpetually flowing for the amuſement of the damned, in the poetical hell.

"There

"There is nothing ſo very extraordinary in all this, ſays Cleodemus, for I ſaw as much in my laſt illneſs; Antigonus here, attended and cured me, it was the ſeventh day, I remember, of a violent fever. You had ordered them to ſhut the doors and leave me alone, that I might get ſome reſt; when, behold, as I lay broad awake, a moſt beautiful youth appeared to me, cloathed in white; he commanded me to riſe, and leading me through a great cavern down to the infernal regions, he ſhewed me Tantalus and Tytius, and Siſyphus, and every thing elſe. When I was got to the tribunal, (for I thought Æacus, and Charon, and the Fates, and the Furies were there,) ſome monarch, Pluto I ſuppoſe, ſate on his judgment-ſeat, and pronounced the names of ſome who had lived beyond the term aſſigned them, and were to die ſoon. A young man, I thought, led me towards him, but the king ſeemed angry, and ſaid, "Let him go, his thread is not yet ſpun; bring me Demylus the ſmith, for he has lived beyond his time." I ran back with joy, for my fever had left me, and told every body that Demylus would die ſoon; he lived, you muſt know, in our neighbourhood, and was at that time, as they told me, very ill; and a little while after this we heard the groans of thoſe who were lamenting the loſs of him." "And what is there ſo wonderful in that, ſaid Antigonus? I knew a man who came to life again, twenty days after he was buried; one whom I cured ſeveral times, before his death and after it." "But how happened it, ſaid I, that his body never putrefied, or that, if alive, he did not die with hunger in twenty days time? but, I ſuppoſe, your patient was another * Epimenides."

Whilſt we were converſing thus, the ſons of Eucrates came in from the palæſtra, one of which was juſt of age, and the other about fifteen; after ſaluting us, they ſat down by their father on the bed, and a chair was brought for me; when Eucrates, as if the ſight of his ſons had put him in mind of it, cried out, now Tychiades, may I be deprived of theſe, and he put his arms round them, if I tell you any thing but truth: how much I loved their mother, who now, I truſt, is happy, all here can bear witneſs, for they well know what I did for her both living and dead, and very well

* *Epimenides.*] A famous prophet of Crete, and one of the beſt ſleepers upon record; for being ſent by his father, when a boy, to take care of ſome ſheep, he wandered, as Diogenes Laertius very gravely aſſures us, into a dark cavern, where he was ſeized with a deep ſleep, in which he continued for ſeven and fifty years; he then awoke, went home, was with much difficulty acknowleged by his younger brother, told the ſtory of his long nap to every body, and, in conſequence of it, gained the reputation of a great prophet, and was conſulted as an oracle by all Greece.

remember,

remember, that after her deceaſe, I * burned every thing belonging to her, and even ſo much as the apparel ſhe was moſt fond of whilſt ſhe lived. It was exactly that day ſeven months after ſhe died, when, as I was laying on this bed, as I do now, and conſoling myſelf with reading Plato's treatiſe on the ſoul, Dameneta herſelf came, and ſat herſelf down by me, in the place where Eucratides now is (pointing it out to his youngeſt ſon, who, as children generally do, ſtood aghaſt, and grew pale at the narration); as ſoon as I ſaw, continued he, I embraced her, and crying out, burſt into tears: ſhe ſtopped my cries, but gently complained, that though I had done every thing elſe to ſhew my reſpect for her, I had omitted to burn one of her golden ſlippers; it had fallen down, it ſeems, behind the cheſt, as ſhe informed me, and not finding it, we could not conſume it with the other: as we were talking together on this, a curſed † Melitan dog barked from under the bed, at which ſhe immediately vaniſhed. Next day we found the ſlipper under the cheſt, and burned it."

"Can you, Tychiades, diſbelieve things ſo manifeſt as theſe, and which happen every day?" "No, by Jupiter, ſaid I: they deſerve to be well beat with a ‡ gold ſlipper, as children are, who could refuſe to believe them, or impudently oppoſe truths ſo plain and irrefragable."

In the midſt of this diſcourſe came in Arignotus, the Pythagorean, with his long hair, and venerable aſpect, a man celebrated, as you well know, for his wiſdom, and even honoured with the title of divine; at ſight of him I revived, conſidering him as the ſcourge of deceit and falſehood: he, thought I to myſelf, will ſoon ſtop the mouths of theſe miracle-mongers: I looked upon him, according to the common phraſe, as the § god from the machine

* *Burned, &c.*] This cuſtom does honour to Grecian ſenſibility, and conveys, perhaps, at the ſame time ſome reproach on our oppoſite conduct. The ancients burned every thing that belonged to thoſe they loved, the moderns put them up to public auction.

† *Melitan dog.*] Melita, an iſland on the coaſt of Illyrium, in the Adriatic, was famous for dogs. See Pliny.

‡ *Gold ſlipper.*] The ancients, probably, for the cuſtom is mentioned by many authors, made the ſame uſe of the gold ſlipper as modern ſchool-maſters do of the ferula. Lucian's application of it to the ſtory is obvious and happy.

§ *As the god, &c.*] On the Grecian ſtage the gods and goddeſſes were frequently called in to aid the poet in his diſtreſs, and to bring on, ſometimes rather abſurdly, the denouement of the piece. On theſe occaſions, the Athenians, who ſpared no expence in their theatres, took care to accommodate their deities with proper vehicles, probably ſuperb triumphal cars, in which they deſcended with proper ſolemnity: though, concerning the form of theſe ſtructures, and in what

machine come down for my aſſiſtance. Cleodemus roſe up to meet him, and as ſoon as he was ſeated, he made ſome enquiries concerning the health of Eucrates, who informed him that he was now much better; after which, addreſſing himſelf to the company, "On what point, ſaid he, were you philoſophiſing? for you ſeemed, as I came in, to be in high diſpute." "We were only, ſays Eucrates, endeavouring to perſuade this piece of adamant here, pointing to me, that there were ſuch things as ghoſts and ſpectres; and that after death men frequently came upon earth, and appeared to whom they pleaſed." I bluſhed, and looked down, for fear of Arignotus. "Perhaps, ſaid he, Tychiades thinks that none wander about in this manner, but the ſouls of thoſe who have died violent deaths, been hanged, beheaded, or ſuch like, and not thoſe who quit this life in the natural and common way; and if this be his opinion, it is not altogether to be rejected." "No ſuch thing, replied Dinomachus, he abſolutely denies that any ever can, or did appear." "What ſay you, cried Arignotus, looking ſternly at me, can you really deny this, when every body, as I may ſay, has ſeen them?" "You have apologized for me, replied I, becauſe I am the only one who did not: if I had ſeen them, I ſhould then have believed, as you do." "When you come next to Corinth, ſaid Arignotus, aſk for the houſe of Eubatidas, at the * Cranæum, and when they ſhew it you, tell Tibius, the porter, that you want to ſee the ſpot from whence Arignotus drove out the ſpirit, by digging up the earth, and made the houſe habitable from that day forward." "How was that, interrupted Eucrates? let us know, I beſeech you." "Thus, replied he, it was: this houſe had been for a long time deſerted on account of ſpectres; and if any body went into it, he was ſoon driven out again by a terrible and noiſy apparition, till at length the whole tenement began to decay, and moulder into ruins, and no body would venture to go near it. I heard of this, and taking with me ſome certain books (for I had ſeveral Ægyptian tracts by me on the ſubject), I entered the houſe early in the evening, though my landlord endeavoured to diſſuade me from it, and even by main violence would have held me back, as ſatisfied that I was ruſhing on inevitable deſtruction. I took a candle, however, went in alone, and ſeating myſelf on the ground, in the largeſt chamber,

what manner the ancient ſcenery was conducted, we have no particular account, at leaſt none to be depended on. The curious reader, however, may find ſome inaccurate deſcriptions of this kind in Julius Pollux.

* *Cranæum.*] See Lucian's Inſtructions for Writing Hiſtory.

began

began reading with great compoſure; the ſpirit appeared, taking me, no doubt, for one of the multitude, and ſuppoſing that he ſhould terrify me as he did the reſt; he had long hair, ſeemed filthy, and was * blacker than darkneſs itſelf: he endeavoured to lay hold on me, ſhifted ſides, and tried every method to get the better of me, ſometimes appearing as a dog, at others as a bull, and at others as a lion. I took out the moſt dreadful incantation I could find, talked to him in the Ægyptian tongue, and forced him at length, by the power of my charm, into a little corner of a dark room: and knowing where he had retired to, went gently to ſleep for the remainder of the night. In the morning, when every body had given me over, and expected to find me dead, beyond their hopes I came out, and went immediately to Eubatidas, and carried him the glad tidings, that his houſe was cleared, and he might ſafely live in it for the future. He took ſeveral along with him (and many followed us from the ſtrangeneſs of the event), and after I had conducted them to the place where I knew he had taken refuge, I ordered the ground to be dug up with rakes and ſpades, and at ſome little depth found a carcaſe, with ſcarce any thing but the bones remaining, this we buried carefully, and from that day forward the houſe was never haunted."

When the ſage and venerable Arignotus had thus ſpoken, not a man of them was there who did not think it the higheſt madneſs in me to doubt the veracity of it: I, notwithſtanding, in ſpite both of his grey locks, and the great opinion which they all entertained of him, without fear or trembling, thus addreſſed him; "Arignotus, ſaid I, is it poſſible that you, who are the hope and ſupport of truth, can yet be full of theſe idle tales of ſpirits and goblins? Our treaſure, as the proverb ſays, is all turned to coal." "If, replied Arignotus, you will believe neither me, nor Dinomachus, nor Cleodemus, nor Eucrates himſelf, what authority do you confide in on the other ſide of the queſtion, whom do you pin your faith on?" "By heaven, ſaid I, on that great and excellent man, Democritus of Abdera, who was ſo throughly convinced, nothing of this kind ever exiſted, that he ſhut himſelf up in a monument without the gates of the city, and ſtaid there night and day, writing and reading; and when the boys uſed to dance about, dreſs themſelves in black, and paint their heads like ſkulls, on purpoſe to frighten

* *Blacker, &c.*] A ſtrong expreſſion, and approaching nearly to Milton's — "darkneſs viſible."

him,

him, he was not in the leaſt terrified at their tricks, but, without ſo much as looking at them, would cry out as he was writing, do not play the fool; ſo firmly did he believe that ſouls were nothing when parted from their bodies." "If ſuch was his opinion, ſaid Eucrates, he muſt have been out of his ſenſes: but I will tell you another thing, not a hearſay matter, but which really happened to myſelf; and when you hear, Tychiades, you will be forced to acknowlege the truth of it. I was ſent by my father very young into Ægypt for education, where once upon a time I took a particular fancy to go againſt the ſtream up to * Coptus, to hear Memnon, and the miraculous ſounds which iſſued from him at the riſing of the ſun: there did I hear, not as the common people did, an unintelligible noiſe, but from the mouth of Memnon himſelf an oracle, which he delivered to me in ſeven verſes, and which, but that it would here be unneceſſary, I could repeat to you; as we returned, there chanced to be in the ſame ſhip with me a certain Memphian, one of the holy ſcribes, a man of admirable wiſdom, and ſkilled in all the learning of the Ægyptians; it was reported that he had lived twenty years in a temple under ground, and was inſtructed by Iſis in the magic arts." "You mean, interrupted Arignotus, the famous Pancrates, who was my preceptor; a moſt divine man, of a thoughtful countenance, bald, with a flat noſe, and thick lips, and long legs, cloathed in a linen garment, and talked the pureſt Greek." "The very ſame, ſaid Eucrates: though when I firſt ſaw him, I did not know who he was: but as we ſailed along, I obſerved him do ſome wonderful things, ſaw him ride upon the crocodiles, and ſwim amongſt the ſea monſters, who ſeeming ſubmiſſive, would wag their tails and fawn upon him. I began to look upon him as ſomething more than human, and by ſoothing him with kind offices, by degrees crept into favour, and became at length his moſt intimate and familiar friend, inſomuch that he truſted me with all his ſecrets, and perſuaded me to leave my ſervants at Memphis, and proceed with him alone, aſſuring me that we ſhould not want attendants, and after this we lived together. When we came to an inn he would † take the bar of the door, or a broom, or a wooden

* *Coptus.*] A city of Ægypt, from whence the Ægyptian language is called the Coptic.

† *He would take, &c.*] Theſe were certainly the moſt convenient kind of domeſtics that were ever invented, and infinitely preferable to our modern dumb-waiters. Such uſeful ſubſtitutes would ſave the young travelling nobility all the expence of footmen, hair-dreſſers, valets de

wooden peſtle, put cloaths upon it, and repeating certain magic words, order it to walk about, and appear to every body as a man; it would then go about its buſineſs, draw water, get the dinner ready, and, in ſhort, wait on us in every reſpect as dexterouſly as poſſible; and when it had performed its offices, he would pronounce another magic verſe, and immediately it became a broom, or a peſtle again: but this ſecret, with all I could do, I was never able to get from him, he did not chuſe to impart it, though in every thing elſe he was always ready to oblige me. One day, however, I ſtood by him in a dark place, and privately overheard the charm, which was only of three ſyllables, after which he went out, giving the neceſſary orders to his peſtle; and the day after, he having ſome buſineſs in the market-place, I took my little peſtle alſo, dreſſed it up, and repeating the three ſyllables, commanded it to fetch me ſome water; when it had filled the caſk, leave off, ſaid I, bring me no more, but be a peſtle again; it did not, however, obey me, but went again and fetched water till the whole houſe was full of it. Not knowing what to do (for I was afraid of Pancrates's returning, and being angry with me for what I had done), I took an axe and ſplit the peſtle in two, but both the parts thus ſevered took the pitchers and drew water, ſo that inſtead of one ſervant I had now two; at this time in came Pancrates, and underſtanding how the affair was, immediately reduced them to wood again, as they were before the charm: but Pancrates withdrew himſelf privately from me, I know not how, and I never ſet eyes on him afterwards." "And pray, ſaid Dinomachus, could you now make a man out of a peſtle?" "Yes, replied he, I could do it by halves; but when I had once made a water-carrier of him, I could not reduce him to his original form, for he would continue drawing water till the houſe ſwam with it."

"Will you never have done, interrupted I, old as you are, telling ſuch abominable lies? At leaſt defer your incredible ſtories to another time, for the ſake of theſe young men, that you may not fill their minds with abſurd fables, and unreaſonable fears; ſpare them, I beſeech you, and do not uſe them to liſten to ſuch things as will dwell upon and diſturb them for their whole lives, fill them with dreadful ſuperſtitions, and make them afraid of every noiſe they hear."

place, &c. It is a thouſand pities that Pancrates did not leave this valuable ſecret of extempore ſervant-making to poſterity: the blunder of Arignotus, and his ſplitting the peſtle is extremely laughable.

"Well

"Well hinted, ſaid Eucrates; now you talk of ſuperſtition, what think you, Tychiades, of oracles, divine intelligence, and what thoſe who are actuated by the deity impart to us, what we hear from the temples, and what the virgin crowned with laurels frequently foretells, do you doubt the truth of theſe alſo? I ſhall not mention my ring, with a ſeal on it, repreſenting the Pythian Apollo, nor that he converſes with me, leſt I ſhould appear to you as a vain boaſter, talking of incredible things; but I will tell you what I heard in the temple of Amphilochus, and Mallus, and particularly of ancient heroes who have talked with me concerning my affairs: and what I have ſeen at Pergamus and Patari; for hearing, when I returned from Ægypt, that Mallus was celebrated for the truth and clearneſs of its oracles, and anſwered word for word to the writings of the prophet, I reſolved to try it, and to conſult the god with regard to futurity."

As Eucrates was running on in this manner, I perceived how matters would go, and as he was entering on a long ſtory about oracles, I thought it was to no purpoſe for me to ſtand alone againſt them all, and ſo leaving him in the midſt of his voyage from Ægypt to Mallus (for as I diſputed the truth of their fables, my company, I found, was not very agreeable), "I muſt go, ſaid I, in ſearch of Leontichus, whom I have ſome particular buſineſs with; as to you, my friends, as things merely human ſeem not ſufficient for you, I would adviſe you to call in the gods themſelves to bear a part in your fabulous diſputations" and ſo ſaying I went out and left them. They ſeized the opportunity, enjoyed the liberty I gave them, fell to greedily, and ſwallowed one another's lies with a moſt voracious appetite.

Thus have I told you, Philocles, every thing I heard at Eucrates's: like thoſe who have juſt ſwelled themſelves with new wine, I wanted an emetic, and have given it you all up again. I would give a good deal for an oblivious antidote, that would make me forget every thing that paſſed, for I am afraid the retaining it in my memory will do me no good. I have nothing but miracles, * witches and ſpectres ſtill before me.

* *Witches.*] Greek, Ἐκάτας.

PHILOCLES.

In good truth, Tychiades, I think I have caught the infection from you; not only thoſe, they ſay, who have been bit by a mad dog are ſeized with madneſs themſelves, and dipped in the water, but if the man who is bitten bites another, it has the ſame effect: you were bitten at Eucrates's houſe by theſe liars, and have imparted the poiſon to me alſo, for my head as well as your's is full of nothing but ſpirits.

TYCHIADES.

Be of good chear, my friend, we have a remedy at hand for all diſorders of this kind, truth and ſound reaſon, which if we apply, no ſuch idle dreams and fancies will ever diſturb us.

HIPPIAS.

The Reader muſt not expect Wit or Humour in this little Tract, which is nothing more than a Panegyric on an ingenious Architect, who had made an excellent and well-conſtructed Bath; it is not improbable, though this is a mere Conjecture of my own, that HIPPIAS, *the Builder, might have complimented* LUCIAN *with the free Uſe of the Bath; and the Writer, in return, has immortalized him for it. For a more particular Account of* HIPPIAS, *ſee Philoſtratus de Vit. Sophiſt.*

I HAVE always eſteemed thoſe philoſophers moſt worthy of praiſe and admiration, who not only laid down proper rules and precepts in any art or ſcience, but who were, likewiſe, capable of exemplifying them in their own works. The ſick man who has any underſtanding, will call in not that phyſician who can talk beſt of things that concern his profeſſion, but him whoſe experience has taught him the beſt practice of it: he is, in my opinion, a better muſician who can himſelf play and ſing, than he who is only a good judge of melody and ſong. Need I mention, that thoſe are always eſteemed the ableſt generals, who not only know how to diſpoſe and direct an army, but who will themſelves alſo ſtand foremoſt in the ranks and fight bravely: ſuch as, we know, in ancient times, Agamemnon and Achilles were, and in later ages, Alexander and Pyrrhus? I do not mention this, to diſplay my knowlege of hiſtory, but to ſhew, that thoſe who are only able to diſpute, deſerve the name of ſophiſts rather than philoſophers; and that, in all the arts, they are moſt worthy of admiration, who join practice to theory, and leave monuments of their ſkill and knowlege to poſterity. Such, we are told, were Archimedes and * Soſtratus the Cnidian, one of whom ſubdued Memphis for Ptolemy, not by ſiege, but by turning aſide the courſe of the river; and the other, by an invention of his own, burned the enemies fleet: and, before their time, † Thales the Mileſian, promiſed Crœſus,

* *Soſtratus.*] The famous architect; who, according to Strabo and Pliny, built the celebrated tower in the iſland of Pharos. What Lucian here tells us concerning Memphis, alludes to ſome obſcure piece of hiſtory, not mentioned by any other author, and which the commentators know not how to explain.

† *Thales.*] The celebrated Grecian philoſopher, aſtronomer, and geometrician. His carrying Crœſus's army over the Halys, had nothing very miraculous in it; he cut a new channel for the river, divided the water into two currents, and conſequently made it fordable. See Herodotus and Diog. Laertius.

that

that he would lead his whole army over the river dry-ſhod, and by his ingenuity performed it, not that he profeſſed any peculiar ſkill in mechaniſm, but was a man of excellent genius and invention. It would be going too far back, to ſpeak of Epeus, who not only made the famous Grecian horſe, but was, himſelf, one of thoſe who got into it. And here it is but juſtice in me to mention Hippias, a man of our own times, though equal to any of the ancients in learning, genius, and eloquence; ſuperior, not in words, but in works alſo, to all thoſe who went before him: moſt men are proud enough if they excel in any one thing which they undertake, but he is an excellent mechanic, and, at the ſame time, a good geometrician, and a maſter of muſic, as perfectly ſkilled in every one of them as if he had profeſſed that, and that alone. Add to this, his knowlege in the doctrine of ſpecula, the refraction of the rays of light, and aſtronomy. But I cannot paſs over a work of his, which I lately beheld with aſtoniſhment: the building of baths is a very common thing amongſt us, and yet his ingenuity in the ſtructure of one is truly wonderful; the ſituation of it was not a plain, but ſloping, which he contrived, however, to bring quite on a level, making a ſtrong foundation under it, and ſecuring it with firm ſupports: the whole ſtructure was well proportioned, and the windows of proper ſize and diſtance. You come into it by a noble veſtibule, to which you aſcend by broad and eaſy ſteps, which leads you to a ſpacious hall for ſervants to wait in; on the left hand, are bed-chambers to retreat to, a convenience which baths ſhould never be without; with another apartment, which, though not abſolutely neceſſary in a bath, may contribute to the happineſs of the rich and luxurious. On each ſide are rooms to undreſs in, near a ſpacious chamber, chearful and well lighted, with three baths of cold water, of Lacedæmonian ſtone, in which are two white marble ſtatues, one of * Hygeia, and the other of Æſculapius: a little farther on, you come to a large round room of a moderate and gentle heat, ſo as not to hurt you by the intenſeneſs of it; and, beyond this, is a moſt delightful chamber, with two doors of poliſhed Phrygian marble, for thoſe to anoint themſelves in who come from the palæſtra: beyond this is the moſt beautiful room of all, convenient to ſit, ſtand, or roll about in, of Phrygian ſtone from top to bottom; then a warm paſſage of Numidian

* *Hygeia.*] The goddeſs of health, daughter of Æſculapius and Lampetia. Repreſentations of this deity were innumerable, as all thoſe who invoked her aid, if they recovered and could afford it, made ſtatues of and worſhipped her; as we all do yet, though in another manner.

marble,

marble, which leads you to an elegant apartment full of light, with three warm baths in it: after bathing here, you need not go back through the ſame rooms, but are conducted through a paſſage made tolerably warm, and very light, to the cold baths again: add to this, that the height, length, and width, are all in the moſt exact proportion to each other, and grace and beauty preſide through every part of the edifice. When you begin any work, as Pindar ſays, you ſhould make the front ſplendid, and ſuch as will catch the eye at a diſtance, and in buildings particularly, regard ſhould be paid to the windows, and a fine external appearance. Hippias, therefore, hath opened his cold baths to the north, for the benefit of the cool air, and expoſed thoſe that want heat to the weſt and ſouth. Need I mention the rooms fit for exerciſe, the rooms to keep the cloaths in, not winding through tireſome paſſages, but cloſe to the baths, and equally calculated for health and conveniency.

Some may, perhaps, think I beſtow too magnificent encomiums on a work of little conſequence; but, in my opinion, to invent and execute new beauties in common and ordinary matters, is no ſmall mark of uncommon and extraordinary merit; and ſuch, I think, this work of Hippias, which has all the good qualities of a bath, with regard to uſe, convenience, light, ſymmetry, and proportion, well adapted to the ſoil and ſituation of the place, and ſecure on every ſide, with double doors to each room, and proper receſſes, a water dial, and a ſun dial. Whoever could behold ſuch a work, and with-hold the praiſes due to it, muſt, in my opinion, not only be inſenſible, but envious and ungrateful alſo. For my own part, I have endeavoured, and I thought it my duty ſo to do, to celebrate and record by this little remembrance of him, ſo excellent an artificer. If it ſhould ever happen, that I bathe again there, I doubt not but I ſhall meet with many who will join with me in praiſe and admiration of it.

BACCHUS.

The Critics of LUCIAN's *Time, who had, perhaps, as little Taſte for true Humour, as the Critics of our own, were perpetually finding fault with his* Dialogues, *which they conſidered as wild, romantic, and licentious; his Attacks, they ſaid, were furious, and his Manner contemptible. In Anſwer to ſome of theſe Cavils, it is probable,* LUCIAN *ſent out this little Tract, in which, with an Eaſe and Pleaſantry peculiar to him, he compares himſelf to* BACCHUS *attacking and defeating the* Indians, *who had deſpiſed and laughed at him and his Army. It is obſervable, that whilſt he makes uſe of this Method to vindicate himſelf, he expoſes the Abſurdity of the many ridiculous Stories which the Poets had heaped together, concerning one of the favourite Gods of Antiquity.*

WHEN Bacchus led forth his army againſt the Indians (for I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould not tell you a Bacchanalian ſtory), the people of that nation held him at firſt in the utmoſt contempt, laughed at his attempt, and ſeemed, indeed, rather to pity his raſhneſs, concluding that the moment he began his attack, he would be immediately trod in pieces by their elephants. They had heard, we may ſuppoſe, ſtrange things concerning his army, that his troops were compoſed of mad women, crowned with ivy, and covered with goat-ſkins, carrying little wooden ſpears without iron, and light ſhields, that ſounded hollow when you touched them, like ſo many drums: mixed with theſe, there were a few ruſtics, with horns and tails like young kids, dancing the cordax; at the head of them their leader, in a car drawn by leopards, a beardleſs boy, with ſcarce any down upon his chin, a bunch of grapes round his head, his hair tied up with a ribbon, a pair of horns, cloathed in purple, and in golden ſandals. Under him, two captains, * one of them a little ſhort old fellow, with a great belly, and long prick'd-up ears, flat-noſed, leaning on a ſtaff, ſhaking, and clad in an old yellow coat, a proper aſſiſtant to ſuch a general: the other, a large man †, with lower parts like a goat, ſhaggy thighs, horns, and a long beard,

* *One of them, &c.*] Silenus, the ſon of Pan, or as ſome tell us, of Mercury; this extraordinary groteſque figure was, it ſeems, a kind of tutor, or guardian to Bacchus, and afterwards one of his generals. Virgil tells an agreeable ſtory of him in his ſixth eclogue, and Ovid another in the eleventh book of his Metamorphoſes.

† *Large man.*] Pan.

looking

looking fierce and angry, a pipe in one hand, and a crook in the other, friſking, and playing about through the army, and frightening the women, who, as he approached towards them, let their hair hang looſe and diſhevelled, and cried out Evoe! by which the Indians ſuppoſed they meant to call their maſter: the flocks, however, of the natives were ſeized by the women, torn in pieces, and eat by them, for they devoured raw fleſh. When the king and people of that country heard all this, they laughed at them, and, as we may naturally ſuppoſe, did not think it worth their while to prepare an army, or make head againſt ſuch an enemy; women they thought would be the moſt proper to repel their attacks, as it would be unbecoming men to fall upon and kill a parcel of mad females, and an effeminate leader with his hair tied up, or a little drunken old fellow, or the other half-ſoldier, with a croud of naked dancers, all objects of contempt and ridicule: but when at length the news was brought that the god had laid their country waſte, burned their cities, ſet fire to their woods, and laid almoſt all India in flames (for * fire you muſt know is Bacchus's weapon, and part of his father's lightning), they immediately took up arms, bridled and furniſhed their elephants, put towers upon them, and prepared for the attack, ſtill holding them in contempt; but reſolved with all poſſible ſpeed to make an end of this beardleſs leader and his army. When they came in ſight of them, the Indians placed their elephants in the front, and began the onſet. Bacchus, on his part, took his poſt in the middle, Silenus commanded the right wing, and Pan the left, and the Satyrs were appointed leaders of the inferior ranks, and the word was Evoe! The drums beat, and the cymbals gave the ſignal of attack, a Satyr ſounded the alarm, Silenus's aſs brayed moſt martially, the Mænades affrighted them with their howlings, and ſhewed the ſpears at the end of their thyrſuſſes, which were wreathed with ſerpents: the Indians and their elephants immediately gave way, and in the utmoſt confuſion turned their backs and fled, not venturing to come within reach of a dart, till at length they were all totally routed and taken priſoners, by thoſe whom they had thus deſpiſed, and learned by experience, that foreign armies are not to be held in deriſion, merely from the firſt report that is made of them.

* *Fire, &c.*] Bacchus, we are to remember, was the ſon of Jupiter and the unfortunate Semele, who fell a ſacrifice (as many other ladies have done), to her ambition; and Bacchus, as Lucian humorouſly hints, inherits part of the fire that killed his mother.

But here, perhaps, ſome of my readers will cry out, * what is all this to Bacchus? To which I muſt reply, that many of them (do not, by the Graces I beſeech you, conclude me mad or drunk, becauſe I compare myſelf to the gods), are ſurpriſed, as the Indians were at Bacchus, with my ſtrange and new manner of writing; when they hear my laughing, jeſting, and comic ſatire, they know not what to think of me; ſome think it beneath them to deſcend from their elephants to liſten to goſſip's tales, and ſkipping Satyrs, and will not come nigh me; whilſt others, finding the † ſpear under the ivy, are ſurpriſed, and afraid to return to me: but I can boldly venture to aſſure them, that if they will come and partake of my feaſt, as my old gueſts uſed to do, they will ſoon learn not to deſpiſe my Satyrs and Silenus's, but drink freely, grow fond of my Bacchus, and ſing Evoe! along with me.

Theſe, however, (for hearers may do what they like) are to act as they pleaſe; as to myſelf, now I am got amongſt the Indians, I will tell you another tale about them, not without ſome reference to Bacchus, nor foreign to my preſent purpoſe.

Amongſt the Machlæans, on the left of the river Indus, there is a grove, not very large, but dark, and covered with vines and ivy, wherein are three beautiful clear fountains, one dedicated to the Satyrs, the other to Pan, and the other to Silenus. The Indians come once every year to this grove, to offer ſacrifices, and drink water from the fountains; not all from each of them, but according to their age; the youths from the Satyr's, the full grown men from Pan's, and the old men, like me, from that of Silenus. What the young men did after drinking, or what feats the middle age performed, when inſpired by Pan, it would be tedious and unneceſſary to men-

* *What is, &c.*] Tragedy, or, the ſong of the goat, as the original name imports, was at firſt nothing but a ſacred hymn to Bacchus, ſung by a chorus of men or women; dialogue was afterwards introduced, and the actor, or reader, conſequently, more attended to than the chorus, whoſe ſongs were now of a different nature, inſomuch that the original ſubject of them, the praiſe of Bacchus, was totally paſſed over and forgotten: the prieſts, who for a long time, we may ſuppoſe, preſided over the whole, were alarmed at ſo open a contempt of the deity, and exclaimed that, "all this was nothing to Bacchus," the complaint grew afterwards into a kind of proverbial ſaying, to ſignify any thing departing from its original intention. Lucian applies it here with archneſs and propriety. See the Diſſertation prefixed to my Tranſlation of Sophocles.

† *Spear.*] Alluding to the ſpears at the end of the thyrſuſſes carried by the Mænades, as mentioned above, in the account of the battle.

tion;

tion; but what the old man does, when he gets drunk with this liquor, it may be not improper to inform you; when he quaffs it, and Silenus gets holds of him, at firſt he is mute for a little while, and like a man that is drunk; then, on a ſudden, his voice becomes clear, ſtrong, and ſpirited; from a dumb man he grows extremely talkative, he goes on for ever, and you muſt ſtop his mouth to keep him from prating. You cannot ſo properly call them ſwans, with regard to age, as graſshoppers, that are perpetually humming from morning to night; at length, when the drunken fit is over, they are ſilent, and return to their reaſon. But I forget to mention the moſt wonderful thing of all, which is, that if the old man begins a ſpeech, which at the going down of the ſun he is obliged to leave unfiniſhed, when he comes the next year, he drinks, takes up again the tale, which he had left imperfect, and goes on with it. I need not ſtretch the compariſon, as you ſee plainly enough that, like Momus, I am laughing at myſelf. So, if I play the fool, you muſt attribute it to my drunkenneſs; and if I happen to appear ſenſible, you will ſay, Silenus was propitious to me.

THE

GALLIC HERCULES.

This ſeems to be a kind of Proœmium or Preface to ſome Declamation, which LUCIAN, *as a Rhetorician had been appointed to deliver, on what Subject we know not; the Idea ſuggeſted to him by the Picture of a* Gallic Hercules, *was well adapted to his Purpoſe, though there is not any Wit or Humour in the Compoſition, nor did the Subject, indeed, admit of it.* HERCULES, *of whom there are ſo many Fables, as we learn from a renowned Critic, was eſteemed amongſt the* Gauls *as the Patron of Science and God of Eloquence: in ſome Places he was called* MUSAGETES; *and* FULVIUS *the Roman General dedicated a Temple, we are told,* HERCULI MUSARUM. HERCULES *was, indeed, according to the Learned* BRYANT, *a title given to the chief Deity of the Gentiles, who has been multiplied into almoſt as many Perſonages as there were Countries where he was worſhipped, and what was attributed to this God ſingly, was the Work of* HERCULEANS, *and wherever there were* HERACLIDÆ *or,* HERCULEANS, *an* HERCULES *has been ſuppoſed. Hence his* * *Character has been variouſly repreſented.*

THE Gauls call Hercules, in their tongue, Ogmius, and make a ſtrange figure of him: he is repreſented by them as an extreme old man, almoſt bald, with a few white hairs, wrinkled, and of a black ſwarthy colour, like men who have been all their lives at ſea. One would rather take him for a Charon or Japetus from the infernal ſhades; for any thing, in ſhort, but Hercules; and yet, unlike as he is, they give him all the uſual attributes: he has a lion's ſkin about him, and a quiver, with a club in his right hand, and a bow bent in his left, and is, in all other reſpects, a perfect Hercules. I could not help ſuſpecting that the Gauls, meant to caſt a reflection on the Grecian deities, by ſuch a picture, as if they intended to revenge themſelves on him for invading their kingdom, and ravaging it, when he rambled about in ſearch of † Geryon's cattle. But I for-

* See Analyſis of Ancient Mythology, vol. ii. p. 75.

† *Geryon.*] Amongſt many other curious exploits of Hercules in the courſe of his peregrinations, pleaſe to remember, gentle reader, if thou haſt forgot, that after killing Geryon, a giant with three bodies, and his dog with three heads, and his dragon with ſeven, he ſeized on his cattle,

forgot to mention one moſt extraordinary circumſtance; this old Hercules is repreſented as drawing a large number of people after him, whom he ſeems to have bound by the ears with very ſlender chains made of amber and gold, like beautiful necklaces: held, notwithſtanding, as they are by theſe weak little links, they none of them endeavour to get away, as they might eaſily do, ſtrive with their feet, or pull againſt him, but preſs on with pleaſure and alacrity, as if fond of their leader, and ſeem to wiſh, be the chain ever ſo looſe, not to be ſet free; and what is moſt wonderful of all is, that the * painter, not knowing what to fix the chain to, (for he has the club in his right hand, and the bow in his left,) bored a hole at the extremity of the tongue, tied it to that, and drew them along, Hercules looking back, and ſmiling at them. I ſtood and admired this figure, not without ſome degree of indignation; nor could I comprehend the meaning of it, when a Gaul ſtanding by, a man well ſkilled in Grecian literature, who ſpoke our language correctly, and ſeemed to be, as many of his nation are, a philoſopher, thus addreſſed me: "You ſeem, ſaid he, ſtranger, to be puzzled about this picture, I will explain it to you; we do not, like you, expreſs eloquence by the figure of Mercury, but by that of Hercules, as ſtronger and more powerful: do not be ſurpriſed, therefore, at our repreſenting him as an old man, for, in old age alone, eloquence arrives at its full ſtrength and maturity, according to your own poets;

† Youth is ſtill an empty wav'ring ſtate,
Cool age advances, venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hands its deep diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befal,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.

And again,

‡ Better far than youth,
Doth age direct us——

cattle, made them travel over the Alps and Pyrenees into Italy, from thence croſs the ſea into Sicily, ſwam with them again into Rhegium, to Illyria, from thence to Epirus, and ſo deſcended into Greece; a pretty long journey for him, and, as we ſee, in very good company.

* *The painter.*] It appears from this paſſage, that Lucian's idea of the Gallic Hercules was taken, not from any ſtatue or repreſentation of him, but from a picture; nor does he ſeem to know that Hercules was worſhipped by the Celts as the god of eloquence; but only ſuppoſes, that they thought fit to conſider this deity as a more proper ſymbol of it than Mercury.

† *Youth, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. iii. l. 148.

‡ *Better far, &c.*] See the Phæniſſæ of Euripides, l. 533.

Your

Your Neſtor dropped honey from his tongue, and the old Trojan orators were celebrated for their tender * voice, that is, flowery, for ſo, if I remember right, it is interpreted; nor can you wonder at Hercules, that is, eloquence, drawing them in the manner he does, when you reflect on the natural relation between the ears and the tongue, which it is no diſgrace to him to have thus perforated: for one of your comic poets, I remember, ſays, there is ever a ſlit in the tongue of a prattler: add to this, that we always conſider Hercules as a wiſe man, who performed every thing by his eloquence, and his ſpeeches were the ſharp and ſwift arrows, which always hit the mark, and wounded his enemy; you talk frequently of winged words, to which we allude." Thus ſpoke the Gaul.

Of this extraordinary picture, the memory juſt now luckily occured to me, whilſt I was conſidering, whether at my time of life, I ought to have entered on this taſk, and run the hazard of appearing before ſo many excellent judges, after I had ſo long left off declaiming; I was really afraid you would think I acted too young a part, and that ſome boy would reproach me in the words of † Homer, and throw this in my teeth,

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.

But when I think on the old Gallic Hercules, it encourages me to go on, and I am not aſhamed, having ſo good an example of a brother antique before me. Henceforth, therefore, beauty, ſtrength, ſwiftneſs, and every bodily perfection, I bid you farewel: farewel, good Anacreon, to thy fluttering Cupid, ‡ ſwifter than eagles, with his golden wings, looking down on my whitening chin: Hippoclides heeds thee not. But now is the time for me to grow young, and flouriſh in eloquence, to draw as many by the ears as I can get together, and to ſend forth my arrows, when there is no fear that my quiver ſhould be empty.

You ſee how I comfort myſelf in my old age; I launch my § little bark once

* *Voice.*] Gr. λειριοεσσαν, liliaream, ſays the Latin tranſlation, id eſt, floridam. Pope, in his tranſlation of the paſſage alluded to, calls old men,

A bloodleſs race, that ſend a feeble voice. See Iliad, b. iii. l. 202.

† *Homer.*] See Iliad, b. viii. l. 131.

‡ *Swifter, &c.*] Lucian quotes this from Anacreon, but I do not remember to have met with it in any part of that author now extant.

§ *Little bark, &c.*] Alluding to the declamation above mentioned, which he was going to enter upon. Pope has made uſe of this image, and drawn from it ſome of the moſt beautiful lines he ever wrote, in his addreſs to Lord Bolingbroke, where he ſays,

O, while

once more, which had been long laid by, repair, rig, and furniſh it, and boldly venture it into the middle of the ocean: fan it, ye gods, with a propitious breeze, for now, if ever I want a favourable wind to ſwell my ſails, that if I merit it, you may cry out with * Homer;

Gods! how his nerves a matchleſs ſtrength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-ſtrung limbs, and brace his frame!

O, while along the ſtream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame:
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale, &c. See the Epiſtle.

* *Homer.*] See Odyſſey, b. xviii. l. 84.

SWANS

SWANS AND AMBER.

This little Piece is of the ſame Nature with that which goes before it, but rather more pleaſant, though only a kind of jocular Preface to ſome ſerious rhetorical Declamation; wherein LUCIAN, *always inclined to laugh at poetical Fables, ridicules the Story, as told by* OVID *and others, of* PHAETON's *Siſters turned into Poplars, and paſſes on to the old abſurd Relation of ſinging Swans: the latter Opinion, indeed, ſo univerſally received in the Heathen World, with regard to a Fact ſo contradictory to Truth and Experience, is certainly a moſt amazing Inſtance of the Power of poetical Fiction, and which has, never yet, I think, been properly accounted for. This, by the Style and Manner, it may be obſerved, is certainly* LUCIAN's; *the preceding, might, perhaps, have been written by any body elſe.*

I WAS told, I remember, when a boy, that amber was diſtilled from poplar trees, that grew by the river Eridanus; that theſe poplars were formerly the ſiſters of Phaeton, who, whilſt they lamented the loſs of their brother, were turned into trees, and that they, to this day, continue to ſhed theſe amber tears. Hearing the poets ſing this ſtory, I reſolved, whenever I had an opportunity of viſiting Eridanus, to get under one of theſe poplars, ſpread my lap, and catch a few drops of it: and not long ſince, for a different purpoſe, having occaſion to go that way, I ſailed up the river Eridanus; but though I looked round as carefully as poſſible, not a poplar, nor a bit of amber could I find there; neither did the inhabitants ſo much as know the name of Phaeton. When I aſked the ſailors how far it was to the poplars that diſtilled amber, they laughed, and deſired me to explain myſelf; upon which, I told them the ſtory of Phaeton; that he was the ſon of Apollo; that when he was grown up to be a young man, he begged to drive his father's chariot for a day; that he was thrown out, and periſhed in the attempt; and that his ſiſters were turned into poplars by the ſide of that river, where he fell, and ſhed tears of amber.

"What lying impoſtor, replied they, could tell you this? We have never ſeen this coachman of your's fall into the river, neither have we any of thoſe poplars which you talk of: if there was ſuch a thing, do you think we would work here for people, and row boats up againſt the ſtream, when we might ſo ſoon get rich, by catching the tears of poplars?" This ſpeech mortified me not a little; I held my tongue, and was aſhamed, to think, that, like a boy, I ſhould give any credit to poets, who deal in nothing but lies. I could

could not help being angry withal, at the diſappointment of my hopes, and was vexed that the amber ſhould thus ſlip out of my hands, having already revolved in my mind, to how many uſes I could have put it, and how ſerviceable it would have been to me.

One thing, however, I ſtill thought myſelf ſure of, that I ſhould hear a number of ſwans ſinging on the banks of the river; and, accordingly, I again enquired of the ſailors, (for we continued rowing up the ſtream:) "When, ſaid I, will theſe ſwans give us their ſweet ſong? they were once, we are told, men who ſung admirably, and * companions of Apollo, and afterwards turned into birds on this very ſpot, where, not forgetful of their muſic, they continue ſtill to ſing."

"And will you never, cried they, laughing, ceaſe telling fables about our river and country? We have worked here upon the river ever ſince we were boys; now and then, indeed, we have met with ſwans in the marſhes, who make a croaking noiſe, but ſo weak and inharmonious, that our crows and jack-daws are ſirens to them: but as to the ſweet ſongs you talk of, we never ſo much as dreamed of them, and cannot help wondering where you could pick up ſuch ſtories about us."

Thus may people be deceived in things in this kind who truſt to ſuch as exaggerate all they hear or ſpeak of: I am, therefore, not a little ſolicitous with regard to myſelf, leſt you who come now to hear me, and never heard me before, expecting a great quantity of ſwans and amber from me, ſhould go away diſappointed, and laugh at thoſe who promiſed you ſo many fine things in my orations; but I aſſure you, no one ever heard me, or ever ſhall, boaſting in this manner. You will find many in our Eridanus, whoſe eloquence diſtills, not amber, but gold itſelf, and who are more harmonious than all the ſwans of the poets; but as for me, you ſee what I am, plain, ſimple, and illiterate, nor can I ſing at all. Take heed, therefore, leſt, if you expect too much, you reſemble thoſe who look at things under the water, ſuppoſing them to be as big as by the refraction of the rays they appear from above, when they find them, on taking them out, much leſs, they are violently angry. I give you warning, therefore, when the water is poured off, and I am taken out, not to expect any great matters, leſt, by your own fault, you ſhould be diſappointed.

* *Companions, &c.*] The transformation of the ſwans is related by ſome authors in a different manner. See Ovid's Metamorphoſes, b. ii. and Virgil's Æneid, b. x.

ENCOMIUM ON A FLY.

There is ſcarce any Subject, however trifling and inſignificant, which in the Hands of Genius may not afford ſome Entertainment; even an ENCOMIUM ON A FLY *by* LUCIAN, *is not without Merit. One of our own great Wits, has, in like Manner, taken the Pains to be very facetious upon* NOTHING; *and another has given us a Diſſertation on* A BROOMSTICK. *Of the ſame Nature is the ſportive Play of Fancy which we meet with in this little Piece, where our Satyriſt appears in the new Character of a Naturaliſt, which he ſupports with a tolerable Degree of accurate Obſervation, with regard to the Form and Qualities of the diminutive Hero, whom he has thought proper to immortalize. His Application to the Doctrine of* PLATO *has much Humour in it.*

THE fly, compared to gnats and other ſmall inſects, is, by no means, the leaſt of * birds, but as much bigger than them, as it is, itſelf, leſs than the bee; it is, withal, fledged in a different manner, having a kind of hair all over its body, though the feathers are thicker on its wings: like locuſts, graſshoppers, and bees, its pinions are as much ſofter than all others, as the Indian habit is lighter and more delicate than the Grecian. If you look cloſe to it, you will obſerve that it has as many beautiful colours as the peacock, when he expands his wings to the ſun, and begins his flight; when he flies, he does not flap the air about with his wings like a bat, nor leap like the locuſt, or make a humming like the waſp, but ſkims ſoftly and gently through the air; he ſings a kind of ſong, not diſagreeable, like the gnat, with the heavy noiſe of a bee, or the threatning ſound of the waſp, but as much ſweeter and more harmonious than them, as the pipe is, in compariſon with the cymbal or the trumpet. Its head is not joined cloſe to the body as the locuſt's is, but ſeparated by a ſmall neck, and turns round with eaſe: the eyes ſtand out, and are tranſparent like horn; the body is round and compact, and the legs coming out of it, not ſhort, as the waſp's are, but long and free; and the belly guarded, as it were, with plates, like a coat of mail. It defends and revenges itſelf, not by a ſting at the extremity of the body, but with a proboſcis, which it makes uſe of, like the elephant, to feed itſelf with, and to lay hold of any thing; with this it pricks, and draws the blood, which it

* *Birds.*] Gr. σμικροτατον των ορνεων. Lucian, we ſee, at one ſtroke has raiſed his fly into a bird; our modern naturaliſts will not, I fear, allow him to rank in ſo honourable a claſs, but degrade him into an inſect.

extracts

extracts without much pain, and ſeems to delight in moſt, though it drinks milk alſo: it has ſix feet, four of which it walks on, and uſes the other two as hands, which it employs to carry the food to its mouth, in the ſame manner as we do.

It is at firſt a worm, bred in the carcaſes of men or other animals; by degrees it puts forth its feet, then gets wings, and becomes a bird, and breeds another worm, which, like itſelf, is ſoon changed into a fly: it frequents the habitations of men, and partakes of their food; taſting every thing but * oil, which is death to it. Its life is † ſhort, and confined within very narrow limits; it rejoices in the day-light, and flies about perpetually; but at night is motionleſs, neither flies nor ſings, but contracts itſelf in ſilence and obſcurity.

It ſhews no little ſkill and prudence in avoiding its inſidious enemy the ſpider, whoſe motions it carefully watches, that it may not fall into his net: of its ſtrength and courage I need not ſpeak, as they are celebrated by the ‡ moſt ſublime of poets, who, praiſing his favourite hero, compares his valour, not to the lion, the leopard, or the boar, but to the boldneſs and intrepidity of the fly: not only attributes ſtrength to it, but courage alſo; for when repulſed, it reſiſts, and purſues its blow: he is, indeed, ſo fond of it, that he makes mention of it, not once only, but ſeveral times, and frequently adorns his work with encomiums on it. At one time, he gives us § a deſcription of their ſallying forth in cluſters in purſuit of milk; and at another, when he is talking of || Minerva's turning aſide the dart from Menelaus,

* *Oil.*] This is ſtrictly true: the leaſt drop of oil poured on waſps, bees, or other inſects, immediately deſtroys them, probably by ſtopping up the pores, and preventing reſpiration.

† *Short, &c.*] See Vincent Bourne's little ſong on the ſubject, beginning with

Buſy, curious, thirſty fly,
Drink with me, &c.

‡ *Moſt ſublime.*] Gr. μεγαλοφωτατος. Homer calls it, μυιης θαρσος. Pope has changed the fly into a hornet,

So burns the vengeful HORNET, ſoul all o'er,
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore. See Iliad, b. xvii. l. 642.

§ *A deſcription.*] The wand'ring nations of a ſummer's day,
That drawn by milky ſteams at evening hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bow'rs;
From pail to pail, with buſy murmur run,
The gilded legions glitt'ring in the ſun. Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 553.

|| *Minerva's.*] So from her babe, when ſlumber ſeals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
See Homer's Iliad, b. iv. l. 162.

like a mother preſerving her ſleeping infant, he has recourſe to the fly for a compariſon, beſtows on them the moſt beautiful epithets of frequent and full, and calls their ſpecies † nations.

A fly is ſo ſtrong, that with its bite it will pierce the ſkin, not only of a man, but of an ox or a horſe; it will even creep between the wrinkles of the elephants, and wound him as deep as a creature of that ſize can.

In love it ſeems to enjoy peculiar happineſs, flying with its mate in cloſe conjunction, as we often ſee them, for many miles, and never ſeparating from each other. When the head of a fly is cut off, the body will live a long time and ſpin about.

But there is one extraordinary circumſtance which I muſt take notice of, and which Plato ſeems to have forgot in his treatiſe on the Immortality of the Soul; if you ‡ ſprinkle aſhes over a dead fly, it comes to life again; it gains a new exiſtence, ſo that it is plain, the ſoul of a fly muſt be immortal, as after it has left the body, it returns, and reanimates, and cauſes it to fly about again; which may reconcile us to the ſtory of § Hermotimus, whoſe ſoul, they ſay, wandered about for a long time after it had quitted him, and at laſt returned to his body, and reſtored him to life.

The fly alone, exempt from labour, ſeems to enjoy the fruits of other's induſtry, and to have a table always full; goats are milked for her, for her the bee toils as well as for mankind, for her cooks dreſs their meat; ſhe taſtes it before kings themſelves, walks from plate to plate, feaſts on, and enjoys every thing.

She doth not make her neſt, or fix her habitation in any particular place, but, like the Scythian, leads a wandering life, and wherever night overtakes her, ſets up her houſehold gods, and makes her bed. In darkneſs, as I before obſerved, ſhe does nothing, nor wiſhes ſhe to do any thing in private, any thing but what done in open day-light, ſhe cannot be aſhamed of.

† *Nations.*] Alluding to the former deſcription of Homer's ἔθνεα πολλὰ, which Pope calls the WANDERING NATIONS.

‡ *If you ſprinkle, &c.*] This, in reaſon and philoſophy, is ſaying no more than that heat will revive creatures apparently dead, and we very well know, that birds, inſects, and animals, will continue motionleſs, and in a ſtate of inſenſibility for a whole winter, till ſun and ſummer reſtore them to life and motion. But when Lucian ſaid this, he did not expect us to believe him, and only meant a little laugh at old Plato.

§ *Hermotimus.*] See Pliny and Plutarch, who tells us many ſurpriſing ſtories of this man and ſeveral others, wonderfully reſtored to life.

Muſca,

*Muſca, as the fable tells us, was once a moſt beautiful woman, lively, talkative, and an excellent ſinger, who rivalled the Moon in her love to Endymion; ſhe teized the youth, as he ſlept, with her ſongs and tales, till he was offended, when Luna changed her into a fly. Still mindful of Endymion, ſhe diſturbs the reſt of young men, and will not let them ſleep; her biting, and thirſt of blood, is a mark not of anger, but of love; ſhe feeds on beauty, and enjoys as much of it as ſhe can.

There was amongſt the ancients a † poeteſs of this name, beautiful, and learned; and, likewiſe, a noble courteſan of Athens, of whom the comic poet ſays, "this Muſca has bit him to the heart." Thus, we ſee, the comic Muſe has adopted her; nor are parents aſhamed of calling their daughters by that name: ‡ tragedy alſo mentions her with honour.

With wondrous ardour ſprings the daring fly,
Fixes on man, and thirſts for human blood;
Whilſt the arm'd warrior dreads his pow'rful dart.

I could ſay a great deal about § Pythagoras's fly, but the ſtory is too well known.

There is a kind of large flies, which ſome call the fighting or dog-flies, who make a dreadful noiſe, and fly with ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs; theſe are very long-lived, and remain all the winter without food, hiding themſelves in the roofs of houſes; it is remarkable, that theſe are all a kind of hermaphrodites, both male and female.

I had a great deal more to ſay on this ſubject, but I will leave off, leſt, as the proverb ſays, ‖ Out of a fly, I ſhould make an elephant.

* This pretty fable of Muſca is much in the Ovidian ſtyle. A verſion of it into Latin hexameters would be no bad exerciſe for a ſchool-boy of taſte and genius. I would recommend it to ſome of my brother Weſtminſters as a proper ſubject to try their ſkill upon.

† *A poeteſs.*] See Olearius's Diſſertation on the Female Poets of Greece.

‡ *Tragedy.*] What tragedian theſe lines are quoted from we know not. The commentator ſays, Euripidem hæc ſapere videntur; but gives no reaſon for it.

§ *Pythagoras's fly.*] Muſca, or Myra, the daughter of Pythagoras, by Theano; was married to Milo the Crotonian. On this paſſage of Lucian, Menage, in his Hiſtory or Female Philoſophers, has this note, "Lucianus, (ſays he,) in Muſcæ encomio addit multa de Muſca Pythagorica hodie hæc hiſtoria ignoratur."

‖ *Out of a fly, &c.*] To make an elephant of a fly, was a kind of proverb, probably of the ſame import, and correſpondent with our own of "Making mountains of molehills."

THE

ILLITERATE BOOK-HUNTER.

In LUCIAN's *Time, as well as in our own, there were more pretenders to Learning and Science, than real poſſeſſors of them. One of theſe Coxcombs, whoſe Name, luckily for him, is not tranſmitted to us, is here treated with great Severity; the Ridicule is ſtrong and pointed, the Alluſions and Compariſons are in general appoſite to the Subject, and the Stories introduced to illuſtrate it, well told and entertaining.*

BELIEVE me, my friend, what you are about will never anſwer the purpoſe intended; you imagine that by purchaſing a few good books, you will get the reputation of a man of learning, but, depend on it, that will never happen; for it will only be a ſtronger proof of your ignorance; becauſe, in the firſt place, you do not always buy the beſt, but truſt to thoſe who cry them up to you, though they know nothing of the matter. You are only a bubble to thoſe book-brokers, who tell you a parcel of lies about them. How, indeed, can you diſtinguiſh which are old and valuable, and which are paltry and good for nothing? unleſs you call in the moths for your counſellors, and judge of their merit by their being mouldy, and worm-eaten; for as to real knowlege and judgment of their value, how ſhould you come by it? But ſuppoſing you have got all that the excellent * Callinus, or the famous † Athenian, that laborious author, ever wrote, of what ſervice would the poſſeſſion of them be to you, who know no more of their uſe and merit than a blind man does of his miſtreſs's beauty? You read them, indeed, with your eyes open, dwell on ſome a long time, and ſkim over others; but that is nothing, unleſs you know the faults and perfections of every one, unleſs you underſtand what they mean to inculcate, in what ſtyle they are written, which are faithfully copied, which are genuine, and which are ſpurious.

All this, you will ſay, I may know without being taught it: but how, I beſeech you? unleſs, perhaps, like the ‡ old ſhepherd, you have been pre-

* *Callinus.*] A perſon of whom we have no particular account in any ancient author, but who was, probably, diſtinguiſhed in that age, as our Johnſon and Bryant are in this, for extraordinary learning and knowlege.

† *Athenian.*] Solon.

‡ *Old ſhepherd.*] Heſiod. See his Theogony, v. 29.

ſented

ſented by the Muſes with a branch of laurel: though, as for Helicon, where theſe godeſſes reſide, I believe you never ſo much as heard of it, nor, when a boy, did you ever dwell there; in ſuch a one as you, even to mention their names would be impiety; they would not deign to appear before ſo dirty, ſo uncouth a ſhepherd as thou art, with ſo much * ſun upon thee. By † Libanitis, (for I muſt ſwear a vulgar oath when I am talking with you,) I am ſure the Muſes would never come near you, but inſtead of giving you laurel, would rather whip you with myrtle twigs, or leaves of mallow, leſt their ‡ Holmeus and Hippocrene, ſhould be polluted by ſuch unhallowed lips as thine.

But, bold and impudent as you are, you can never dare to aſſert that you are a ſcholar, that you ever cultivated an intimacy with books, that ſuch a one was your maſter, or ſuch a man your ſchool-fellow: all that you can ſay is, that you muſt be learned, becauſe you have got ſo many books: but, ſuppoſe you have all the works of Demoſthenes, with his Thucydides, eight times tranſcribed in his own hand, ſuppoſe you have all that § Sylla ſent from Athens into Italy, what additional learning can you acquire from thence? Suppoſe you lay them under you, and ſleep upon them, or tye them to your gown, and carry them about with you, what will you be the better for it? A monkey, as the proverb ſays, is ſtill a monkey, with all his golden ornaments about him. You have, for ever, indeed, a book in your hand, and are perpetually poring over it, but, at the ſame time, you know not what you read, and are like the aſs ſhaking his ears at the lyre: if books could make their maſter learned, how valuable would be the poſſeſſion of them, the happy lot of you rich men only! who thus might purchaſe wiſdom, and ſo far excel us who are poor and needy! who in this caſe could contend in erudition with the bookſellers, who poſſeſs and ſell ſo many volumes? and yet, on examination, they will be found not much more learned

* *Sun, &c.*] Gr. πολυον τον Ηλιον επι τω σωματι εμφαινοντι; a mere ruſtic labourer, working naked in the ſun, like a common ſlave.

† *Libanitis.*] Venus. So called from a temple dedicated to her on mount Libanus. See a further explanation of this in Lucian's treatiſe on the Syrian Goddeſs.

‡ *Holmeus and Hippocrene.*] Fountains near mount Parnaſſus. See the beginning of Heſiod's Theogony.

§ *Sylla.*] The famous Roman general, who carried to Rome the large library of Apellico, wherein were the works of Ariſtotle, Theophraſtus, and many other eminent writers. See Plutarch's life of Sylla.

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than yourſelf, but mere barbarians in literature, and equally deficient in knowlege and underſtanding, as it is moſt probable thoſe will always be, who know not good from evil: and yet you, perhaps, have only bought two or three books from them, which they are handling day and night, and, conſequently, muſt be much more learned than you.

For what reaſon, then, can you poſſibly buy them, unleſs you think that the very caſes that contain the writings of ſo many celebrated ancients muſt inſpire learning? But anſwer me, I beg, or, if you cannot do that, give me a nod, or ſhake of the head, to ſignify your aſſent or diſſent to what I ſhall aſk you: Do you really think, if a man who knew nothing of the flute, was to purchaſe that which * Iſmenias, or † Timotheus had, and which he gave ſeven talents for at Corinth, that he would immediately be able to play well upon, and ſing to it, or that, rather, on the other hand, the poſſeſſion of it would be of no ſervice to him who was not ſkilled in the art beforehand? that ſhake of the head acknowleges the latter: neither, if he had never learned, would he ſing, though he had got the pipe of Marſyas or Olympus. Had a man the bow and arrows of Hercules, and was not a ‡ Philoctetes, could he make uſe of them, or, if he did, could he ever hit the mark, would he perform the office of a ſkilful archer? what ſay you? you ſhake your head at this alſo. In like manner, were he who knows nothing of piloting to purchaſe the moſt beautiful veſſel, and fit it out, with every thing, both uſeful and ornamental; or, were he, who is equally unſkilled in riding, to buy § a Kappaphorian, a Median, or a ‖ Theſſalian ſteed, would either of theſe, not knowing how to make uſe of what they had, be ever the better

* *Iſmenias.*] A famous player on the flute, mentioned by Plutarch, Xenophon, and other ancient writers.

† *Timotheus.*] For an account of this famous muſician, I refer the reader to the ingenious Dr. Burney's moſt excellent and entertaining Hiſtory of Muſic; where he will likewiſe meet with ſome amuſing particulars, with regard to Marſyas and Olympus.

‡ *A Philoctetes.*] Hercules, we are told, at his death on mount Hyllus, bequeathed to Philoctetes, as a teſtimony of his eſteem, his bow and arrows: without the poſſeſſion of theſe, the Greeks were informed by an oracle, that Troy could never be conquered. On this ſubject was formed the Philoctetes of Sophocles. See my tranſlation of Sophocles, and the notes on Philoctetes.

§ *A Kappaphorian.*] Gr. Καππαφορον, i. e. a horſe marked with a kappa or K, burned in on the thigh: horſes thus marked were counted the moſt valuable: the Median mares were likewiſe in high eſteem.

‖ *Theſſalian.*]. Gr. Κενταυριδην, de ſtirpe Centauri. The Centaurs inhabited the mountains in the neighbourhood of Theſſaly. The ſtory of the Centaurs is well known; their ſuppoſed deſcendants muſt, doubtleſs, have been creatures of extraordinary merit.

for

for it? certainly no; your nod aſſents to it: grant me then this alſo, when a man, illiterate like you, buys a number of books, is it not only laughing at himſelf, and publiſhing his own ignorance and incapacity? why won't you nod at this? the thing is equally clear, and every ſtander-by will cry out in the uſual ſtyle, * what has a dog to do with a bath!

Not long ago, there was a rich man in Aſia, who had the misfortune to loſe both his feet, which, in a journey through the ſnow, were eat off by exceſſive cold weather. Such was his miſerable condition, which he endeavoured to relieve, by getting a pair of wooden ones, which were faſtened on to his legs, though he was, at the ſame time, obliged to be carried about by his ſervants; and yet he was always ridiculous enough to be purchaſing new and coſtly ſhoes, and took a great deal of pains to have the fineſt wooden feet he could procure. And are not you doing the very ſame thing, who have a lame and wooden mind, and yet are conſtantly putting it into golden ſandals, which ſcarce any one, whoſe feet are ever ſo well, can make ſhift to walk in?

As, I doubt not, but amongſt your numerous volumes, you have bought a Homer, let ſomebody, I deſire, take the ſecond book and read it to you, (for, as to the reſt, they are nothing to you, and you need not look into them,) there you will find the deſcription of a †, ridiculous, poor, diſtorted fellow, haranguing the people. Now, would this ſame Therſites, think you, if he were to put on the armour of Achilles, become immediately valiant and beautiful; would he tinge the Trojan rivers with blood, ſlay Lycaon and ‡ Aſteropæus, who was not able to wield Achilles's ſpear, and afterwards deſtroy Hector himſelf? you never can ſuppoſe it. Would he not rather be laughed at, when he was ſeen limping under the ſhield, ſinking down beneath the weight of the helmet, rolling about his goggle eyes, raiſing up the breaſt-plate with his crooked ſhoulders, and dragging his heavy boots

* *What has a dog, &c.*] Gr. Τι κοινον κυνι ϗ βαλανειω.

† *A ridiculous, &c.*] Alluding to the character of Therſites, as drawn by Homer in the ſecond book of the Iliad.

Loquacious, bold, and turbulent of tongue,
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpect controul'd,
In ſcandals buſy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice, ſtudious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 256.

‡ *Aſteropæus.*] See Homer's Iliad, Φ. l. 34 and 119.

along, to the utter diſgrace, both of the owner of the arms, and the maker of them?

And do not you think you muſt look full as ridiculous with a fine book in your hand, bound in purple, with golden boſſes, reading it in ſuch a manner as, by your barbarous pronunciation, utterly to ſpoil and diſguiſe it, whilſt every ſcholar laughs at you, and only the flatterers who are with you commend, and even they turn to one another, and make game of you behind your back?

And here, I will tell you what happened once at the Pythian games: a certain Tarentine, whoſe name was Evangelus, a man of no mean birth, had ſet his heart on gaining a victory there: as he was not by nature formed either for ſtrength or ſwiftneſs, he ſoon perceived that a conteſt in the Palæſtra, was what his abilities were by no means equal to, but thought he could excel in ſinging and playing on the harp; a belief which he had been perſuaded into, by ſome * raſcally friends, who, whenever he but touched the ſtrings, were moſt laviſh in their encomiums on him. He made his appearance at Delphos, therefore, in great ſplendour, with a crown of laurel, all covered with gold, and emeralds ſprouting from it, repreſenting the berries, and almoſt as large; his harp truly admirable, both for its richneſs and beauty, was all of ſolid gold, adorned with gems, and precious ſtones, with the figures of Apollo, Orpheus, and the Muſes wrought upon it: the ſpectators gazed and wondered.

At length, when the day of trial came on, three candidates appeared, of which, Evangelus (for ſo the lots had determined,) was ſecond to perform: after Theſpis the Theban, who had acquitted himſelf with ſome reputation, he entered the liſts, covered with gold, emeralds, beryls, and other jewels, which ſet off the beauty of his purple garment: this ſtruck the whole aſſembly with aſtoniſhment, and raiſed their expectations of his performance; when lo, as ſoon as he began to play and ſing, his firſt ſtroke was diſſonant and inharmonious, and he broke three chords at once, by his violent blows on the harp, and then ſung ſomething ſo harſh and † unmuſe-like, that the ſpectators immediately fell a-laughing, and the judges reſenting the man's ignorance and audacity, commanded him to be whipped out of the theatre.

* *Raſcally.*] Gr. Καλαφατων.

† *Unmuſe-like.*] Gr. απομουσον τι. The Engliſh word I have adopted, is, I believe, uſed by Lord Shafteſbury.

Thus

Thus did the golden Evangelus make a moſt ridiculous figure, dragged through the crowd, with wounded legs, and picking up the ſcattered remnants of his fine harp, that was diſciplined as well as himſelf. A little after him, appeared one Eumelus, an Elian, who brought an old harp, with wooden pegs to it; his garments and crown together, were ſcarce worth ten drachmas: as he played, notwithſtanding, and ſung admirably, he gained the victory with univerſal applauſe. He laughed at Evangelus, who was ſo happy in his fine harp and jewels, and thus, they ſay, attacked him, "You, Evangelus, were crowned with a golden laurel, becauſe you were rich; I, with a common Delphic one, becauſe I was poor; and yet all you have got by your finery is, that no body pities your ill ſucceſs, but you are left to go off with the contempt and hatred of all, for your ridiculous pomp and luxury."

This Evangelus, my good friend, reſembles you exactly, for you never mind being laughed at by the ſpectators.

And now, a-propos, I will tell you an old Leſbian ſtory. When the Thracian women tore Orpheus in pieces, his head, they tell us, floated on his lyre down the Hebrus into the bay of Mela, ſinging a melancholy dirge, which the lyre, as the wind ſwelled its chords, accompanied, and in this manner drove to Leſbos, where the natives buried the head, in the place where the temple of Bacchus now ſtands. The lyre was hung up in the temple of Apollo, and it remained there for a long time: ſome while after, Neanthus, the ſon of king Pittacus, having heard that this fame lyre could, though Orpheus was dead, move, like him, plants, ſtones, and animals, and even, when nobody touched it, ſend forth moſt delightful ſounds, reſolved to get poſſeſſion of it, and accordingly bribed the prieſts with a large ſum of money to ſteal it out of the temple for him. When he had got this invaluable treaſure, not thinking it ſafe to make uſe of it in the public city, he put it in his boſom, went out by night into a private place at ſome diſtance, and there the young man, who was totally ignorant of muſic, began to ſtrike the chords, hoping, no doubt, that his lyre would yield ſuch divine ſounds as muſt charm every ear, and that he ſhould be the heir of Orpheus; when behold! a multitude of dogs, for there were many of them in that neighbourhood, attracted by the noiſe, got together, and * tore him in pieces:

* *Tore him, &c.*] Lucian's ſtory of Neanthus being torn to pieces for his bad muſic, puts

pieces: thus, and thus only did he reſemble Orpheus; a melancholy proof that it was not the lyre which was ſo perſuaſive, but the art and ſkill of the maſter who played on it, and which he inherited from his * mother; the inſtrument itſelf was no better than thoſe of others.

But why need I talk to you of Orpheus and Neanthus, when in our own times there lived (and perhaps ſtill lives), a man who gave three thouſand drachmas for the earthen lamp that belonged to Epictetus the Stoic, ſatisfied, no doubt, that if he read every night by that lamp, he ſhould inherit his wiſdom, and ſoon become a rival of that admirable old philoſopher.

Another, but a few days ago, bought, for a talent, the ſtaff of † Peregrinus, which he left behind him when he leaped into the fire: this he keeps by him, and ſhews about, as the ‡ Tegæans the ſkin of the Caledonian boar, the Thebans the bones of § Geryon, or the Ægyptians the hairs of ‖ Iſis. The maſter, in the mean time, of this wonderful treaſure is ſuperior even to you in impudence and ignorance: you both deſerve the ſtaff upon your ſhoulders.

Dionyſius the tyrant is ſaid to have wrote ſeveral tragedies, all poor and miſerable ſtuff, which poor ⸸ Philoxenus was ſeverely puniſhed for laughing at, and hearing that he had been ridiculed on account of them, he purchaſed the tablets which Æſchylus uſed to write in, not doubting but that from that time forth he ſhould be inſpired with the true poetical fury; but unfortunately, after the poſſeſſion of them, he wrote ſtill worſe than ever; witneſs his Doric ode that begins, "Then came the wife of Dionyſius," and

us in mind of a ſimilar paſſage in Shakſpeare's Julius Cæſar, where the mob in purſuit of Cinna the conſpirator, light by miſtake on the other Cinna, who, to ſave himſelf, cries out, "I am Cinna the poet," and one of them humorouſly replies, "O tear him to pieces for his bad verſes"

* *His mother.*] Orpheus is ſaid to have been the ſon of the muſe Calliope.

† *Peregrinus.*] See Lucian's Death of Peregrinus.

‡ *The Tegæans.*] Tegæa, a town of Arcadia, celebrated for the exploits of the Caledonian boar, killed by Meleager, whoſe ſtory is ſo finely told by Ovid. Pauſanias, in his Arcad. confirms the aſſertion of Lucian, and tells us very gravely, that the ſkin of the Caledonian boar is ſtill there, though the hair is off, and the ſkin dried up by time.

§ *Geryon*] The famous giant with three bodies, ſlain by Hercules.

‖ *Iſis.*] The great Ægyptian divinity, daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and wife of Oſiris. I would give my readers the whole hiſtory of this goddeſs, her worſhip, &c. but as it would take up two or three hundred pages, which is more than I have to ſpare, I hope they will excuſe me the quotation.

⸸ *Philoxenus.*] The ſtory of Philoxenus is told at large by Diodorus Sicul. book xv.

his

his ditty of "Alas how charming a partner have I loſt!" (for theſe were written in the tablets), and that piece of his, where he ſays, "Fooliſh mortals deceive themſelves," which, indeed, he ſeems to have levelled at you, and for this alone his tablets deſerve gilding.

What you can hope to get from books I cannot conceive, and yet you are always poring over them for ever, tying, binding, oiling, and caſing and preſerving them with cedar and ſaffron, as if you could reap any advantage from them; or as if books could teach you to be eloquent, though you are ſtill as mute as a fiſh: as to your life, it is to the laſt degree impious and abominable, and if books make you what you are, they are ſurely of all things what you ſhould never come near.

There are but two things which a man can learn from the ſtudy of the ancients, to ſpeak and to do what is right, to be ambitious of good and fly from evil; and if we gain neither of theſe, what uſe can books be of, but to find employment for mice, afford a habitation for moths, or get poor ſervants beat for not taking care of them?

How aſhamed muſt you be if any one, ſeeing a book in your hand, (for you always have one), ſhould aſk you what orator, poet, or hiſtorian it is! this, as you know the title, you are able, perhaps, to anſwer, but when the diſcourſe goes on, as it generally does in theſe caſes, and he begins to praiſe or find fault with any paſſage, then, as you know nothing about it, you have nothing to ſay; on ſuch an occaſion do not you wiſh the earth would open and ſwallow you up, rather than thus be caught carrying a book about like Bellerophon?

When Demetrius the Cynic, ſeeing an illiterate fellow with a book in his hand, and reading that beautiful paſſage of the † Bacchæ of Euripides, where the meſſenger recounts the ſtory of Pentheus and Agave, he ſnatched it out of his hand, and tore it pieces, ſaying, "It is better for Pentheus to be deſtroyed at once by me, than to be perpetually torn in pieces by you." ‡ Often have I caſt about in my mind for a reaſon, but never could yet find

† *Bacchæ.*] See the Bacchæ of Euripides, l. 1041.

‡ *Often have I, &c.*] The reader cannot but obſerve that in this little tract there is too much redundancy and repetition of the ſame ſentiments, a fault which Lucian is ſometimes guilty of; but if an author will repeat, the tranſlator is bound in honour to repeat after him: the great lord Cheſterfield, however, has done the ſame; if the repetitions were taken out, his four volumes of letters to his ſon might be reduced to two.

one,

one, why you ſhould be perpetually buying books; for, as to the uſe or ſervice it could be of, nobody, who had the leaſt knowlege of you, could ever perceive or imagine it, more than a comb would be to a bald man, a looking-glaſs to a blind, a flute to a deaf one, a plough to a pilot, an oar to a huſbandman, or a miſtreſs to an eunuch; it is merely the oſtentation of affluence, and to ſhew that you have enough to throw away even upon what is unneceſſary; though even I, who am an illiterate * Syrian, very well know, that if you had not crept fraudulently into the old man's will, you muſt have ſtarved by this time, or ſold your library by auction.

But, after all, perhaps you were perſuaded into it by your flatterers, who made you believe that you were not only handſome and agreeable, but a moſt learned man, an orator, and hiſtorian: you buy books therefore to keep up the character they have given you: you recite before them, they ſay, at table, whilſt they, like ſo many thirſty frogs, croak out your praiſes, and cannot drink till they burſt with acclamations; it is no wonder you are † led by the noſe, and believe every thing they ſay, when, not long ago, they perſuaded you that you were like the ‡ emperor; and before you, we know, there was a falſe § Alexander, a ſham ‖ Philip, and, in the memory of our fathers, a pretended ⸸ Nero, and many other impoſtors of the ſame kind: nor ſhould I be ſurpriſed if ſuch a fooliſh illiterate fellow as you ſhould bend his neck on one ſide, and mimic the walk and habit of him whom, as you flatter yourſelf, you ſo nearly reſemble; when even Pyrrhus the Epirot, a man

* *Syrian.*] Lucian, we may obſerve, is always reminding us of his being a Syrian: as the Greeks looked on all but themſelves as Barbarians, his birth, he knew, would frequently be thrown in his teeth, as a reproach upon him, he was reſolved, therefore, to be beforehand with them; this ſpecies of ſelf-abuſe is generally a mark of vanity, a weakneſs which men of wit and genius are ſeldom free from. In Swift's verſes on his own death, we meet with a great deal of this, as well as in ſeveral other parts of his works.

† *Led by the noſe.*] Greek ῥῖνος ἕλκεσθαι, it is remarkable that our Engliſh idiom in this phraſe anſwers exactly to the Greek.

‡ *The emperor.*] Marcus Aurelius, who was a man of erudition, and the patron of polite literature.

§ *A falſe Alexander.*] The young man, whom Juſtin calls ſortis extremæ juvenis, who under pretence of being the ſon of Antiochus Epiphanes, demanded of Demetrius Soter the kingdom of Syria as his inheritance, and went to war with him for it. See Juſtin, c. xxxv.

‖ *Sham Philip.*] Adramyttenus Andriſcus, quem in fullonio natum, as Ammianus Marcel. tells us, fortuna mutabilis ad Pſeudo-Philippi nomen evexit. See Ammian, book xiv. c. 19. Velleius Paterculus ſays, regium nomen animo quoque regio implevit.

⸸ *Nero.*] Caſaubon, in his notes on the life of Nero by Suetonius, ſpeaks of three impoſtors who had aſſumed that name.

in

in all other reſpects truly admirable, was ſo corrupted by flatterers as to imagine himſelf the very picture of Alexander, though they were in reality as far from one another as the moſt diſtant * notes in muſic can poſſibly be: for I have ſeen a drawing of Pyrrhus: and yet he imagined himſelf the exact copy of Alexander; thus far I have injured him by comparing him to you: but with regard to the following circumſtance, the likeneſs will hold good. When Pyrrhus had once brought himſelf to believe this, there was not a creature about him but readily acceded to his opinion, and enflamed the diſtemper, till an old woman of Lariſſa cured him of it; for, as he was one day ſhewing her the pictures of Philip, Perdiccas, Alexander, Caſſander, and ſeveral other great men, he aſked her who he was moſt like, not doubting but that ſhe would anſwer Alexander; when, after conſidering a good while, ſhe replied, he was extremely like Batrachion, the cook: and the truth was, ſuch a man did actually live in the city at that time, whom Pyrrhus greatly reſembled. I will not ſay which of your paraſites you are moſt like, but this I know, that every body thinks you mad for pretending to be the image of a † certain perſon: you muſt be a bad judge of likeneſſes, indeed, to give credit to flatterers in this point; but to be ſerious, I know your true reaſon well enough, though I was too lazy to mention it before; it is this; you wiſely reflected, and from thence have formed no little expectations, that the emperor is a man of ſenſe, and holds learning in the greateſt eſteem; you thought, therefore, no doubt, that if he heard you had bought a great number of books, you might ſoon hope to get every thing you pleaſed of him.

And can you ſuppoſe him ſo intoxicated with ‡ mandragora, as when he hears this of you, that he is not at the ſame time acquainted with your manner of living, your daily revels, and your nightly debauches? Do not you know that kings have many eyes and many ears, and that your actions are ſo very open that even the deaf and blind are no ſtrangers to them;

* *Notes.*] Greek, διαπασων το πραγμα. See Burney's Hiſtory of Muſic.

† *Certain perſon.*] The emperor M. Aurelius, as before alluded to.

‡ *Mandragora.*] Or mandrake, a plant of a ſtrong narcotic quality, probably in frequent uſe amongſt the ancients, who, perhaps, took it as the modern Turks do opium, the effects of which are ſimilar, as it produces a kind of drunkenneſs and ſtupidity. Our great dramatiſt mentions it as a ſoporific,

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the Eaſt,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou owedſt yeſterday. See Shakſpeare's Othello.

if

if you but open your mouth, or go into the bath, nay even if your ſervants do it, are not all your nocturnal ſports quickly diſcovered? If any of your fools, your fidlers, or your paraſites, ſhould put on the lion's ſkin, and walk about with a club, do you think he would be taken for Hercules, when there are hundreds that can detect him, that know his voice, geſture, and habit, and have ſeen the waſhes and paints you diſguiſe yourſelves with? It is eaſier, as the proverb ſays, to hide five elephants under your arm, than to conceal one * paraſite: when it is ſo difficult a taſk to hide the aſs under the lion's ſkin, why will you attempt to ſculk behind your books? it is indeed to no purpoſe; there are marks enough to betray you; you ſeem not to know what above all it is neceſſary for you to be acquainted with, that your reputation muſt depend on yourſelf and your own life and manners, and not on your bookſellers; and yet you call in the evidence of Atticus and Callinus, who, in due time, will not fail to ruin you: and even now, if you were in your ſenſes, you would ſell all your books to ſome man of learning, together with your new-built houſe, and pay your ‡ brokers ſome part at leaſt of what you owe them.

You have two leading paſſions, one for buying dear books, and the other for purchaſing young ſlaves and paraſites; it is impoſſible with your ſmall fortune to indulge them both; a little good advice in this caſe may be of the utmoſt ſervice to you: let me perſuade you to quit that folly, which does not at all become you, and apply yourſelf entirely to the other; inſtead of ſlaves and ſycophants purchaſe, if ever ſo dear, freemen, who will not, like common ſervants, tell every thing that happens after your debauches, as the harlot did the other day, who diſcovered certain iniquitous practices, and brought proofs and witneſſes of it. Keep your money, my good friend, for this purpoſe, that you may henceforth play the fool in ſafety; never truſt thoſe now about you; for the dog that is uſed § to gnaw carrion will never leave it off.

* *Paraſite.*] Greek, *κιναιδον*, cinædum.—The tranſlation is not ſtrictly juſt, but the reaſon is obvious.

‡ *Brokers.*] Greek, *ανδραποδοκαπηλοις*, a word which it is not at preſent very eaſy to aſcertain the true and exact uſe of; the Latin interpreter tranſlates it mangonibus. The moſt natural ſenſe, and moſt agreeable to the context is that which I have adopted, of a broker, or factor, a perſon appointed to buy and ſell, and do buſineſs for his principal.

§ *To gnaw.*] Greek, *σκυτοτραγειν*, corium rodere.

Ut canis a corio nunquam abſterrebitur uncto. Hor. lib. ii. Sat. 5. l. 83.

As

As to ceaſing to buy books, nothing can be more eaſy; you are learned enough already, and have wiſdom ſufficient; have all the ancients at your tongue's end; are a complete maſter of hiſtory; know every Attic word, with all the arts of ſpeech, its beauties, and its faults; by the multitude of books you have purchaſed, you muſt, no doubt, have attained to perfection in every ſcience: but may I aſk you (for as you are ſo fond of being laughed at, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould not laugh at you as well as other people), tell me then, amongſt all your books, which are you fondeſt of, Plato or Antiſthenes, Hipponax or Antilochus? Or, perhaps, you deſpiſe theſe, and read none but orators; have you ſtudied * Æſchines's oration againſt Timarchus? But you know, I ſuppoſe, all theſe by heart; Have you read alſo † Eupolis and Ariſtophanes? Are you maſter of the ‡ Baptæ, did nothing in them affect you particularly, or make you bluſh when you applied it to yourſelf? When do you ſtudy them moſt? in the day time, when nobody, I believe, ever ſaw you, or in the night before your other employments? Leave your books then, and mind your buſineſs, not forgetting the Phædra of Euripides, where ſhe ſays,

§ Nor fear the horrors of the conſcious night,
Or the dread voice, that from the ſpeaking walls,
Awaking guilt ——

But if, after all, you are reſolved to perſiſt in this folly, away with you; go, purchaſe books, lock them up, and glory in the poſſeſſion of them; this is ſufficient for you: but never touch or read them, never quote any of the ancient orators or poets who have done you no harm. I know my jeſts are all thrown away upon you, and that I am endeavouring, as the proverb ſays, To || waſh a black-moor white. You will ſtill buy books, ſtill make

* *Æſchines's.*] In this oration, which is ſtill extant, the reader will find Lucian's reaſon for pointing out that particular part of Æſchines's works, to his Illiterate Book-Hunter.

† *Eupolis.*] A famous comic poet, mentioned by Horace and others, whoſe works are not come down to us.

‡ *Bapta.*] The name of one of Eupolis's comedies, probably the prieſts mentioned by Juvenal,

Cecropiam ſoliti Baptæ laſſare Cotytto. Sat. ii. v. 92.

If the reader is deſirous of being farther acquainted with them, I would refer him to the paſſage, and the notes upon it.

§ *Nor fear, &c.*] See the Hippolytus of Euripides, l. 417.

|| *Waſh, &c.*] Gr. Αιθιοπα σμηχειν. It is obſervable, that the Engliſh expreſſion anſwers exactly and literally to that of the Greek.

no uſe of them, and ſtill be laughed at by men of letters, who value them not for their external beauty, or for what they coſt, but for the merit and genius of the writer. And yet, you think, that your ignorance muſt be concealed, and that men will have a high opinion of you, from the multiplicity of your books; not perceiving, that in this you reſemble thoſe unſkilful phyſicians, who have fine ivory cheſts for their medicines, * cupping inſtruments made of ſilver, and launcets tipped with gold, though they do not know how to make uſe of them; whilſt an underſtanding man, with a ruſty caſe of inſtruments, ſhall take out a ſharp launcet, and cure the patient immediately. Or rather, to ſuit you better with a more ridiculous compariſon, obſerve the barbers, and you will perceive that the beſt artiſts among them have a common razor, and a moderate ſized looking-glaſs; whilſt the bunglers, and thoſe who know but little of their trade, produce a multitude of inſtruments, and immenſe ſpecula, though theſe are generally ignorant of their buſineſs; and yet it is the cuſtom, which is fooliſh enough, for people to go to the one to be ſhaved, and to the other with the large glaſſes, to have their hair done. In like manner, you might lend your books to others, though you do not know how to make uſe of them yourſelf: but even this you will never do, for you are like the dog in the manger, neither eat yourſelf, nor let the horſe do it.

Thus far I have given you my opinion with regard to your books only; your life and converſation ſhall be reſerved for another opportunity.

* *Cupping, &c.*] Gr. Σικυας αργυρας. The cucurbita, or cupping inſtrument, made uſe of by the ancients, was generally of braſs or horn; the moderns make much better of glaſs.

ON

CALUMNY.

The following Tract is a ſerious Declamation againſt Calumny, Invective, and Evil-ſpeaking, Vices that were almoſt as faſhionable in the Days of LUCIAN *as at this preſent writing, and ſo ſuitable to all Times and Seaſons, that a Modern Divine might ſafely paſs it off in the Pulpit, perhaps, without being ſuſpected of Plagiariſm; there are, indeed, many worſe Sermons on the Subject. The Reader, who may be diſappointed at not meeting with a large Fund of Wit and Humour, will be made amends by the many judicious Reflections, lively Images, and ſenſible Illuſtrations, that are interſperſed through every Part of it.*

IGNORANCE is undoubtedly one of the greateſt evils incident to mankind, and the ſource of innumerable misfortunes; it ſpreads a kind of perpetual darkneſs round us, obſcures the luſtre of truth, and caſts a ſhade over the lives of men; it forces us to wander about, like the blind, ſtill falling ſhort of the mark, or going beyond it, not ſeeing what lies at our feet; and, at the ſame time, ſtanding in fear of that, as full of danger, which is at the greateſt diſtance from us: it is this which makes us ſtumble in every thing we do; this has furniſhed arguments for the ſtage-writers, at every period of time, for * Labdacus, the houſe of Pelops and the reſt. Ignorance is the dæmon that fills the tragic ſcene; its effects, with regard to every thing, are dreadful: but, above all, when we conſider it as the cauſe of calumny and falſe-witneſs againſt our friends and acquaintance, by which whole families have been ruined, cities laid waſte, fathers driven to madneſs againſt their children, and children againſt their parents, brother againſt brother, and huſband againſt wife: houſes have been thrown into confuſion, and friendſhips torn aſunder, by the ſpecious teſtimony of evil-ſpeaking.

The better, therefore, to prevent thoſe fatal conſequences, I propoſe, in the following tract, to ſhew what calumny is, whence it ariſeth, and how it

* *Labdacus, the houſe, &c.*] Alluding to the ſtories of Oedipus, and his ſons, Atreus Thyeſtes, &c. ſo frequently and variouſly treated by the Greek tragedians.

acts. Apelles the * Ephesian hath drawn this picture before me; he was unjustly accused of bearing a part in the conspiracy which Theodotus had formed against † Ptolemy at Tyre, though he had never been at Tyre, or knew any thing of ‡ Theodotus, any more than that he was a commander under Ptolemy, and had the care of Phœnicia entrusted to him. One Antiphilus, a rival artist, who envied him, both for the excellency of his painting, and the esteem in which he was held by the king, had, it seems, informed Ptolemy, that he was privy to the transaction, that a person had seen him at supper with Theodotus and Phænice, and in close conference with him during the whole entertainment, and that, in short, the defection of Tyre, and the taking of Pelusium, were both owing to the counsel and assistance of Apelles. Ptolemy, a man in other respects not over-wise, and nursed up from his infancy by that adulation which is generally bestowed on tyrants, was so worked upon by this improbable and absurd calumny, that, never considering within himself, that the accuser was one of his rivals, or how impossible it was for a poor painter to support such a conspiracy; especially one whom he had so highly favoured and preferred to all of his profession; without even so much as enquiring whether Apelles had ever been at Tyre, grew so exasperated, as to fill the whole palace with complaints of his ingratitude, calling him a traitor and conspirator; insomuch, that if one of those who were taken up at the same time, struck with compassion for Apelles, and detesting the impudent falsehood of Antiphilus, had not declared that he had no concern in it, he would, probably, have lost his head, and paid, himself, the price of Tyrian perjury and falsehood. Ptolemy is said so severely to have repented of his credulity, as to make Apelles a present of a hundred talents, and to have given Antiphilus to him as a slave. Apelles, who long bore in mind the danger he had been in, revenged the calumny against him by a § picture which I shall here describe to you.

* *The Ephesian.*] Not that Apelles who lived in the time of Alexander, but a native of Colophon, an Ephesian by adoption, and disciple of Pamphilus.

† *Ptolemy*] Philopater, the son of Euergetes, and the fourth of that name who was king of Ægypt.

‡ *Theodotus.*] The Ætolian, who betrayed Ptolemy, and delivered up the city of Tyre to Antigonus. The story is told at large by Polybius, b. v.

§ *Picture.*] This allegorical picture, as described by Lucian, seems to have great merit with regard to the design and composition; as such I would recommend it to the consideration of our modern Apelles, my ingenious friend Mr. Benjamin West, who is capable of doing justice to such a subject, and would execute it finely.

On

On the right hand ſide ſits a man with ears almoſt as large as Midas's, ſtretching forth his hand towards the figure of Calumny, who appears at a diſtance coming up to him; he is attended by two women, who, I imagine, repreſent Ignorance and Suſpicion. From the other ſide approaches Calumny, in the form of a woman, to the laſt degree beautiful, but ſeeming warm and inflamed, as full of anger and reſentment; bearing a lighted torch in her left hand, and with her right dragging by the hair of his head a young man, who lifts up his eyes to heaven, as calling the gods to witneſs his innocence. Before her ſtands a pale ugly figure, with ſharp eyes, and emaciated, like a man worn down by diſeaſe, which we eaſily perceive is meant for Envy; and behind are two women, who ſeem to be employed in dreſſing, adorning, and aſſiſting her; one of whom, as my interpreter informed me, was Treachery, and the other Deceit: at ſome diſtance, in the back part of the picture, ſtood a woman, in a mourning habit, all torn and ragged, which, we were told, repreſented Penitence; as ſhe turned her eyes back, ſhe bluſhed and wept at the ſight of Truth, who was approaching towards her.

In this manner did Apelles expreſs the danger he had eſcaped from. And now, if you pleaſe, we will endeavour to imitate the Epheſian painter, and deſcribe Calumny, with every thing that belongs to her: Calumny then, is an accuſation made without knowlege of the perſon accuſed, brought againſt one party who is abſent, and believed by the other, having no one to contradict it.

Such is the ſubject-matter of this diſcourſe. But here, as in our comedies, there are three principal parts; he who brings the accuſation, he againſt whom it is made, and he to whom it is brought; let us conſider them all by turns, and enquire into the buſineſs of each: to begin then, with him who plays the firſt part, the author of the calumny; that ſuch a one can never be a good man, is indiſputable, for no good man ever injures another; he rather ſtrives to prevent the effects of envy and jealouſy, by reconciling men one to another, and ſhews his benevolence by his good opinion of his friends and neighbours: it were eaſy to ſhew, that the calumniator muſt be the moſt unjuſt, wicked, and pernicious of men; nobody will deny that impartiality is the eſſence of juſtice, and partiality of injuſtice; does not he, then, who ſlanders the abſent, take more upon himſelf than he ought, doth he not entirely ſeize upon, and poſſeſs the hearer, whoſe ears already filled with calumny, are entirely ſhut againſt the other ſide? The greateſt,

this,

this, no doubt, of all human injuries; as the beſt lawgivers, Solon and Draco, long ſince acknowleged it, who bound the judges by a ſolemn oath, to hear both parties with equal patience, till the cauſe was fully determined, and it plainly appeared, which was the worſe, and which the better part: they ever held that a profane and impious judgment, which was made before the defence had been fairly oppoſed to, and compared with the accuſation. If we permit the accuſer to ſay what he pleaſes without fear, and ſhut our ears againſt the defendant, or, over-perſuaded by what hath been alleged againſt, ſilently condemn him, the gods, themſelves, will reſent your injuſtice and inhumanity; it is, therefore, neither juſt nor lawful to calumniate.

But, if the legiſlators who thus preſcribe juſtice and impartiality, are not of ſufficient weight and authority, let us call in to our aid one of our beſt * poets, who hath determined, or rather decreed concerning this point: where he ſays,

> Give not thy judgment e'er thou hear'ſt what both
> May plead in their defence.

He, no doubt, was well convinced, that of all wicked actions in life, nothing could be more unjuſt or more impious than to condemn any man unheard and untried; which the calumniator is conſtantly guilty of, by ſubjecting him whom he ſlanders to unmerited reſentment, and by a clandeſtine accuſation, taking away from him the means of defending himſelf: for theſe kind of people, who are always deceitful and cowardly, do nothing openly; but, like thoſe who lye in ambuſh, ſhoot at you at a diſtance, from ſome ſecret place, where you have no power to reſiſt them, but muſt inevitably periſh for want of knowing their art and manner of fighting. This is to me a certain ſign, that calumniators accuſe, for the moſt part, without a cauſe; for, if a man knows that what he aſſerts againſt any one is true, he will prove it publicly, provoke him to a defence, and reply to it. He who has reaſon to hope for victory in the open field, never makes uſe of treachery or fraud to ſubdue his enemy.

Calumniators are obſerved to flouriſh and abound moſt in the courts of princes, and in the houſes of the rich and great, where there is always a great deal of envy, ten thouſand ſuſpicions, and perpetual food for calumny and adulation; where hopes are multiplied, deſires muſt be more eager, hatred more dangerous, and detraction more malevolent; in ſuch places

* *Poets.*] The commentators tell us that the verſe quoted in the original is taken from Phocylides: no ſuch verſe, however, is now extant.

men

men look upon each other with prying eyes, and endeavour, like gladiators, to find out ſome naked part of the body: every one ſtrives to be firſt, and therefore elbows and joſtles his neighbour, always trying to ſupplant and trip up the heels of the man who goes before him: in this ſtruggle the good and worthy is ſoon thrown out with ignominy, whilſt he who is ſkilled in flattery, and ſuch like evil arts, will always flouriſh. The aſſailant generally ſucceeds: ſo true is * Homer's obſervation.

Mars is our common lord, alike to all,
And oft the victor triumphs but to fall.

When the conteſt is for things of conſequence and value, many arts are put in practice againſt each other, amongſt which the moſt expeditious, as well as the moſt dangerous and deſtructive, is calumny, which ariſeth from the envy of another's happineſs, and is itſelf attended with the moſt tragic and fatal calamities; to raiſe ſuſpicions, however, is no ſmall or eaſy taſk, but requires great care, art, and ingenuity; the calumny would not wound ſo deep if it was not well ſupported, nor could it prevail againſt truth, which is ſtronger than all things, unleſs many an alluring, probable and perſuaſive argument was made uſe of to betray the hearer.

The man who is in the higheſt honour, and therefore moſt expoſed to envy, is generally the object aimed at; againſt him all point their arrows, looking upon him as the greateſt obſtacle and impediment; if he who is the principal could be got the better of, and removed from the royal favour, every one might then hope to ſucceed to it.

Juſt ſo doth it happen in the public courſe; for there the good racer, as ſoon as he ſtarts from the bar, puſhes forward with all ſpeed to the goal, and, relying on the ſwiftneſs of his feet alone for the victory, he hurts no one, plans no deſtructive ſchemes againſt his rivals; whilſt the ſlow of foot, who has no hopes of ſucceſs, turns his mind to evil arts, and only thinks how he may ſtop and detain the ſwift courſer, well knowing, that if he cannot do this, it is impoſſible he ſhould himſelf ever gain the victory; and thus it is with regard to the friendſhip of the great; he who has the firſt place is always expoſed to the treachery of others, and if he falls amongſt powerful enemies, is inevitably deſtroyed; thoſe are often careſſed and looked upon as the beſt friends who can do the moſt hurt; thoſe who would have their calumny firmly believed never act careleſly, but take their utmoſt

* *Homer's obſervation.*] See Il. Σ. l. 309.

pains

pains that nothing improbable, or foreign to the purpoſe, ſhall appear in their accuſations; for which reaſon they generally produce, againſt him whom they calumniate, ſuch crimes as he might moſt probably be guilty of; accuſe the phyſician, for inſtance, as a poiſoner, the miniſter as a traitor, the rich man as a tyrant; add to this, that the paſſions of the hearer generally furniſh matter for, and point out the ſubject of accuſation to the calumniator. If the great man is jealous, ſuch a one, they tell him, winked at, or made ſigns to his wife; or when he looked at her, he ſighed, ſhe in return looked kindly at him, with a ſmile of love and complacency, with other marks of looſe and adulterous deſigns. If he values himſelf on his talents for poetry, by heaven, ſays ſomebody, Philoxenus laughed at your verſes, abuſed them, and ſwore they were rough and inharmonious. If he is * pious and religious, his friend ſhall be repreſented to him as a profane fellow, or an atheiſt, one who diſbelieves a divine providence, and denies the being of a god. In all theſe caſes, the man can hear but one ſide; he grows angry and enraged at his friend, and at once hates and abhors him, without waiting for reaſons or proofs againſt him; as they always produce ſuch things as they are ſure will moſt incenſe and provoke the perſon to whom they are told: when they know which part is moſt eaſily wounded, to that they direct the blow, and in ſuch a manner, that enflamed with immediate reſentment, no room is left for an enquiry after truth; ſo that if a man is willing to defend himſelf, he ſhall not be permitted, the judgment being already predetermined by an appearance of truth.

But the moſt ſucceſsful ſpecies of calumny is that which accuſes a man of doing what is moſt oppoſite to the taſte and inclination of the hearer. Thus Demetrius, the Platoniſt, was accuſed before Ptolemy † Dionyſus, for drinking water, and appearing without a female garment at the feaſt of Bacchus; and if he had not, the very next day, before a number of people, drank wine, put on a Tarentine habit, and danced to the cymbals, he would probably have been put to death, as a man who would not conform to the luxurious manner of living practiſed and preſcribed by the emperor.

* *Pious, &c.*] —— illi
Tardo cognomen pinguis damus, & benè ſano
Ac non incauto, fictum aſtutumque vocamus. Hor. lib. i. ſat. 3.

† *Dionyſus.*] The eleventh of the Ptolemies; the emperor Antoninus mentions him. Book viii. c. 22.

With

With Alexander the Great, the moſt heinous of all crimes was, not to adore and worſhip Hephæſtion: ſo fond was he of his friend after death, that to other inſtances of magnificence he would add that of making with his own hand a deity of a * deceaſed mortal. Several cities did accordingly, therefore, erect temples and altars, conſecrate groves, offer ſacrifices, and appoint feſtivals in honour of the new god: the moſt ſolemn oath which a man could ſwear by, was the name of Hephæſtion; if any one had ſo little religion in him as to ſneer at all this, his puniſhment was death; the flatterers, laying hold of this childiſh whim of Alexander's, blew up and increaſed the flame, told of dreams that were ſent by him, talked of his appearing to them, and healing their diſtempers, produced oracles delivered by him, and at length ſacrificed to him as to the ever-preſent god, the deliverer from every evil. Alexander was ſo delighted with this as to believe every thing that was ſaid, and to congratulate himſelf that he was not only the ſon of a god, but that he could make gods of others. How many friends of Alexander muſt we ſuppoſe there were at that time who ſuffered for the divinity of Hephæſtion, when they were calumniated for not worſhipping this univerſal deity, and for that reaſon only were deprived of the royal favour!

Agathocles, the Samian, a general of Alexander's, and in high eſteem with him, was notwithſtanding very near being ſhut up with a lion, having been accuſed of † ſhedding tears as he paſſed the tomb of Hephæſtion; but Perdiccas, we are told, came ſeaſonably to his relief, and ſwore by all the gods, not forgetting Hephæſtion himſelf, that the new deity appeared to him one day as he was hunting, and commanded him to tell Alexander that he muſt pardon Agathocles, who had wept, not becauſe he wanted faith, or conſidered him as a dead mortal, but merely from the remembrance of their paſt friendſhip. Thus calumny and adulation, we ſee, worked more powerfully on Alexander when they fell in with his ruling paſſions; for as in a ſiege the enemy never attack the ſtrong, guarded, and inacceſſible places, but if they find any part that is weak, low, and ill-defended, by which they may eaſily get into and take the city, exert all their force againſt that, and that only; in like manner does the calumniator, when he diſcovers the weak

* *Deceaſed mortal.*] Concerning this deification of Hephæſtion, ſee Arrian, Quintus Curtius, and Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

† *Shedding tears.*] As lamenting his death, which certainly was nothing leſs than diſputing his divinity.

and corrupt part of the ſoul, which may be eaſily conquered, direct all his engines againſt that, and ſoon takes it, before the priſoner can reſiſt, or even know of the attack upon him: when he is once within the walls, he burns, deſtroys, and lays waſte every thing, as muſt naturally happen when the mind is totally ſubdued and reduced to ſlavery.

The inſtruments which he generally makes uſe of againſt the abſent are fraud, lying, perjury, impudence, importunity, and a thouſand others; but the moſt neceſſary of all is flattery, the relation, or rather ſiſter of Calumny; for ſcarce lives there a man ſo noble-minded, or whoſe breaſt is ſo fortified with adamant as to reſiſt the powers of adulation, which work under ground, and prepare for every ſpecies of evil-ſpeaking.

Such are the external means; within, the enemy is aſſiſted by treacheries of various kinds, that open the gates, and take in the deceived and betrayed hearer; and, above all, that * love of novelty, which is natural to all mankind, joined to the diſguſt ariſing from ſatiety, and a paſſion for the marvellous and incredible: add to this, that we are all fond, I know not why, of liſtening to private ſuſpicions that are whiſpered to us. I know many whoſe ears itched with Calumny as if they were tickled with a feather. No wonder that with ſuch aſſiſtance ſhe conquers all, eſpecially where there is none to oppoſe or reſiſt her; when he who hears the ſlander voluntarily reſigns himſelf up to it, and he who is ſlandered knows not of the ſnares that are laid againſt him. The † calumniated, like a city taken by night, are ſlain in their ſleep.

But what is ſtill more diſtreſsful is, that the poor man knowing nothing of the matter, and conſcious of his own innocence, goes to his friend with a chearful countenance, talks with, and behaves as uſual to him, little aware that he is, all the while, miſerably circumvented and betrayed. If the friend has a real eſteem for him, and is, withal, liberal-minded, and of a generous diſpoſition, he immediately pours forth his anger and reſentment, but at length admits his defence, and diſcovers that he was unjuſtly incenſed againſt him. But if, on the other hand, he has a mean and narrow ſoul, he will

* *Love of novelty.*] A weakneſs for which the Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, were always diſtinguiſhed.

"All the Athenians (ſays the Scripture), ſpent their time in nothing elſe, but either to tell or to hear ſome new thing." *Acts*, ch. xvii. ver. 21.

† *Calumniated.*] Nothing can be more juſt or elegant than this compariſon.

hear

hear him, perhaps, and ſmile, as if he approved; but, at the ſame time, gnaſh with his teeth, and inwardly hate and deteſt him; burying his anger, as the * poet ſays, deep in his breaſt. Nothing, at the ſame time, can be more baſe or unjuſt than to bite the lip, nouriſh ſecret reſentment, and keep our hatred thus ſhut up within, to † think one thing and ſay another, to play the hypocrite, and under a comic maſk to act a tragic part full of death and horror.

And this generally happens when the calumniator has been formerly the friend of him whom he accuſes; then they will not ſuffer the man even to ſpeak or defend himſelf, becauſe, they imagine, from the accuſer's long familiarity with him, that the accuſation muſt be founded on truth; not conſidering, that amongſt the greateſt friends, cauſes of quarrel and ſeparation may ariſe unknown to others. Sometimes a man will accuſe another of that crime which he is, himſelf, guilty of, the better to avoid all ſuſpicion of it. Nobody, for the moſt part, ventures to ſlander an avowed enemy; ſo that Calumny ſeldom meets with credit, which has ſo viſible and manifeſt a cauſe: it is always the ſeeming friend who attacks, who thus ſhews his extraordinary regard for the hearer, as to his intereſt and advantage, he ſacrifices his beſt and deareſt friend. I have even known ſome, who, on diſcovering that their friends had been unjuſtly accuſed, have been ſo aſhamed of their own credulity, that they would never look upon, or admit them again, entirely breaking off with them, as if they had done them an injury, by proving their innocence.

Thus, by giving ear to Calumny without trial or examination, is human life ſubject to innumerable calamities. Antæa, we know, cried out to Prætus,

Or die thyſelf, or take thy rival's life,
Bellerophon, who tempts they faithful wife.

After ſhe had, herſelf, put his virtue to the trial, and been repulſed: whilſt the young man was very near being deſtroyed by the Chimæra, and the reward of his honour and chaſtity was, to be calumniated by a looſe and aban-

* *As the poet.*] Homer. See Odyſſey, Δ. l. 646.

† *Think one thing, &c.*] Alluding to thoſe lines in Homer in the ninth book of the Iliad, thus (badly enough,) tranſlated by Pope.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of hell. See Pope's Hom. Il. b. ix. l. 412.

‡ See Homer's Iliad, Z. l. 164. Pope has entirely omitted theſe two lines in his tranſlation.

doned woman. In like manner did Phædra alſo accuſe the innocent Hippolytus, and make him odious in the ſight of his father, though he had done nothing wicked or reprehenſible.

But ſometimes it will be ſaid, the calumniator is worthy of credit and ſhould be attended to, when he is, in other reſpects, a man of character, juſtice, and wiſdom; we ought to liſten to thoſe, who are, themſelves, incapable of doing evil. But, who was more juſt than Ariſtides? and yet even he conſpired againſt Themiſtocles, and ſtirred up the people againſt him, urged by the ſame popular ambition as his rival whom he perſecuted. Ariſtides, compared with others, might deſerve the name of * Juſt, but Ariſtides was ſtill a man, harboured anger and reſentment, and loved and hated like other men. Palamedes, if we give credit to what is reported of him, though one of the wiſeſt of the Greeks, and in other reſpects the beſt of men, was detected of a baſe and malicious deſign againſt a near † relation and friend, who had accompanied him in his dangerous voyage. So natural is it to all mankind to err in this particular.

What ſhall we ſay of Socrates, who was unjuſtly accuſed to the Athenians of impiety and deſigns againſt the ſtate? or of Themiſtocles and Miltiades, who, after ſo many glorious victories, were calumniated as betrayers of their country? with innumerable other examples, moſt of them too well known to be diſputed, or called in queſtion.

How then is a wiſe man to act, when doubts ariſe concerning truth and virtue? that, no doubt, which Homer intimates to us in his fable of the Syrens, when he commands them to paſs by thoſe dangerous pleaſing deceivers, and ſhut their ears againſt them; to appoint reaſon as our watchful door-keeper, to mark every thing that is ſaid, to admit what is worthy to be admitted, to keep out and expel that which is bad and unworthy: for how abſurd is it, to ſet door-keepers at our houſes, and, at the ſame time, leave our ears and our hearts open to every intruder!

When ſuch things, therefore, are ſaid, we ought, ourſelves, carefully to examine into the fact, without regard to the age, the character, or the en-

* *Ariſtides.*] Surnamed the Juſt. See Plutarch's life of him, where this aſſertion of Lucian's is flatly contradicted; and yet, if it were not ſo, my author muſt be guilty himſelf of the very vice he is declaiming againſt.

† *Relation.*] He muſt mean Ulyſſes, though, how they were related, does not appear. According to Homer, who mentions nothing of this malicious deſign, Ulyſſes was much more to blame than Palamedes.

ticing

ticing eloquence, for ſuch we often meet with, of the informer: the more ſpecious he appears, the more ſtrict ſhould be our inquiry. We muſt not, therefore, always give credit to the judgment, or rather the prejudice of the accuſer, but reſerve to ourſelves an examination into the truth, giving back to the calumniator all his envy and hatred, bringing into open day-light the real merit of every one, and at length beſtowing our love or hatred according to it. To do otherwiſe is mean, childiſh, and diſhoneſt.

But the cauſe of all, as I ſaid in the beginning, is our ignorance, and becauſe the true characters of men lay hid in darkneſs. Would to heaven ſome god would open all our hearts! then would the light of truth irradiate every object, and calumny, driven to the deep abyſs, no longer find an habitation amongſt the ſons of men.

APO-

APOPHRAS.

The Title in the Original, which for Reaſons ſufficiently obvious, I have changed to Apophras, *is* Pſeudologiſta, ſive De Die nefaſto, *or the* Unlucky Day, *to which is added, againſt* TIMARCHUS.

TIMARCHUS *was, it ſeems, a low ſcurrilous Writer, who, having himſelf no Character to loſe, abuſed and reviled all the Men of Genius and Learning in his Time; but having unfortunately attacked* LUCIAN, *and found fault with him for uſing the word* Apophras, *is here treated by our Author with that Severity which Ignorance and Impudence ſo well deſerve.* LUCIAN, *who like other eminent* Greek *Writers, valued himſelf on ſpeaking and writing with Accuracy and Preciſion, defends the Propriety and Application of his Word with great Warmth and Serioufneſs; and then takes the Opportunity of laying open the Character of his Adverſary, with a Degree of Acrimony, which he ſeldom makes uſe of on any other Occaſion.*

THAT you did not know the meaning of the word APOPHRAS is but too plain; otherwiſe you would never have accuſed me of Barbariſm, for comparing you to it, if you had underſtood the term properly; I will tell you by and by what it ſignifies; at preſent let it ſuffice to ſay, you have taken a * cricket by the wing, to ſpeak in the words of † Archilochus, a certain iambic poet, whom you may have heard of, a Parian by birth, and a man of noble ſpirit, who laſhed ſeverely all thoſe that fell within the reach of his keen ſatire. He told a certain perſon who had abuſed him, that he had taken a cricket by the wing, comparing himſelf to that ſhrill creature, who, if you touch his wing, cries out moſt vehemently. And how could you, ſaid Archilochus to him, be ſuch a fool as in like manner to provoke a prating poet, and furniſh matter for his cutting iambics? Juſt the ſame may I ſay to you; not that I mean to put myſelf on a level with Archilochus, whom I am infinitely beneath, but only to acquaint you, that I know a thouſand vile

* *A cricket, &c.*] Greek, Τεττιγα τῳ πτερῳ συνειληφας. The crickets, or graſshoppers of thoſe days uſed, we may ſuppoſe, not only to cry out, but to bite hard on theſe occaſions. The proverb anſwers to ours of "Taking a bear by the tooth."

† *Archilochus.*] A ſatiric poet, famous for the keeneſs of his iambics.

things

things of you, that well deſerve the ſevereſt iambics: even ſuch, as but to paint one of them, would be too hard a taſk for Archilochus, with Simonides and * Hipponax to aſſiſt him: as a ſubject for ſatire, † Orodæcides, Lycambes, and Bupalus, are but boys to you. Surely ſome malicious dæmon muſt have taught you thus to laugh at my ignorance, and expoſe your own, by proving yourſelf a ſtranger even to the moſt common things which every body is acquainted with, and ſubjecting yourſelf to the ridicule of a free-ſpeaker, as I am; one who knows you ſo intimately, and is not afraid of divulging it, but rather would wiſh to proclaim publicly every thing you have done, and every thing you are ſtill doing, from morning to night. Vain, however, and ſuperfluous will be the taſk, to ſchool you as one would do a man of an ingenuous and liberal mind, ſince you will never be the better for reproof; but, like the ‡ beetle, ſtill continue to wallow in the filth you are uſed to: every body knows what you are, and how long you have been ſo. You have not ſinned ſo ſecretly, nor ſo ſecurely, but that all may eaſily diſcover the aſs, without taking off the lion's ſkin; and he muſt come far § north, indeed, or be a perfect ‖ Cumæan, who does not find you out before you bray. The public, as well as myſelf, is too well acquainted with your life and manners: your character is worſe than that of ⸸ Ariphrades, ¶ Miſthon the Sybarite, or even ** Baſtas the Chian, ſo famous for vices of the ſame kind. Trite, however, and obſolete as the ſubject is, I cannot paſs it

* *Hipponax.*] This dreadful ſatiriſt, who it ſeems was the Churchill of his age, wrote ſomething ſo ſevere againſt a painter that, we are told, he took it to heart, and hanged himſelf.

† *Orodæcides, &c.*]

Qualis Lycambæ ſpretis infido gener
Aut acer hoſtis Bupalo. Hor. Epod. vi.

‡ *Beetle.*] Greek, κανθαρος, ſcarabæus, which the ancients looked upon as impurum animal.

Non taurus non mulus erit, non hippocamelus,
Non caper aut aries, ſed ſcarabæus erit. Auſon. Enig. lxx.

§ *Far north.*] Greek, Ει μη τις αρα εξ υπερβορεων, niſi quis forte ex Hyperboreis.

‖ *Cumæan.*] The natives of Cumæ were reckoned, like the ancient Bœotians, and the modern Dutch, rather inclined to ſtupidity.—Hence the proverb, "Serò ſapiunt Cumani." See Eraſm. Prov.

⸸ *Ariphrades.*] An infamous fellow, mentioned by Ariſtophanes in his comedy of the Knights.

¶ *Miſthon.*] See Ovid. Triſt. ii. 417.

** *Baſtas.*] Another raſcal of the ſame ſtamp, but not made honourable mention of, as I remember, by any other ancient author.

over,

over, leſt I alone ſhould be blamed for being ignorant of what is known to all the world beſide.

But, ſuppoſe I call in to my aid, * Elenchus, one of Menander's Prologiſers, that friend to truth and liberty, one of the beſt that comes upon the ſtage, an avowed enemy to ſuch as you and you alone, who are afraid of him, becauſe he knows every thing about you, and can tell it with eloquence and grace: if he would come and explain the whole ſtory to the ſpectators, nothing could be more delightful. Approach then, Elenchus, thou beſt of prologues and of deities; obſerve, you are talking to thoſe who come not with minds prejudiced by hatred and animoſity, who come not, as they ſay, with unwaſhed feet, to ſuch as mean to reſent their own injuries, and, at the ſame time, revenge the public cauſe, by proſecuting a raſcal. When you have done this properly, you may depart, and leave the reſt to me, for I mean to follow your example. There are ſome things, indeed, my dear Elenchus, which it will better become me to ſay, than yourſelf, as it is not fitting for a god to be buſied in ſuch dirty matters.

The Prologue, then, begins thus:

A certain ſophiſt came one day to the Olympic games, to repeat an † oration written long ago; the ſubject was Pythagoras, whom the Athenians had excluded from the Eleuſinian rites, as a Barbarian, for ſaying he had formerly been Euphorbus. The ſpeech was an old one, and made up like Æſop's jack-daw, with many feathers of other birds; and yet he would have us believe it was an extempore one: and he had before deſired one of his friends, (a cunning fellow, and verſed in theſe things,) to chuſe Pythagoras for the ſubject; the man did ſo, and begged the audience would liſten to the oration. The pains which he took in connecting the ſeveral parts,

* *Elenchus.*] Greek, Ελεγχος, Conviction. See Lucian's Fiſherman. In the fragments of Menander we have,

——— Ελεγχος γαρ θεος
Τη παῤῥησια τη τ' αληθεια φιλος,

"The god Elenchus, friend to truth and freedom."

† *Oration.*] Theſe extempore orations were, it ſhould ſeem, a kind of public exerciſe, not unlike our college declamations, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken extempore, immediately after the ſubject was given out, of which, notwithſtanding, as here intimated, the ſpeakers had private notice, and conſequently were prepared accordingly, ſome, with new ſpeeches made by themſelves, and others, like Timarchus, with old ones ready cut and dried, which ſerved for the occaſion. The certain Sophiſt, mentioned by Lucian, is undoubtedly Timarchus, againſt whom this whole piece is levelled.

plainly

plainly ſhewed that it had been long ſince planned and writen; though his impudence helped him out greatly, and gave force to his action, and favoured the deceit: mean time, the audience laughed heartily, ſome looked towards his friend, as much as to ſay, they knew he was privy to the impoſture; others, who perceived what he was about, were employed in recollecting, one for the other, the paſſages from the ſeveral ſophiſts who had declaimed in former times. Amongſt the laughers was the * perſon who writes this, and who ſmiled, as well he might, at ſuch amazing impudence; and, as the other, in a ſoft voice, was chaunting what he called a Threnodium of Pythagoras, burſt into a loud laugh, at ſeeing an aſs thus attempting to thrum the lyre; the finger turning round, obſerved him, and this brought on a quarrel between them.

It was now the beginning of the year, or, to ſpeak more properly, the † third day from the great calends, when the Romans, according to ancient cuſtom, as preſcribed by Numa, offer ſacrifice and prayers for the whole year, and believe, that the gods on that day, will be always propitious to them. At this time it was, that our friend, who had laughed ſo heartily at this falſe Pythagoras, and who well knew how infamous a fellow he was, turning to an acquaintance, cried out, "Let us get out of the company of this vile actor, who prophanes our meeting, and turns our beſt of days into an apophras, or unlucky one." Upon which, our ſophiſt hearing the word Apophras, began to ridicule it as a foreign phraſe, and unknown to the Greeks; "What, ſays he, can this Apophras be? is it a fruit, or an herb, or a veſſel, or ſomething to eat or drink? for I have never heard of it before, nor do I underſtand what he can mean by it." Thus did he continue to ridicule and abuſe our Apophras, not aware, that, in ſo doing, he only expoſed himſelf. My poet has, for that purpoſe, wrote this book and ſent me to you, to prove this noble ſophiſt knows nothing even of what every illiterate tradeſman in Greece is thoroughly acquainted with.

Thus far Elenchus; the reſt of the fable belongs to me, and I can, myſelf, proclaim with no leſs truth than the Delphic tripod, all your actions:

* *Perſon.*] Lucian.—The cauſe of the quarrel, and the manner of it, are here fully related. The word objected to by Timarchus was, we ſee, well introduced by Lucian, and happily applied.

† *Third day.*] Of the ἱερομηνια, or ſacred Corinthian month, the ſame with the Athenian Boedromion; on the twelfth of this month the Nemæan games were celebrated.

I can ſpeak from my own knowlege, of what you have done in your own country, in Palæſtine and in Ægypt, in Syria and Phœnicia, in Greece and in Italy, and, above all, what you are now doing at Epheſus, which crowns all your follies.

But, firſt, let us have a word or two about this ſame Apophras; by Venus *, Vulgivaga, Genetricula, and Cybebe, let me intreat thee to inform us what there is in the term ſo worthy of ridicule or cenſure: he is no Grecian, you are ſure, but a foreigner, ſtrayed hither out of Gaul, Scythia, or Thrace; You, therefore, like a true Athenian, have entirely baniſhed and extirpated him; and I muſt be laughed at, and ſent out of the country, for talking like a barbarian: but thoſe who know theſe things much better than you, ſay he, is a true Athenian; and that you could as ſoon convince us that Cecrops and Erectheus were foreigners and barbarians, as prove that Apophras is not a native and inhabitant of Attica. There are many things, indeed, which the Athenians call by the ſame name as other people do; but the term Apophras, to expreſs a black or unfortunate day, a day reſembling you, is peculiar to themſelves. Thus have you at laſt, learned, as it were, by chance, what they meant by Apophras, which always ſignified with them, a day when the magiſtrates would not act, when no court buſineſs was tranſacted, no religious ceremonies performed, when nothing, in ſhort, could be done with any hopes of ſucceſs; ſuch a day was always called Apophras; perhaps, becauſe, on ſuch a day, they had been overcome in battle, and, for that reaſon, it was ever after conſidered as unfortunate, or ill-omen'd, on which nothing ſhould be attempted: but this alone, you will ſay, I was ignorant of, though I know every thing elſe: but the truth is, my friend, to be ignorant of any thing elſe that was out of the common way, might be excuſable, but this you could not poſſibly call by another name, as it is the only one it ever went by: ſome things we call by their ancient and proper names, and ſome we do not, that we may not wound the ears of the vulgar, and ſpeak a language they do not underſtand. When I talked to you, for inſtance, I ſhould have made uſe of the Paphlagonian, Cappadocian, or Bactrian language, to make myſelf either intelligible or agreeable; though to Grecians I would ſpeak Greek. The Athenians have, at different times, made ſeveral altera-

* *Venus, &c.*] Gr. Πανδημε, και γενετυλλιδος, και κυβηβης. Deæ præſides generationis. Memoratur Cybebe propter ejus amorem erga Attin, & quia laſciviſſima fertur fuiſſe. To the unlearned reader, it is ſufficient to ſay, that Lucian, in compliment to Timarchus, ſupplicates him in the name of a Drury-lane Venus.

tions

tions in their language, but this phraſe has always remained amongſt them, and has been uſed in that ſenſe, and in that only, by every body. I could quote a number of thoſe who made uſe of it in former times, but that I would not trouble you with a liſt of poets, orators, and hiſtorians, whom you know nothing of: I need not mention who they are, for every body elſe is well acquainted with them: if you can ſhew me one of them, who has not, I will put up a ſtatue of you at * Olympia. He indeed, who knows not this, cannot tell, I ſuppoſe, whether Athens is a city in Attica, Corinth in the Iſthmus, or Sparta in Peloponneſus.

But you will ſay, perhaps, you know the name well enough, but only found fault with the wrong application of it; we will take it up then on this ground, and obſerve, unleſs, perhaps, you think it no diſgrace to be convicted of univerſal ignorance, how I will confute you. If our anceſtors practiſed the ſame method as I did, (for in every age there were impious and abominable fellows like yourſelf,) if one man is called Cothurnus becauſe he is like a buſkin, another † Lupæ becauſe he makes a noiſe and diſturbs the aſſembly, another Hebdomas becauſe he laughs and plays at a public meeting, like boys on the ‡ ſeventh day of the month, why may not I, alſo, if I pleaſe, compare a wretch ſtained with every vice, to an inauſpicious and unfortunate day?

If we meet a man, eſpecially when we firſt go out in the morning, who is lame in his right foot, or if we come acroſs an eunuch, or a monkey, we turn home again as faſt as we can, foreſeeing that we can never be proſperous on that day after ſuch bad omens: and in like manner, at our firſt going out in the morning as it were of the year, if we meet a pathic, doing and ſuffering every thing that is baſe and infamous, one whom even his own depen-

* *Olympia.*] The greateſt honour which mere mortals could ever arrive at. To ſay a man ſhould have this, became by degrees a kind of proverbial expreſſion.—Like, do this,

—— et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

† *Lupæ.*] Concerning the exact ſignification of the Greek word Λυπαην, here made uſe of, the learned commentators are much divided: ſome are of opinion it was originally written Λυσαην, quaſi, Λυσαης ανεμος, a ſtormy wind, to which a turbulent orator may properly be compared. Others tell us that Λυσαην is a corruption by the tranſcribers of Λυσσαν, furoris genus, a kind of madneſs, (which is rather the more probable conjecture); the Latin tranſlator, therefore interprets it rabiem. It may ſuffice, however, for the Engliſh reader to know, that luſſa ſignifies ſomething noiſy and violent.

‡ *Seventh day.*] Greek, Εβδομην. The ſeventh day of every month was obſerved as a feſtival, or kind of holiday, ſacred, we are told, to Apollo, who was born on the ſeventh of the month Thurgalion.

dents know to be, though they do not call him ſo, an impoſtor, a cheat, and a falſe-ſwearer, ſhould we not fly from him as a peſt, a pit-hole, or a dungeon? Might we not very properly compare him to an unlucky day?

And are not you that very man? You will not, I ſuppoſe, deny, for your glory in it: you are infamous, and every body conſiders you as ſuch; if you were to deny it who would believe you? Would your own fellow-citizens? (for thoſe we ſhould aſk firſt,) they have known you from your youth upwards, they remember your connection with that vile ſoldier, who did what he pleaſed with you, and then threw you off, like an old tattered garment, to ſhift for yourſelf. They remember, too, your ſhewing yourſelf a brave youth at the head of a company of comedians, and playing the part of the prologue, when dreſſed in a fine habit, with golden ſlippers, and a garland in your hand, you were ſent on the ſtage to intreat the favour of the audience, and met with prodigious applauſe; though now it ſeems you are an orator and a ſophiſt; when they hear this they will fancy, as they do in the * tragedy, and well indeed they may, that they ſee two ſuns, and a double Thebes, and cry out immediately, is this he? what will he be hereafter? but you very prudently withdrew yourſelf from your friends, and from your country alſo, though undoubtedly the fineſt ſpot in all Phœnicia. You do not chuſe any connection with people who can remember and put you in mind of paſt times; and yet what ſhould you be afraid of? I am told you have very large poſſeſſions amongſt them, and a little tower of your own, ſo capacious, that Diogens's tub is the throne of Jove in compariſon with it; in ſhort, you will never perſuade your fellow-citizens to look upon you in any other light than as one of the vileſt of men, and a diſgrace to your country. I could bring, perhaps, more teſtimony from Syria againſt you; Antioch was a witneſs of your behaviour to the young woman you ran away with from Tarſus: but theſe are things which I bluſh to enter into, there were too many there who ſaw you: theſe are circumſtances which I ſuppoſe you have totally forgot. The Ægyptians, whom after all your exploits in Syria you fled for ſhelter to, when you were purſued by the taylors, that had lent you fine cloaths, which you ſold by the way to pay your charges, they

* *Tragedy.*] See Eurip. Bacch. v. 915.

Et ſolem geminum, et duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas.

Virg. Æn. iv. v. 470.

See alſo Dryden's Oedipus.

alſo

alſo are no ſtrangers to your character: but know you full as well: nor ſee I any reaſon why Alexandria ſhould yield to Antioch in this reſpect; your debauchery, indeed, was there ſtill more open, your behaviour more infamous, and bare-faced. One perſon, and one only, believed you innocent, took your word for it, and ſupported you, a Roman of the firſt diſtinction, I need not mention his name, as every body knows whom I mean, nor what he ſuffered from his connection with you; when he found you in a certain ſituation with a certain perſon, what think you was his opinion; did he believe you to be innocent when he caught you in the very fact? he could not, unleſs he had been blind; but he ſhewed what he thought of you, by turning you out of doors, and when you were gone out of his houſe, they ſay, took care to have it purified after ſuch pollution.

Achaia and all Italy is full of your noble deeds, and the renown you have acquired by them: may you reap the fruits of it! I can only ſay, which is moſt indiſputable, that thoſe who now wonder at what you do in Epheſus, will wonder no longer, when they hear what you have done before: with regard to women, I find you have learned ſomething new.

And does not ſuch a man deſerve the name of Apophras? But what can you mean, after all your iniquities, by offering to ſalute us, eſpecially thoſe who know you, and who have had enough from your mouth already, your rough voice, barbarous phraſes, every thing, in ſhort, that is diſſonant, uncouth, and inharmonious; but from a kiſs, above all, heaven defend us! rather would I have one from a viper or a ſcorpion; from them we might expect a bite or pain, which, perhaps, a phyſician could remove; but from the poiſon of thy kiſſes, what altar, or what temple ſhould ever ſave us? After ſuch infection, what god would liſten to our prayers? How many ſprinklings, and ablutions, how many rivers would be neceſſary to waſh away the ſtain?

How can ſuch a fellow as you pretend to laugh at the language of others? For my own part, ſo far from denying that I made uſe of the word Apophras, I ſhould be aſhamed of not being intimately acquainted with it; but when you talk of * ſyllable-meaſurers, and wörd-crackers, of people that are trifling-manner'd, when, inſtead of ſaying you want to go to Athens, you tell us that you Athenize, that ſuch a man is flower-crowned, and the

* *Syllable-meaſurers, &c.*] The epithets and expreſſions here alluded to, are probably thoſe which Timarchus made uſe of in the ſpeech above hinted at, as mentioned by Elenchus.

like,

like, nobody is to find fault with you. Mercury make an end of thee and thy words together! ſay I, for where, in the name of Fortune, couldeſt thou pick them up? From the works of ſome † Ialemus, I ſuppoſe, in ſome dirty corner, full of ruſt and ſpiders; or, perhaps, from the tablets of Philænis, which you always have by you, and which may come very properly from ſuch a mouth as your's. And, now I talk of that, what if your tongue ſhould call you to account, and thus reproach you for the injuries you have done to it! "I took thee up (it might ſay), thou ungrateful wretch, poor and miſerable, without bread to eat, and taught thee to flouriſh upon the ſtage, made thee a Ninus, a Metiochus, and, moreover, an Achilles alſo; did I not afterwards nouriſh and ſupport thee as a ſyllable-monger, to teach ſchool-boys? have not I lately enabled thee to repeat other people's ſpeeches, and become a ſophiſt, acquiring honour and reputation which thou hadſt no right to? and doſt thou now, after all, reward me thus, by employing me in the meaneſt offices, in low and filthy converſation? Was it not enough to make me every day tell lies for thee, vent falſe oaths, talk nonſenſe, and repeat ſo many ridiculous ſpeeches? and now thou wilt not ſuffer me to lie quiet even of nights, but force me to play the fool: forgetting I am a tongue, and making uſe of me as a hand, to do all thy dirty work for thee, treat me after all, like a ſtranger, and put a thouſand affronts upon me. My buſineſs is only to talk, and not to perform offices which other members were deſigned for by nature: would to heaven I were cut out, as Philomela's was! for happier are even the tongues of thoſe who have devoured their own children than I am."

Now, by the gods, if that ſame tongue of thine ſhould ſpeak for itſelf, and, calling in thy beard to its aid, ſhould thus addreſs thee, what anſwer couldeſt thou make? The ſame, I ſuppoſe, as you did to Glaucas, when he reproached you for a certain crime, that by this means you would ſoon become conſpicuous, and univerſally admired. You are, indeed, conſpicuous enough, and to be talked of, be it in any manner whatſoever, is, no doubt, at leaſt in your opinion, moſt deſireable. You might then tell him all the names you have gone by in your travels; I marvel much, whilſt you are not offended at them, you ſhould be ſo angry with the appellation of poor Apophras.

† *Ialemus.*] A famous, or rather infamous poet, diſtinguiſhed by the badneſs of his verſes; whence, Ialemo frigidior, more frigid than Ialemus, paſſed into a proverbial expreſſion; and the word ιαλεμος, turned into an adjective, according to Heſychius, ſignifies ſtupid, dull, unhappy, or good for nothing.

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In Syria you were called Rhodo-Daphne, or the Laurel-Roſe; for what reaſon, (ſo Pallas help me!) I bluſh to mention; in ſilence, therefore, for me, let it ever remain: in Palæſtine you went by the name of the Briar, on account, I ſuppoſe, of the briſtles in your beard; for then you uſed to ſhave: in Ægypt they called you Quinſey, and properly enough, for you were very near being choaked by the ſailor who ſet upon you. The Athenians, indeed, went no round about way to deſcribe you, but only added one letter to your name, and called you * A-Timarchus; you deſerved, indeed, ſome little addition to that title. In Italy you acquired the heroic appellation of a Cyclops, when you acted over again Homer's fabulous hiſtory, and lay, like another luſtful Polypheme, with the cup in your hand; whilſt a youth, hired for the occaſion, carrying a pointed ſpear, played Ulyſſes, and ſtruck at your eye,

† The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,

Soon it

‡ Craſh'd all his jaws, and left the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.

You, Cyclops like, ſuffered him to wound your cheek; or, like another Charybdis, looked as if you could have ſwallowed him up, veſſel, ſails, mariners, and all together (when one is talking of you, one muſt rant a little): numbers of people ſaw you in this condition; and after all, in excuſe for your frolic, you ſaid next day you were drunk, and made the wine your apology for it.

With ſo many, and ſuch great names as theſe belonging to you, why ſhould you be aſhamed of Apophras only? How feel you, when even the common people ſay you have got the § Leſbian and Phœnician diſorder? But, perhaps, you are ignorant of this too, or imagine that they mean to pay you a compliment by it, or are theſe well known and familiar to you, and Apophras alone blotted out of your catalogue? I am ſufficiently reveng-

* *A-Timarchus*] His name was Timarchus, and they called him A-Timarchus, quaſi, Ατιμων Αρχος, the Prince of Raſcals, a kind of pun in the original. The addition, which Lucian ſays he wanted, was the ων. As puns are untranſlateable, the mere Engliſh reader cannot well ſee the humour of this title.

† *The jav'lin*, &c.] See Homer's Iliad, A. 233.

‡ *Craſh'd*, &c.] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 354.

§ *Leſbian*.] The Leſbians and Phœnicians were remarkably guilty of a certain horrid and unnatural crime, which the Greeks very properly ſtyled ἀῤῥητον μιξιν, a connection not fit to be mentioned, and yet it was univerſally practiſed.

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ed of you, even the women, it ſeems, know your character; for, but the other day, when you wanted to get you a wife at Cyzicus, the woman, who was well acquainted with all your pranks, ſaid, "I ſhall hardly take one for a huſband, who ſeems to want a huſband himſelf."

And after all this, do you pretend to criticiſe, and find fault with others? but you certainly have a right, for we can, none of us, talk like you: who would venture as you did, to aſk for a trident inſtead of a ſword, to kill three adulterers? or, when talking of Theopompus's judgment of Tricaranus, would ſay, he deſtroyed the principal cities with a three-pointed oration, or that he had tridented Greece, and was a Cerberus in language; with a hundered other abſurdities of this kind, which are not worth † repeating. * *

What poverty might, perhaps, have driven you to, I ſhall paſs over, nor would I reproach any body for it: if a man receives a certain depoſit from a friend, and ſhould afterwards, being half-ſtarved, ſwear that he never received it; if he begs of one, borrows of another, ſteals cloaths and ſells them, I ſay nothing, it would be cruel to rob a poor man of his bread; but, for this ſame poor man to ſquander away the fruits of his diſhoneſt dealing in riot and debauchery, is intolerable. For one thing, indeed, you merit ſome praiſe, nor can I help admiring your ingenuity, when practiſing the ſame art as * Tiſias, you paſſed for him, and ‡ rooked old Corvus out of § thirty aurei, who paid his five hundred and fifty drachmas with pleaſure, for a book recommended to him by ſo renowned a ſophiſt.

I had a great deal more to ſay, but ſhall ſpare you for the preſent, and only give you this advice: in your drunken frolics, do what you pleaſe to yourſelf, but trouble me no more; there is no being under the ſame roof, or eating and drinking with ſuch fellows as you; and, above all, let us have none of your kiſſes, which are rather what one may call Apophras, ill-omened, and unlucky: let me adviſe you withal, never more to perfume your bald pate; if you are ill, you muſt take care of your old body, but if not, what ſignifies tampering with it for the vileſt purpoſes; grey hairs are a bad

† *Repeating.*] Two or three lines are here omitted, containing verbal criticiſms on ſome abſurd phraſes and expreſſions made uſe of by Timarchus in his ſpeech, which, as confined to the Greek language, and the pronunciation of it, could not be tranſlated.

* *Tiſias.*] One of the firſt ſophiſts, as mentioned by Ariſtotle, περι ελεγχων σοφις ιχων.

‡ *Rooked.*] Tiſias, who wrote a book on rhetoric, was a diſciple of Corax, on which name a pun will be found in the original by the learned reader, which is not quite loſt in the tranſlation.

§ *Thirty aurei.*] Which is the ſame as five hundred and fifty drachmas.

cover

cover for wickedneſs and impurity, ſpare them, I beg, and particularly your beard; and when you practiſe your debaucheries, let it be by night, for in the day time it is ſavage, ſhocking, and abominable.

You ſee, my friend, how much better it had been for you not to have * moved Camarina, rouſed a ſleeping lion, or laugh'd at my Apophras, which may chance to render your whole life ill-omen'd and deteſtable. But, perhaps, you ſtill think I might have ſaid more, and I have more at your ſervice; as long as it is in my power, you ſhall never want your reward; ſo infamous a proſtitute as you, ſhould not dare to look up at a man: but you will ſay I talk in riddles to you, for you know not half the titles which your vile character has loaded you with: I would mention a few of them, but Apophras is already doubly and trebly revenged of you; you have deſerved it all. And, as the celebrated † Euripides ſays,

Vice, folly, ign'rance, and a ſland'rous tongue,
Still meet at laſt with bitterneſs and woe.

* *Camarina.*] A lake near the city of Camarina, in Sicily; in the time of drought the ſtench of this lake produced a peſtilence; the inhabitants on this conſulted the oracle whether they ſhould drain it: the oracle adviſed them μη κινειν Καμαρινην, not to remove Camarina, the people notwithſtanding drained the lake, and by that means opened a way for their enemies to come and plunder their city. Hence the proverb here alluded to, ne moveas Camarinam, do not touch or move Camarina, that is, do not remove one evil to bring on a greater. It has, pretty nearly at leaſt as here applied, the ſame ſenſe as the motto to the Thiſtle, of, Noli me tangere.

† *Euripides.*] See Bacch. v. 385.

ENCOMIUM ON A HOUSE.

It was cuſtomary, in LUCIAN's *Time, for the Rhetoricians, or Orators by Profeſſion, to declaim on any given Subject at the Command of their Superiors, either in public or private; and to this we may attribute the following Declamation, in Praiſe of ſome Houſe (whoſe it was we know not), probably by Deſire of the Maſter and his Friends, before whom the Orator was to ſhew his Skill, by an extempore Speech on the Occaſion. It is written, more eſpecially the firſt Part of it, in a Kind of flowing meaſured Proſe, approaching to Blank Verſe, and much reſembling the Style of Lord* SHAFTESBURY. *The whimſical change of Perſons, and* LUCIAN's *anſwering himſelf in the latter Part of this little Piece, one cannot ſo eaſily account for. The whole, however, is ſingular and entertaining, particularly the Deſcription of the Pictures in the Concluſion.* LUCIAN *(for this Piece is undoubtedly his), had a warm and poetical Imagination, and ſeems here more peculiarly to indulge it; I have therefore adopted his Style, and endeavour'd to give the Tranſlation that Glow of poetical Colouring which the Reader of Taſte cannot fail to obſerve and admire in the Original.*

SO delightful did the charming Cydnus appear to Alexander, its ſtream ſo bright and pleaſant, ſo refreſhing in a hot ſummer, though ſwift not rapid, and though deep not dangerous, that he could not refrain from bathing in it, nor would he deny himſelf the pleaſure, though he contracted a diſorder by indulging himſelf in it: and ſhall not the ſight of a noble palace, beautiful to the eye, light, chearful, and magnificent, ſhining with gold, and adorned with the fineſt pictures, inſpire a man (eſpecially an orator by profeſſion,) to diſtinguiſh himſelf by ſome deſcription of it, ſome encomium on it, to make himſelf known, and, like his ſubject, to become conſpicuous? away with all ſuch as only look over and admire without praiſing; to be ſilent is injurious; it looks like envy and ill-nature; it ill becomes the man of taſte, who is ſmitten with the love of all that is great and beautiful. It ſhews a ſtupid ruſticity, a diſregard for merit, and a contempt of the Muſes themſelves, not to know that the learned and the unlearned conſider ſpectacles of this kind in very different lights: one is contented to look round, and lift up the hand with admiration, to gaze in ſilence at every thing, as if afraid, that all they could ſay in praiſe of it, would be leſs than

it

it deſerved: whilſt the other, who underſtands that beauty which he admires, is not ſatisfied with feaſting his eyes alone, cannot bear to be a dumb ſpectator, but will endeavour, with all his powers, to deſcribe and point out the beauties of a ſight ſo noble and delightful.

Nor is general praiſe alone ſufficient; like that of the * young man, who ſo admired the palace of Menelaus, and compared its ivory and gold to the beauties of heaven, as he had ſeen nothing on earth that was equal to it. The beſt way of praiſing it, is to exert our eloquence in its favour on the very ſpot, and before the moſt approved judges; and ſurely a beautiful houſe, filled with admirers of the building, is the fitteſt place for ſuch an encomium; where the voice, as in caverns, is driven back, dwells on, as it were, with pleaſure, and repeats what is ſaid in an elegant and muſe-like reiteration: as it often happens amongſt the high and craggy rocks, where the ſound of the ſhepherd's pipe is reverberated. The vulgar tell us, that Echo is a nymph who inhabits there, and anſwers the ſinger from her cave. The ſubject, doubtleſs, muſt animate and inſpire the ſpeaker; its beauty paſſes through the eye into the ſoul, elevating and adorning the diſcourſe. The ſight of the armour, we know, ſtirred up Achilles againſt the Trojans, and when he tried them on, they gave wings to his courage, and rouſed him to the combat. And ſhall not, in like manner, the beauty of this place, inſpire an orator with eloquence to ſing its praiſes? The ſhade of beauteous plane-trees, the green turf, and clear fountains of Ilyſſus, were propitious to the great Socrates; there ſported he with his Phædrus, there confuted Lyſias, there invited the Muſes to follow him to his retreat, and teach him to talk of love; nor did the old man bluſh to call in virgins to aſſiſt him: ſurely then, to a ſpot ſo charming as this, they will come uninvited.

We boaſt not here of ſhades and plane-trees only; Ilyſſus we leave far behind us, and even the palace of the Perſian monarch, which was admirable only for its riches, without art, beauty, or proportion; though ſhining with gold and treaſures, which the ſpectator beheld with envy, and the maſter was deemed happy to poſſeſs; but it had no real merit: the Arſacidæ never ſtudied the beautiful, nor cared whether the beholder was pleaſed and ſatisfied, they only wiſhed to ſee him ſtruck with aſtoniſhment; for the Barbarians conſult finery and ſhew, much more than elegance and beauty. But this charming manſion is ill-ſuited to Barbarian eyes, to Perſian pomp, or kingly

* *Young man.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, Δ. 1. 71.

pride; it calls for the admiration of no vulgar ſpectator, but of the taſteful and ingenious, who relies not on his ſight, but on his judgment; it looks towards the early, which is, doubtleſs, the moſt beautiful part of the day, and fronts the riſing ſun, receiving at its open doors an abundance of light. Thus the ancients always built their temples. The length, breadth, and height of the apartments, are conſtructed in due and regular proportion; the windows large, and diſpoſed according to the various ſeaſons of the year, all admirably contrived, both for pleaſure and convenience; in the cieling are no ſuperfluous ornaments, nothing can be found fault with; the gold and decorations, not heaped on, but uſed with judgment and diſcretion. Like a beautiful but modeſt woman, who ſets off her charms with a ſmall necklace, a pretty ring on her finger, or ear-rings in her ears, a fillet to bind her flowing hair, or a buckle to faſten her zone; theſe add grace to the form, as purple to a garment: whilſt harlots, eſpecially if they are not over handſome, will have their garments all purple, and necklace all gold to heighten their charms, endeavouring to ſupply their want of beauty by ſomething external, that may attract and delight; they think that arm muſt be thought white, that is covered with gold; and that the foot, which is not ſo well made, may be well concealed by a golden ſlipper; and that the face itſelf will appear more agreeable, if their whole dreſs is ſplendid and magnificent. They always, therefore, adorn themſelves in this manner; but the modeſt and delicate fair one, makes uſe only of ſo much gold and jewels as is neceſſary and ſufficient, nor will ſhe bluſh to ſhew her beauty naked and unadorned. In like manner, this houſe, which is beautiful in itſelf, has only ſo much ornament as is neceſſary and becoming, interſperſed here and there: as the ſtars appear in the heavens at proper diſtances, for if the whole was one blaze of light, it would not be pleaſing, but terrible to us; even ſo the gold here is not ſuperfluous, or put on merely for ſhew and finery, but ſhines with a ſoft and pleaſing ſplendour, diffuſing a redneſs over the whole; for when the light ſtrikes in upon the gold, the colours blend together, and form a kind of double day. The upper parts of this palace, are ſuch, indeed, as call for the pen of Homer to deſcribe them; he, perhaps, would ſay, * it was lofty — like the bed of Helen, or † like Olympus ſplendid.— The pictures on the walls, and the other ornaments, the beauty of the

* *It was, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, Δ. l. 121.

† *Like Olympus, &c.*] See Iliad, A. l. 532.

colours,

colours, with the truth, accuracy, and judgment conſpicuous throughout, might, perhaps, be properly compared to the firſt appearance of the ſpring, or a mead diverſified with flowers, were it not that theſe ſoon fade and decay, whilſt this houſe is a perpetual ſpring, an everlaſting flower that never fades or decays; the ſight alone reſts on its ſweets, but cannot defile or deſtroy them.

Who can help dwelling on ſuch beauties with rapture, and endeavouring to celebrate them as they deſerve? for, that which we ſee, it is a diſgrace not to imitate; the ſight of what is truly excellent, brings with it a thouſand incitements to the practice of equal perfection, not in man alone, but in every creature. The horſe bounds with more pleaſure over the ſoft plain, that yields to his foot, nor reſiſts his preſſing hoof; then does he put forth all his ſtrength, runs ſwiftly on, and vies, as it were, with the earth he treads on, in beauty and perfection. In the early part of ſpring, when the meadows are green, and the flowers appear in their brighteſt colours; the peacock ſpreads his wings to the ſun, briſtles up his tail, diſplays his flowers alſo, and ſeems to rival the field in beauty; he ſtruts round and round, admiring his own ſplendour, whilſt the light changes the colours, and breaks them into various tints that blend with, and ſucceed each other; above all, in thoſe beautiful circles which riſe at the extremity of his body, and repreſent the rainbow in every one of them: the leaſt change of ſituation turns the braſs into gold, or gives the purple, when ſhaded from the ſun, a greeniſh hue; as the light varies, the feathers are varied alſo. How doth the ſea, when it is ſmooth and calm, attract and invite us! he who has never been from land, and knows nothing of ſailing, wiſhes to get on board, to quit the ſhore, and launch into the ocean; eſpecially if he ſees the ſails filled by propitious gales, and the veſſel, with a ſoft and eaſy motion, gliding through the waves.

Thus, alſo, muſt the beauty of this houſe animate and inſpire every orator who would wiſh to celebrate and deſcribe it: for that purpoſe came I hither, attracted, as it were, by a Syren's voice, and flattering myſelf, that, however rude my ſpeech hath hitherto been on ſuch a ſubject, it will appear excellent; thus cloathed, it muſt be handſome.

But I am interrupted and contradicted, it ſeems, by another orator, a powerful one too, who ſays, I am wrong in aſſerting that the beauty of the houſe, adorned like this, with gold and pictures, muſt inſpire the ſpeaker with

with ſuperior eloquence, for that the contrary to this might often happen: but let him ſpeak for himſelf, and prove, if he can, that the worſe and more contemptible the place is, the better it would be for the orator. As to myſelf, you have heard what I ſaid, and I need not repeat it; I ſhall be ſilent, therefore, and give place to him for a while, let him come forth and give you his opinion.

* Thus, then, he begins:

The orater, noble judges, who lately addreſſed you, has expatiated largely on the beauties of this houſe; ſo far am I from condemning him, that I only mean to ſpeak of thoſe things which he had omitted; and to ſhew, that the more agreeable he hath been, the more aſtoniſhing it is, and contrary to what might have been expected. And firſt, as he has mentioned the ornaments which women make uſe of, their gold and jewels, permit me to make the ſame compariſon: I aſſert, that they not only never appear the handſomer for them, but that, on the other hand, men are ſo ſtruck with the finery, that, inſtead of admiring their fine eyes, complection, necks, arms, or fingers, they neglect them, and only look at the necklace, the emerald, or the cornelian; inſomuch, that the fair one has reaſon to be angry with her dreſs, for preventing the ſpectators from praiſing and admiring her. And the ſame, I think, muſt always happen to him, who would ſhew his eloquence amongſt great and magnificent objects; whatever he ſays, is loſt, ſwallowed up, and obſcured: it is like throwing a candle into the fire, or ſhewing a piſmire before a camel or an elephant: an orator, therefore, ſhould avoid it. Add to this, that the voice is buried in a large and ſonorous building, which reverberates the ſound, beats it back on the ſpeaker, or, rather, is entirely loſt and confounded, as the flute would be by the trumpet, if they were played on at the ſame time; or the pilot's ſong by the waves of the ſea. That the ſpeaker would be animated and inſpired by the beauty of the houſe, as my opponent maintained, is, in my opinion, falſe and abſurd; the direct contrary is true: for it would only alarm, and intimidate him, when he came to conſider what a diſgrace it muſt be to him, if, in ſuch a place, the

* *Thus then, &c.*] There is no way of accounting for this ſudden and unexpected change of perſons, but by ſuppoſing that the orator, on theſe occaſions, to ſhew his dexterity, after arguing on one ſide, took up the other, to convince his audience that, as Hudibras ſays, he

Cou'd ſtill change ſides, and ſtill confute.

Lucian, however, ſoon quitted the fooliſh occupation of a rhetorician, and turned his genius towards that manly ſatire for which he was afterwards ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed.

merit

merit of his oration did not anſwer to the dignity of the ſubject; his faults would then be but the more conſpicuous: like a man in beautiful armour flying before the enemy, whoſe cowardice, on that very account, would be more taken notice of. This * Homer's great orator ſeemed convinced of, who attended not in the leaſt to external beauty, but even aſſumed the character of the moſt ignorant and unſkilful of men, that what he ſaid might appear more worthy of admiration. The ſpeaker, moreover, cannot himſelf refrain from admiring the ſpectacle, which muſt prevent his attention to the diſcourſe; and when thus employed, how can it otherwiſe happen, but that he muſt ſpeak the worſe for it! I need not add, that in a houſe like this, the company is more generally inclined to ſee than to hear: not a Demodocus, a Phemius, or a Thamyris, no, nor even an Orpheus or Amphion, would have eloquence enough to draw aſide their attention to the ſpectacle, nor ſurrounded by ſuch beauty, would one of them liſten to the ſpeech, but continue gazing at the ſight; unleſs he chanced to be blind, or the aſſembly met at night, like the council of † Areopagus. How much ſuperior fine objects are to fine words, the fable of the Syrens and Gorgons ſufficiently points out to us; the Syrens, we know, by their ſweet ſongs, detained many, and ſtopped their journey, ſome, however, ſailed by, and never liſtened to them; but the beauty of the Gorgons was ſo exquiſite, that it took poſſeſſion of the ſoul, ſtruck the beholders dumb, and bereaved them of their ſenſes; the fable even tells us they were turned into ſtone. What your firſt orator ſaid about the peacock, certainly favours my argument, and not his, for it is his appearance, and not his voice, that delights us; and if you were to get a ſwan or a nightingale to ſing whilſt he was preſent, the attention would be fixed on him, and nobody would mind the muſic: ſo ſuperior is that pleaſure which ariſeth from the ſight to every other.

But I will bring a witneſs, and a moſt reſpectable one, who ſhall bear

* *Homer's, &c.*] Ulyſſes.

† *Areopagus.*] It is remarkable that in the Areopagus, or grand Athenian court of juſtice, the judges heard and determined all cauſes at night, and in the dark, to the end, ſays Potter, that having neither ſeen the plaintiff nor defendant, they might lay under no temptation of being biaſſed or influenced by them. Though the cuſtom is whimſical, there is ſomething right in the cauſe here aſſigned for it. By the ſame method of reaſoning, a modern juſtice of peace ſhould be blind. Thoſe, however, amongſt us, who are acquainted with the true character of the preſent Sir John Fielding, have a much better reaſon than this for admiring him, as they will not perhaps, find in any other magiſtrate, ancient or modern, an equal degree of penetration and ſagacity, joined to ſo much honour and integrity.

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teſtimony for me, that things ſeen are much more powerful than things heard. Crier, call in Herodotus; and here he is, let him ſtand forth and give his evidence; he will talk to you, as his cuſtom is, in his own Ionic dialect. Thus it runs, " * What he has ſaid, O judges, is true, and you may believe him when he aſſerts that the ſight is preferable to the hearing, for the eye is always leſs faithful than the ear." You hear what the witneſs ſays, and it is certainly true, for words have † wings, they fly off as ſoon as they come forth, and are no more; but the pleaſure ariſing from what we ſee is ſolid and permanent: muſt not then a palace like this, ſo beautiful, and ſo alluring, dazzle and confound the ſpeaker? and of this you are yourſelves the ſtrongeſt proof: for whilſt I have been ſpeaking, you were all employed in admiring the ſtructure, gazing at the roof, and turning your eyes towards every picture: nor need you be aſhamed of it: we muſt excuſe you; amidſt ſuch a variety of beauties, if you have any feeling, it is unavoidable, for the workmanſhip is excellent, Hiſtory and Antiquity unite their charms to allure you, and demand attention from every ſpectator of taſte and judgment.

" But that you may not quite forſake me, I will endeavour to deſcribe them; what it gives you ſo much pleaſure to ſee, cannot be diſagreeable in the recital; I doubt not but you will even commend and prefer me to my rival, for thus pointing out the beauties, and doubling your delight. I have undertaken, you muſt own, an arduous taſk, thus, without pencil or colours, to diſplay and illuſtrate ſuch a variety of charming images; this painting by words is weak and inadequate.

" ‡ Obſerve then, as you enter on the right hand, a piece of Greek and Ethiopian hiſtory; Perſeus ſlaying the monſter, and freeing Andromache, whom he afterwards marries; in another part is repreſented his flight to the Gorgons; the artiſt hath contrived in a ſmall picture to exhibit a variety of objects. The fear and modeſty of the virgin, who overlooks the conteſt from a high rock, the bold enterprize of the lover, and the terrible appearance of

* *What he has ſaid, &c.*] See Herodot. lib. viii, p. 3.

† *Words, &c.*] Homer frequently calls them ἔπεα πτερόεντα, winged words.

‡ *Obſerve then, &c.*] Moſt of the pictures here deſcribed ſeem to ſhew no inconſiderable ſhare of taſte and genius in the compoſition of them; how they were executed we cannot poſſibly tell, but by the grouping at the figures, and the manner of telling the fable, we may be aſſured that the art of painting had, in Lucian's time, attained to great perfection. Some of the ſubjects are, perhaps, worthy the conſideration of our ingenious modern artiſts.

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the dragon, with dreadful ſcales, and jaws gaping wide, and ruſhing upon him. Perſeus holds the Gorgon ſhield in his left hand, and in his right a ſword, with which he pierces one ſide of the monſter, whilſt the other, which is oppoſite to Meduſa, is turned into ſtone.

Beyond this you ſee another picture expreſſive of the divine juſtice: the ſubject of it ſeems to have been borrowed by the painter from Sophocles or Euripides, who deſcribe the circumſtance in a manner very ſimilar to it. Two youths, Pylades the Phocian, and Oreſtes his friend, ſuppoſed to have been dead ſome time, hide themſelves in the palace, and are repreſented in the act of killing Ægyſthus. Clytemneſtra, already ſlain, lies on the bed half-naked, the ſervants are ſtanding round in the utmoſt confuſion, ſome as crying out, others looking round to ſee which way they can eſcape: the painter has, with great judgment, ſhewn only what ought to be ſhewn, and paſſed over the repreſentation of what had been before committed; deſcribing and dwelling on the murther of the adulterer.

Next to theſe you may obſerve a † beautiful god, and a handſome young man: the picture is a kind of love tale. Branchus ſits upon a rock, with a hare in his hand, which he holds out to a dog, who is leaping up at it. Apollo ſtands by, and ſeems delighted to ſee the boy playing with the hare, and the dog trying to catch it from him.

In another picture is Perſeus again, with the dragon, Meduſa's head cut off, and Minerva defending the hero: he does not look, whilſt he performs the deed, on Meduſa, except by the reflection from his ſhield, as well knowing how dear it would coſt him to fix his eyes directly upon her.

In the middle of the wall, oppoſite to the door, is the temple of Minerva, with a ſtatue of the goddeſs in white marble, not in a warlike habit, but in a garb ſuitable to a martial deity making peace.

Next to this is another Minerva, not a ſtatue, but a picture; Vulcan is deſcribed as a lover in purſuit of her; ſhe flies: from this we are to attribute the birth of ‡ Erichthonius.

† *Beautiful god.*] Apollo.

‡ *Erichthonius.*] In illâ colluctatione, (ſays the pious Lactantius) Vulcanum profudiſſe aiunt ſemen, unde natus ſit Erichthonius.

Beyond this is a very ancient piece, of * Orion blind, carrying Cedalion, who ſhews him the way to the light; the Sun riſing cures him of his blindneſs. Vulcan ſees the whole from Lemnos.

And now comes ‡ Ulyſſes feigning madneſs, to excuſe himſelf from going on the expedition with the Atridæ: the ambaſſadors are inviting him, his excuſe is plauſible, his chariot, his horſes of different colours, his pretended ignorance of every thing to be done; but the boy diſcovers him. Palamedes, underſtanding how the affair was, ſnatches away Telemachus, feigns himſelf in a violent rage, draws his ſword, and threatens to kill him. Ulyſſes is alarmed and terrified, drops his diſſembled character, puts on the father, and is reſtored to his ſenſes immediately.

The laſt picture is Medea, enflamed with jealouſy, looking fiercely at her children, as if meditating ſomething dreadful, and with a ſword in her hand; the little ones, ignorant of their future fate, ſit with ſmiling countenances, and whilſt they ſee her holding the ſword over them, ſeem pleaſed and happy.

And now, judges, do ye not perceive that all this muſt draw aſide the attention of the audience, and leave the orator unnoticed and alone? What I have now ſaid was not with any deſign to prejudice my opponent in your opinion, but only that I might convince you how difficult a taſk we had both undertaken, and to perſuade you, if poſſible, to liſten to us: even now you muſt be our friends rather than our judges, before you can think us equal to ſuch a ſubject: wonder not that I thus plead for my adverſary as well as for myſelf; ſo great is my regard for this houſe, I cannot but wiſh well to all, whoever they be, that ſpeak in praiſe of it.

* *Orion.*] The ſon of Neptune; he is repreſented as a giant, and is ſaid to have fallen in love with Merope, of the iſland of Chios, whoſe father, Oenopion, diſliking the match, contrived, when he was drunk, to put out his eyes, and leave him on the ſea ſhore, where meeting with a farmer's boy, he took him on his ſhoulders, by way of guide, to conduct him to the place where the ſun riſes; which, the ſtory adds, perfectly recovered his ſight, and gave him the opportunity of revenging himſelf on Oenopion. This accounts for the additional tale of his intrigue with Aurora, and the jealouſy of Diana, as mentioned by Homer.

† *Ulyſſes.*] This ſtory is too well known to want any illuſtration; it is a very good ſubject for a picture, and I would recommend it to that ingenious claſſical painter Signora Angelica Kaaffman.

ON

LONGEVITY.

This little Piece of LUCIAN's *is (to ſpeak in the Language of Painters), in his worſt Manner; being nothing more than an Enumeration of Perſons who were remarkable for the Length of their Lives. It was cuſtomary, it ſeems, at that Time, on the Birth-days of great Men, for Poets, Orators, and all the Herd of Flatterers to ſend them Compliments on the Occaſion. This is one which our Orator ſent to* QUINTILLUS, *who, with his Brother, was Præfect of* Greece, *under the Emperor* MARCUS AURELIUS, *whom he likewiſe takes the Opportunity of paying his court to. Though there is not much Wit or Humour in this Treatiſe on* Longevity, *I would recommend it to thoſe amongſt my Readers who uſe Spectacles, to whom it may probably afford ſome Conſolation.*

ACCEPT, moſt excellent Quintillus, as a ſmall tribute, my liſt of long-livers, which I was admoniſhed to preſent to you by a dream, that I had on that night when you gave a name to your ſecond ſon, when I prayed to the gods that both you and your children might live a long and happy life, well knowing that length of days to you would prove a bleſſing to all mankind, and particularly to me and mine: for to me alſo the dream ſeemed to preſage ſomething good; as it appeared, therefore, to be the will of the gods that I ſhould offer to you ſomething in my own way, and ſuitable to my profeſſion, on this auſpicious day, the day of your birth, I here ſend you an account of all thoſe who were remarkable for having lived long, and enjoyed health of body and mind; whence you may reap the double advantage, firſt, that of a chearful and well-founded hope that you may yourſelf arrive at a good old age, and ſecondly, the conviction you will receive from the examples which I will produce, that thoſe only can enjoy perfect health and long life, who take the greateſt care both of mind and body.

The life of Neſtor, the wiſeſt of the Greeks, was, according to Homer, extended to three times the natural age of man, and he is deſcribed as the model of induſtry and application. Tireſias alſo, as the tragedians inform us, lived more than ſix ages; and moſt probable it muſt be, that a man dedicated, as he was, to the ſervice of the gods, and inured to temperance and

ſobriety, ſhould attain to length of days. Whole nations of men are celebrated for their longevity, on account of their manner of living, as the Ægyptians, who were called * ſacred ſcribes; the Aſſyrians and Arabians, interpreters of myſteries; the Indian Brachmans, deeply ſkilled in philoſophy; thoſe who are called the Magi, prophets and holy men amongſt the Perſians, Parthians, Bactrians, Choramians, Sacians, Medes, with many other Barbarians; theſe were all remarkably long-lived and healthy, owing moſt probably to that temperance and abſtinence which their ſtudies obliged them to. Even at this time there are whole nations that live much longer than others; the Seres in particular, who are ſaid to extend life even to three hundred years: ſome attribute this longevity to the air, others to the ſoil, and others to their manner of living, for they drink, it is ſaid, nothing but water. Hiſtory tells us that the † Athotes alſo, frequently live to an hundred and thirty, and the Chaldæans to above a hundred, feeding on barley bread, which ſtrengthens the ſight, and makes their ſenſes quicker and more powerful than thoſe of other men.

But I have ſpoken hitherto only of thoſe people who, we are told, lived longer than others, either from the temperature of the air, their manner of living, or both together; it is neceſſary I ſhould alſo add, for your future hope and comfort, that in every climate, and in every air, men have frequently enjoyed long life, by the means of proper exerciſe, and uſing that diet which conduced moſt to health and ſtrength.

I ſhall divide my narrative into ſeveral parts, according to the ſeveral ranks of men, beginning with kings and leaders; happy to number amongſt them our own auguſt and pious emperor, whoſe life is the glory and happineſs of his people: theſe illuſtrious examples you may yourſelf hope to imitate, and by practiſing their temperance, inherit their longevity. Numa Pompilius, the moſt proſperous and happy of Roman kings, and who made the worſhip of the gods his peculiar care, is ſaid to have lived to fourſcore and upwards; and Servius Tullius, another king of the Romans, to the ſame age; and Tarquin, their laſt ſovereign, after his baniſhment to Cumæ, enjoyed life in perfect health for more than ninety years. I could mention many other kings, as well as the Roman, together with ſeveral perſons of inferior rank, both at Rome and in other parts of Italy, who lived to a great age. We

* *Sacred ſcribes.*] See Diodor. Sic. cap. xvi. n. 26.

† *Athotes.*] The inhabitants of mount Athos.

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muſt call in hiſtory to refute the opinion of thoſe who find fault with our air as unwholeſome, and which flatters us with the pleaſing hope that our prayers will be crowned with ſucceſs, and that the * lord of earth and ſeas, who is already far advanced, will long rule over this land, and attain to a great and happy old age. Arganthonius, king of the Tarteſſians, lived a hundred and fifty years, as we learn from Herodotus the hiſtorian, and the poet Anacreon; though by ſome the account is deemed fabulous. Demochares and Timæus tell us, that Agathocles, king of Sicily, died at ninety-five; we are informed likewiſe by Demetrius and others, that Hiero lived to ninety-two, after a reign of ſeventy years. Anteas, king of Scythia, died at ninety, fighting againſt Philip, on the banks of the Iſther. And Bardylis, ſovereign of the Illyrians, is ſaid to have fought on horſeback at the ſame age; and Teres, king of the Odryſians, as † Theopompus tells us, died at ninety-two. Antigonus Cocles, king of Macedonia, and ſon of Philip, fell in the battle with Seleucus and Lyſimachus, covered with wounds, when he was eighty one years old, as we are informed by Hieronymus, who accompanied him in that expedition, and who tells us alſo, that Lyſimachus, king of the Macedonians, fell in the war againſt Seleucus, when he was juſt fourſcore. Antigonus, ſon of Demetrius, and nephew of the one-eyed Antigonus, ruled over Macedon four-and-forty years, and lived to eighty, according to Medius and other writers; and Antipater, the ſon of Iolaus, a man of great power and authority, who was governor to many of the kings of Macedon, died upwards of eighty. Ptolemy of Lagus, the moſt proſperous prince of his time, poſſeſſed the kingdom of Egypt to the eighty-fourth year of his age, and two years before he died, reſigned it to his ſon Ptolemy Philadelphus, the only child who ſurvived him. Philotaurus, the eunuch, the firſt who acquired the kingdom of Pergamus, held it for a long time, and died at fourſcore; and Attalus, ſurnamed Philadelphus, another king of the ſame place, who was viſited by Scipio the Roman general, lived to the age of eighty-two. Mithridates, king of Pontus, ſurnamed the Builder, died, after his flight from Antigonus, at eighty-four, as Hieronymus and other writers inform us. The ſame hiſtorian ſays that Ariarathes, king of the Cappadocians, lived eighty-two years, and might probably have ſur-

* *Lord of the earth, &c.*] A pretty high ſtrained compliment; but we muſt remember it was paid to an emperor.

† *Theopompus.*] The celebrated hiſtorian.

vived

vived many more, if he had not been taken priſoner in the battle againſt Perdiccas, and condemned to the croſs. The Elder Cyrus, king of Perſia, according to the monumental inſcriptions, (and this is confirmed by Oneſicritus, who wrote the life of Alexander,) when he was a hundred years old, meeting with one of his friends, whom he had been long in ſearch of, and hearing from him that many perſons had been put to death by his ſon Cambyſes, who reported that it was done by order of his father, partly on account of his ſon's cruelty, and partly becauſe he had been himſelf accuſed of conniving with him, died of grief. Artaxerxes, ſurnamed Mnemon, on account of his extraordinary memory, whom the Younger Cyrus waged war with, died at eighty-ſix, Dinon ſays ninety-four. Another king of Perſia of the ſame name, who, as Iſidorus the hiſtorian reports, reigned in his time, was cut off by treaſon at the age of ninety-three, his brother Goſithres conſpiring againſt him. Simarthocles, king of the Parthians, on his return from Scythia, took poſſeſſion of his kingdom at fourſcore, and reigned ſeven years: and Tigranes, king of Armenia, who went to war with Lucullus, was eighty-five when he died. Hyſpaſines, who ruled over the Characians and other people bordering on the Red Sea, lived to the ſame age; and Tiræus, the third king from him, was carried off by a diſeaſe at ninety-two. Artabazus, the ſeventh ſovereign from Teræus, was brought into the kingdom by the Parthians at eighty-ſix, when he began his reign. Mnaſires, likewiſe, another king of that nation, lived to ninety-ſix. Maſiniſſa, king of Numidia, arrived at his ninetieth year. That Aſander, whom Auguſtus made governor of the Boſphorus, fought both on foot and horſeback at the age of ninety, and was inferior to none; three years after he ſtarved himſelf to death, being piqued at the citizens for deſerting him, and going over to Scribonius. Iſidorus, the Caracenian, tells us, that Goeſius, who was his cotemporary, and king of the Omanians in Arabia Felix, lived to a hundred and fifteen: theſe are all the princes whom hiſtory has celebrated for their longevity.

But as many philoſophers, and men of letters, who take more care of themſelves, have alſo lived to a great age, I ſhall endeavour, as far as any records will ſupply us with information, to enumerate them. And firſt, for the philoſophers: Democritus of Abdera, was turned of a hundred and four, when he voluntarily abſtained from all food, and died. Xenophilus, the muſician, and remarkable for his perfect knowlege of the Pythagorean ſyſtem,

tem, lived at Athens to the age of a hundred and five and upwards, as we are told by Ariſtoxenus. Solon, Thales, and Pittacus, three of the ſeven wiſe men, were each of them at leaſt a hundred years old. Zeno, the prince of Stoic philoſophers, at the age of ninety-eight, as he was coming into the ſchool, ſtumbled, we are told, and immediately cried out, * doſt thou call me? he then returned home, refuſed all manner of ſuſtenance, and died. Cleanthes, his diſciple and ſucceſſor, had an impoſtume in his lip when he was ninety-nine, and reſolved to die in the ſame manner; but receiving letters from his friends, requeſting him to do ſomething for them, he took a little ſuſtenance, performed what they required, then ſtarved himſelf, and died. Xenophanes, the ſon of Dexinus, a diſciple of Archelaus, the naturaliſt, lived to the age of ninety-one. Xenocrates, a ſcholar of Plato's, to eighty-four. Carneades, principal of the New Academy, to eighty-five; Chryſippus, fourſcore; and Diogenes, the Seleucian, a Stoic philoſopher, eighty-eight. Poſidonius, the philoſopher and hiſtorian, a native of Apamea in Syria, but afterwards made a citizen of Rhodes, died at eighty-four; and Critolaus, the Peripatetic, at eighty-two and upwards. The divine Plato lived to eighty-one. Athenodorus, of Tharſus, who was tutor to Auguſtus, and prevailed on him to exempt that city from all taxes, for which the Tharſians paid him annual worſhip as one of their heroes, died in his native country at eighty-two; and Neſtor, the Stoic of the ſame place, preceptor to Tiberius, at ninety-two. Xenophon alſo, the ſon of Gryllus, lived to upwards of ninety. Theſe were the famous philoſophers, who were remarkable for their longevity.

Amongſt the hiſtorians, the moſt extraordinary in this reſpect was Eteſibius, who is ſaid to have dropped down dead as he was walking, at the age of a hundred and twenty-four, according to Apollodorus. Hieronymus, a famous warrior, after receiving innumerable wounds, and a life of labour, lived to upwards of a hundred and four, as Agatharchides informs us in his ninth book of the Hiſtory of Aſia, where he expreſſes his admiration of a man who was able to perform all the offices of it, and had the uſe of his ſenſes, and was in perfect health, to the very laſt moment. Hellanicus, the Leſbian, lived to eighty-five; and Pherecydes Syrus to exactly the ſame age. Timæus, the Tauromenian, to ninety-ſix. Ariſtobulus, of Caſſandra, is ſaid to have lived till ninety, having begun to write his Hiſtory when he

* *Doſt thou, &c.*] Speaking to the earth.

was eighty-four, as he tells us himſelf in the preface to it. Polybius, ſon of Lycontas, the Megalopolitan, as he was coming out of the country, fell from his horſe, and contracted a diſorder which carried him off juſt on the day that completed his eighty-ſecond year; and Hypſicrates, the Amycenian, a writer, and a man of the deepeſt erudition, lived to the age of ninety-two.

Amongſt the orators, Gorgias, by ſome called the Sophiſt, died, by a voluntary abſtinence from all food, at a hundred and eight; when he was aſked what could be the cauſe of his living ſo long, and retaining his health and ſenſes to ſuch an extraordinary old age, he uſed to ſay, it was owing to his ſtaying at home, and not indulging at other men's tables. Iſocrates wrote his famous Panegyric at ninety-ſix; and in his ninety-ninth year, when he was told that Philip had beaten the Athenians at Chæronæa, he repeated, in a mournful tone, this verſe of Euripides, applying it to himſelf:

"* When Cadmus erſt his much-lov'd Sidon left,"

and then adding, that Greece henceforth would be reduced to ſlavery, he expired. Apollodorus, of Pergamus, the rhetorician and preceptor to Auguſtus Cæſar, together with Athenodorus, the philoſopher, of Tarſus, lived to the ſame age of eighty-two; and Potamon, an orator of ſome note, to ninety.

Amongſt the poets, Sophocles, the famous tragic writer, died at ninety-five, being choaked with a grape-ſtone: towards the cloſe of his life, †his ſon Iophon accuſed him publicly of being out of his ſenſes, when he produced before the judges his Oedipus Coloneus; a ſufficient proof of the ſoundneſs of his mind, inſomuch that the court beſtowed the higheſt encomiums on him, and condemned the ſon as a madman, in ſuppoſing his father to be ſo. Cratinus, the comic poet, lived to upwards of ninety, having juſt before gained the prize by his Pytine. Philemon alſo, another comic writer, laid himſelf down quietly on his bed, at the age of ninety-ſeven, and perceiving an aſs devouring the figs which had been brought for his own dinner, he called his ſervant, and ordered him to bring the aſs ſome wine, then burſt into a loud laugh which choaked him, and he died.

* *When Cadmus, &c.*] From the Phryxus of Euripides. The line is ſtill extant in the fragments, as publiſhed by Barnes; it is quoted alſo by Ariſtophanes.

† *His ſon*] See Cicero de Senectute. The ſtory is likewiſe told by Val. Maximus.

Epi-

Epicharmus likewiſe, another comic writer, is ſaid to have lived to the ſame age. Anacreon, the writer of ſongs, was eighty-five when he died; and Steſichorus, the ode-maker, of the ſame age. Simonides, the Cæan, was above ninety.

Amongſt the grammarians, Eratoſthenes, the Cyrenæan, ſon of Aglaus, who is mentioned by ſome not only as a grammarian but a poet, a geometrician, and a philoſopher, alſo lived to eighty-two. Lycurgus, the legiſlator of Sparta, is ſaid to have been eighty-five.

Theſe are all the princes and learned men whom I have been able to collect. I promiſed to give you an account of ſome Romans and Italians likewiſe, who were remarkably long-lived; but theſe, by *divine permiſſion, I propoſe, moſt venerable Quintillus, to mention in another treatiſe on this ſubject.

* *By divine permiſſion.*] Gr. Θεων βουλομενων, Diis volentibus, or, as the carriers ſay, God willing.

THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

This is a Kind of public Exerciſe or Declamation, probably ſpoken by LUCIAN *himſelf, or written by him for one of his Pupils, when he appeared in the Character of an Orator or Rhetorician. There is nothing very new or entertaining in this ſhort Piece: on a Subject ſo trite and hackneyed, one can no more expect Wit or Humour, than in a Birth Day Ode.* HUETIUS *will not allow it to be* LUCIAN'S.

IT is an old adage, that nothing is more pleaſing and delightful to every man than his own country; may we not add, that nothing is more venerable or more divine? for, ſurely, of whatever is noble, whatever is divine, our country is the firſt cauſe, the great miſtreſs, who taught, who encouraged, and who brought it to perfection. Many admire the extent, the ſplendour, and magnificence of other cities, but all love their own: no man, be he ever ſo fond of fine ſights abroad, is ſo led away or enchanted by them, as to forget his own home. He who boaſts of being born in a moſt noble and illuſtrious country, ſeems not to know the duty of a citizen; as, were it leſs illuſtrious, he would eſteem it leſs; but our own country, be it what it will, ſhould be honoured and eſteemed by us. When we compare cities one with another, we conſider the ſize, beauty, and commercial advantages of each: but, at the ſame time, no man would leave his own for the moſt ſplendid of them, but prefer it to all, though he might wiſh it were near to the moſt convenient and delightful. For thus it is with regard to good parents and dutiful children; no honeſt or virtuous young man prefers another to his father, nor will the good father embrace another child and neglect his own. On the other hand, ſo attached are parents to thoſe who ſpring from them, that their own children always appear the beſt, the moſt beautiful, and the moſt accompliſhed; and he who judges not thus of his ſon, ſeems not, to me, to have the eyes of a father.

One of the neareſt and deareſt of all names, is that of father, and ſo, doubtleſs, is that of our country: if we pay all honour and reſpect to a father, as nature and the laws require of us; to our country we owe ſtill greater,

as

as the father of the father's father, and every thing flowing from them, are a part of, and ſprung from our country: the relation aſcends even to the gods themſelves, who love and revere their country: the earth and ſeas, every thing human, we know, and believe, is under their care and inſpection; but they prefer that city which gave them birth, to every other. The countries of the gods are, doubtleſs, the moſt venerable; and thoſe iſlands moſt divine, in which are celebrated the birth-days of the deities, and the vows and ſacrifices offered there, are moſt acceptable to them. If the name of country, therefore, is dear even to the gods, how much more ſo ſhould it be to men?

In his own country every man firſt beheld the light of the ſun, and though that god ſhines equally on all, yet doth he ſeem to every one to belong to that peculiar place where he has the firſt view of him: there too he firſt began to liſp his native tongue; there firſt learned to worſhip the gods; even if a man was born in a place which he ſhould be obliged to quit for another where more knowlege might be acquired, yet is he not to deſpiſe it, but acknowlege himſelf indebted to his own country for the improvement, as to that he owed the knowlege that there was another city which he might repair to. For what purpoſe, indeed, do men ſearch after every kind of learning and knowlege, but that they may be ſervicable to their country, or acquire riches; but that they may ſupply the wants of the community? Doubtleſs, with the greateſt reaſon, thoſe who reap conſiderable benefits ſhould be grateful for them; if we return thanks to individuals for the favours which we receive from them, much more ſhould we repay what is due to our country. Ingratitude to parents, is puniſhable by the laws, and our country is our common parent whom we ſhould pay for our ſupport, by obedience to thoſe laws which ſhe hath framed for us. No man, I believe, was ever ſo totally unmindful of his own country, as, though ſettled in another, not to have a regard for it. Thoſe who meet with adverſe fortune, are perpetually calling to mind the bleſſings of their own country, and even thoſe with whom every thing proſpers, how happy ſoever they may be in other reſpects, ſtill lament that they are not at home; migration is a grief, as well as a reproach to all: and we conſtantly ſee, that even thoſe, who, in a foreign country have been diſtinguiſhed by rank and fortune, who have been celebrated for their learning or their valour, all haſten back to their own; they wiſh to ſhew their happineſs to none ſo much as to their fellow-citizens, and the

greater honours they receive, the more willing are they to return with them to their native country. The young are naturally fond of, and when they arrive at riper years, and have more sense and wisdom, they become still more attached to it: every old man wishes to finish his life where it began, to commend his body to the fostering earth from whence it came, and to sleep in the sepulchre of his fathers; such dread hath every man of being condemned to remain in a foreign land. How much a good citizen loves his country, the natives, and they alone can convince us; for strangers are considered but as bastards who wander about, satisfied with the necessaries or conveniencies of life, wherever they can meet with them, indulging, like brutes, in sensual gratifications, without either love for their country, or knowlege of it: whilst those who consider it as their mother, love the place of their nativity, be it ever so small, barren, or desolate; and though they cannot commend its fertility, still praise and value it as their country: when they see others boasting their extensive plains, and fertile meadows, yet will they not forget their own. * They despise the horse-breeding land, and praise that alone which bred and nourished themselves. He who is situated in the finest island, where they lead the happiest lives, still wishes to return home: nor will he accept of proffer'd immortality, chusing rather to be buried in his own country: the † smoke of his paternal roof is preferable to every foreign fire.

So dear to every man is his country, that legislators at all times, and in all places, have punished the most atrocious crimes with banishment, as the greatest evil which they could inflict on the offender: and generals, before a battle, always animate their soldiers by exhorting them to fight for their country; that name gives courage to the most fearful: who, indeed, can hear it and be a coward?

* *Despise.*] Gr. τον δε ἱπποτροφον ὑπερορωντες, κȣροτροφον επαινȣσι; despectâ equorum altrice terra, laudant suæ nutriculam pueritiæ. There is a quaint antithesis, we may observe here, both between the verb and the participle, and the two epithets, ἱπποτροφες, or horse-breeding, is opposed to κȣροτροφες. See Odyssey, Δ. 106.

† *The smoke.*] Alluding to these lines concerning Ulysses,

To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment could he close his eyes!

See Pope's Homer's Odyssey, b. i. l. 75.

DIP-

DIPSADES.

This is a familiar Letter of LUCIAN's *to a particular Friend (but who the Friend was we know not), giving him a curious Deſcription of a little Serpent called the* Dipſas, *which is found in the Deſarts of* Libya. *The Deſcription is lively and pictureſque, and the complimentary Turn at the End in the true Spirit of* LUCIAN, *and much the prettier for being quite unexpected.*

THE ſouthern parts of Libya are nothing but one immenſe plain or deſart, where the earth is burned up, and quite barren, without graſs, plant, or water upon it; in the hollows of rocks, indeed, you may ſometimes meet with the remnants of a ſhower, but it is thick, and of ſo fetid a ſmell, that no man can drink of it be he ever ſo thirſty, it is therefore uninhabited; who, indeed, can live in a place which is for ever dry, barren, and ſtinking, where there are perpetual vapours, and where the air is as hot as fire, and the burning ſands render the whole country impaſſable? the Garamantes alone, a ſavage people, who go thinly clad, and live in tents, are found there in winter time; when the ſand is hardened by the rains, and the heat a little abated, they watch the ſeaſon, and come to hunt wild aſſes, and oſtriches, that fly cloſe to the ground, apes, and ſometimes elephants; for theſe of all creatures can beſt endure thirſt, and the tortures of a burning ſun: but even theſe people get back as faſt as they can, as they are always in fear leſt the hot ſand ſhould, as it often does, put a ſtop to their journey, catch them as it were in a net, and totally deſtroy them; nor is there, to ſay the truth, any poſſibility of eſcaping, when the ſun drawing up the moiſture, and drying up every thing in a moment, flames out in all his fierceneſs, and ſeems to ſhoot forth ſtronger rays, and to gather ſtrength from the moiſture he has exhaled, which adds fuel to his fire. Dreadful as this drought and ſolitude, this want of every thing uſeful and neceſſary, and theſe peſtilential vapours, are, they are ſtill leſs ſo than what I am going to mention, and which alone might ſufficiently deter us from entering into this inhoſpitable region; and that is, the quantity of ſerpents with which it abounds; many of them of an immenſe ſize, ſtrange forms, and armed with a moſt deadly and deſtructive poiſon, ſome creeping on the ſurface of the earth, and

others

others half buried in the ſand; toads, aſps, vipers, * ramſhorns, darters, † cantharides, amphiſbenæ, and dragons; two ſpecies of ſcorpions, one very large, with feet, that walk on the ground, with a number of vertebræ in the tail, the other flying in the air, with a membranous kind of wing like bats or graſshoppers; this kind of birds renders that part of Libya which they frequent almoſt impaſſable.

But of all the noiſome creatures impregnated by the hot ſands the moſt dreadful is the Dipſas, a ſmall ſerpent like the viper, which bites with the greateſt violence, and leaves a thick poiſon, which no medicine can extirpate; it brings on immediate putrefaction, and burns in ſuch a manner that the perſon bit cries out as if he was in a fire: but its moſt terrible effect is that ſenſation from whence the creature takes its ‡ name; the man grows thirſty beyond all conception, and, which is moſt aſtoniſhing, the more he drinks, becomes the more deſirous of liquor, nor would the whole Nile or Danube, if he could ſwallow them, quench his thirſt: the water, like pouring oil on fire, only increaſes the diſorder. The ſons of phyſic account for this by ſaying, that the thick poiſon being diluted by the liquor, becomes liquid, moves with greater velocity, and ſpreads itſelf more widely over the body. I have never ſeen myſelf, nor I hope ever ſhall, any one under this dreadful calamity, as I never, thank heaven, ventured to ſet foot in Libya; but I have heard of an inſcription, which a friend of mine told me he had read, on the tomb of a man who periſhed in this manner; he met with it in his way to Egypt, on a journey to the Greater Syrtis, on the ſea ſhore, where a pillar was erected, with figures alluding to the manner of his death. Engraved on it was a man ſtanding, as they repreſent Tantalus on the ſhore, endeavouring to drink; a dipſas wreathed round his leg, and near him ſeveral women bringing water, and pouring it upon him: not far off were a number of eggs, ſuppoſed to be left by the oſtriches, which, as I before mentioned, the Garamantes are ſo fond of hunting: beneath was the following inſcription,

Thus Tantalus, of old, cou'd ne'er aſſuage
Of dreadful thirſt th' unconquerable rage;

* *Ramſhorns.*] Gr. κεραστα. Here I adviſe my readers to turn to the ninth book of Lucan's Pharſalia, where they will meet with ſome beautiful lines on a ſimilar ſubject.

† *Cantharides.*] Gr. Βυπρηστεις. According to Pliny, eſt animalculum ex cantharidum genere, called βυπρηστης, quod in herbâ a bobus devoratum eos ita inflammet ut rumpat.

‡ *Name.*] Διψα, in Greek, ſignifies thirſt.

And

And thus the Danaids try'd, but try'd in vain,
To fill the veſſel and relieve his pain.

There were likewiſe four more verſes concerning the eggs, and relating how he was bit by the ſerpent whilſt looking after them; but theſe I cannot recollect. The people who take theſe eggs not only uſe them for food, but ſcoop them into cups, having no clay for that purpoſe, the earth there being nothing but ſand; they are likewiſe made into a kind of hat, two out of every egg, each half forming one covering for the head; near theſe eggs the Dipſas lies hid, and creeping out of the ſand, ſeizes upon the unfortunate man; then follow all the dreadful conſequences which I have related, he grows thirſty, and drinks; his thirſt increaſes, and is unquenchable.

What I have here related was not, I ſwear by Jupiter, with any deſign of rivalling the poet Nicander, nor to ſhew you how intimately I was acquainted with the nature of Libyan ſerpents, a knowlege more proper for phyſicians, whoſe buſineſs it is to enquire into theſe things, that they may be enabled to find out a remedy for the diſorder: I only meant (and I intreat you, by Jove the Friendly, not to be offended at the compariſon), to ſignify that I am affected in the ſame manner with regard to you, as thoſe who are bitten by the dipſas; I have a perpetual thirſt upon me, and the oftener I come into your company, the more deſirous I am of it, and my drought is unquenchable: nor is it to be wondered at; for where ſhall I meet with ſuch a pure and tranſlucent flood? you will pardon me, therefore, if, after ſo ſweet and wholeſome a bite, I join my lips cloſe to the ſpring-head, and take a copious draught. Never may that fountain be dried up, or leave me thirſting for more wiſdom and knowlege from you; of that water may I for ever drink! for, as the great Plato long ſince obſerved, * of that which is truly beautiful and good there is no ſatiety.

* *Of that, &c.*] Gr. κορος ἁδεις των καλων.

A DIS-

A

DISPUTE WITH HESIOD.

A DIALOGUE.

One very ſeldom wiſhes that Diſputes *ſhould continue long: the only Fault, however, of this, my Readers, I believe, will acknowlege, is, that it is too ſhort; being apparently only a Fragment of a ſprightly Dialogue between* LUCIAN *and* HESIOD, *which, like* HUDIBRAS's

Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle,
Begins, and breaks off in the Middle.

From what remains of this little imperfect Statue, we may judge, indeed, of the Sculptor's Merit—ex Pede HERCULEM.

LUCIAN AND HESIOD.

LUCIAN.

THAT you are undoubtedly the beſt of all poets, and that you received this gift, together with the * laurel, from the Muſes, you have yourſelf fairly proved to us in your verſes, where every thing is truly noble and divine; and we give you credit for it: but there is one thing we are ſurpriſed at, that, whereas you have informed us that the gods beſtowed this wonderful gift upon you, that you might ſing of what was † paſt, and foretell what was to come, of theſe you have as yet performed only one: the firſt, indeed, you have done to perfection, by reciting the genealogy of the gods, quite back to old Chaos, the Earth, Heaven, and Love; you have, moreover, enumerated the virtues of women, given us precepts of agriculture, an account of the Pleiades, of the times for ſowing, harveſt, navigation, and many other things; but the latter, which, doubtleſs, would have been much more ſerviceable to mankind, and a noble gift of

* *Laurel.*] Alluding to the following lines in Heſiod's Theogony, where the poet ſays,

To me the branch they gave, with look ſerene,
The laurel enſign, never-fading green:
I took the gift, with holy rapture fir'd,
My words flow ſweeter, and my ſoul's inſpir'd.
See Cooke's Tr. of the Theogony, l. 49.

† *Paſt.*] Before my eyes appears the various ſcene
Of all that is to come, and what has been. Th. l. 53.

the

the gods, the prediction, I mean, of future events, you ſeem totally to have forgotten; nor do I remember, that, in any part of your works, you have followed the ſteps of * Calchas, Telephus, Polyidus, or Phineus, who, you know, were no poets, and yet were able to divine, and always ready to give an anſwer to thoſe who conſulted them about futurity.

You are liable, therefore, to one of the three following accuſations: either, firſt, you have been guilty of a falſehood, which, to be ſure, is a bitter ſuſpicion, in telling us that the Muſes had beſtowed this faculty upon you, which they have never done; or, ſecondly, they have given it you according to their promiſe, and you, from mere grudging and ſelfiſhneſs, with-hold the gift, and will not impart it to thoſe who ſtand in need of it; or, thirdly, and laſtly, you have already written a great many things of this kind, but have never yet publiſhed them, reſerving all their profit and inſtruction for I know not what diſtant time in the annals of futurity. One of theſe muſt be the caſe; for I ſhould never dare to ſuppoſe that the Muſes, after a promiſe of two things, would perform one, and revoke the other, eſpecially as that of prophecy ſtands firſt in the verſe.

Whom, then, can we apply to for a ſolution of theſe doubts but yourſelf? and as the gods are the † authors of every good, ſo is it the peculiar duty of their friends and ſervants, ſuch as you are, to tell all you know with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, and, if we have any doubts or ſcruples, to reſolve them for us.

HESIOD.

I could very eaſily anſwer all your queſtions at once, by obſerving that every thing which is ſaid in my verſes was not dictated by me, but by the Muſes; from them alone, therefore, you are to aſk the reaſon, both for what is done, and for what is not done: what I wrote from my own knowlege, with regard to the feeding, guarding, milking, and driving of flocks, and other paſtoral affairs, I am anſwerable for, myſelf; but the goddeſſes have a right to beſtow their own favours on whom, and in what proportion, they think proper.

But, to make a poetical defence, it may ſuffice to ſay, that nobody enquires, with ſcrupulous nicety and exactneſs, into the aſſertions of poets, nor expects that every thing they ſay ſhould be literally true; nor is it fair, if, in the warmth

* *Calchas, Telephus, &c.*] Some of the moſt famous prophets or ſeers of antiquity.

† *Authors, &c.*] See Heſiod's Theog. l. 46, and 633.

of fancy, any thing unguarded ſhould eſcape them, too rigidly to examine into it, well knowing that we ſay many things merely for the ſake of harmony and cadence. Verſe, I know not how, will ſometimes deal in light and trivial matter; and if you take away our liberty of * fiction, you deprive us of our greateſt privilege, you paſs over all our beauties, and pick out our thorns and briars, dwell upon our † quirks and quibbles, only as a handle for cenſure: but it is not you only who act thus, nor againſt me alone; there are many others, profeſſors of the ſame art, who find fault with the verſes of Homer, diſputing with him about matters the moſt trifling and inconſiderable.

But to come to cloſe quarters with regard to this accuſation, and make my trueſt and beſt defence: read, I beg you, my Works and Days; there you will ſee how many things I have moſt divinely, and like a real prophet, foretold; what would happen when the proper care was taken, as well as the evil which would come to paſs, when there was not; ‡ for inſtance,

whom thirſt of gain betrays,
The gods, all-ſeeing, ſhall o'ercloud his days.

And again, where I mention the great advantages which will ariſe from good tillage, ſurely this is a kind of divination that muſt be very uſeful to mankind.

LUCIAN.

But all this, moſt admirable Heſiod, is only ſpeaking as a ſhepherd; it may, indeed, confirm what you call the inſpiration of the Muſes, as there can be no reaſon why you ſhould write the verſes at all: but this is not the divination which we expect from you and the Muſes; for every ruſtic can divine better in theſe matters: he can foretell, as well as you, that if it rains there will be a plenteous harveſt, and that if it is a hot ſummer, and the fields are burned up, a famine muſt enſue: he can tell us that we ſhould not plough in the middle of the ſummer, or, if we do, that we ſhall ſow our ſeed to no purpoſe; that we are not to cut the corn when it is green, if we expect any grain from it. Without divination he can tell you, that you

* *Fiction.*] "Your verſes in praiſe of Cromwell (ſaid king Charles to Waller) are much more elegant than thoſe you made on me."—Waller's anſwer was an excellent one: "We poets, Sir, (ſaid he) always ſucceed better in fiction than in truth." See Waller's Life.

† *Quirks, &c.*] Gr. σκινδαλαμους, ſubtiles angas. Ariſtophanes uſes the word in this ſenſe.

‡ *For inſtance.*] See the Works and Days, l. 426.

muſt

muſt turn up the earth with a ſpade, and cover the ſeed, or the birds will fly upon it, and devour all the hopes of your riſing harveſt: he who gives you ſuch precepts, will certainly be in the right; but this is a very different thing from divination, which pries into obſcurity, and can foretel what is by no means plain or eaſy to be diſcovered: as when it was predicted to Minos that his ſon ſhould be ſuffocated in a tub of honey; when the cauſe of * Apollo's anger was foretold to the Grecians, and that Troy would be taken in ten years: this, I grant you, is divination; but if what I mentioned before is to be called by that name, I can be a prophet myſelf; for I will divine and foretel, and without Caſtalian water, laurel, or Delphic tripod, that if a man walks naked in the cold, whilſt it rains and hails, he ſhall be ſeized with a violent ſhivering, and, which is more wonderful, ſhall grow very hot afterwards: this I could aſſert, with a thouſand other ſuch things, too ridiculous to mention.

Let us, therefore, I beſeech you, have no more of this defence, or this divination: what you ſaid, indeed, at firſt, we may poſſibly admit, and allow that you knew nothing yourſelf about what you talked of, the verſes being dictated to you by a divine inſpiration; but this is a poor argument, as it will never account for half the Muſes' promiſe being fulfilled, and the † other half never performed.

* *Apollo's anger.*] See Homer's Iliad, ix. 63.

† *The other, &c.*] The dialogue, which was juſt growing warm and lively, here ends moſt abruptly, and is a convincing proof that this piece is nothing but a fragment: time or accident have ſtolen away the reſt of it.

THE

* WISHES,

A DIALOGUE.

The Abſurdity of human Wiſhes has been the Object of much deſerved Satire, both in ancient and modern Times: amongſt thoſe which place them in the moſt ridiculous Light, may be reckoned the following Dialogue, *a Kind of Counterpoint to the Tenth Satire of* JUVENAL.

LYCINUS, TIMOLAUS, SAMIPPUS, AND ADIMANTUS.

LYCINUS.

DID not I ſay it would be eaſier for a vultur to abſtain from a rotten carcaſe, than for Timolaus to keep away from a new fight, though he were to run for it without drawing breath from hence to Corinth? ſo fond, my dear friend, are you of ſpectacles, and ſo induſtrious in the ſearch after them.

TIMOLAUS.

What, my good Lycinus, would you have an idle man do, who had juſt heard that an immenſe ſhip was juſt now anchor'd in the † Piræus, one of thoſe that bring corn into Italy out of Egypt: I will be hanged if you and Samippus did not come on the ſame errand.

LYCINUS.

That we certainly did, and Adimantus followed us; but where he is now I know not, for we loſt him in the croud: we came to the ſhip together, and when we got on board, Samippus, I think, was firſt, and behind you was Adimantus, I followed him with my hand in his, I had my ſhoes on,

* A little dramatic piece, which bore the ſame title, appeared ſome years ago on our ſtage, wherein the ſubject was handled with much wit and humour, written, if I am not miſtaken, by the very ingenious editor of the beſt edition of Gray's Poems, Mr. R. Bentley.

† *Piræus.*] One of the famous havens at Athens, near the lower city, it had three docks, five large porticos adjoining to it, and a forum, or mart, to which merchants reſorted from every port of Greece. This harbour was burnt by Sylla in the Mithridatic war.

and

and he was without, and led me all about; but ſince that time I have never ſet eyes on him, either on board, or ſince we came on ſhore.

SAMIPPUS.

Do you recollect, Lycinus, when we firſt miſſed him? I believe it was when that pretty girl came out of the cabbin, dreſſed in white linen, with her hair tied behind, and quite back from her forehead: if I know anything of Adimantus, at ſuch a ſight as this he would ſoon leave the man who was ſhewing him the Ægyptian ſhip, and fall a-crying, as he uſed to do; for he is mighty apt to ſhed tears, you know, whenever he falls in love.

LYCINUS.

The girl did not ſeem to me ſo very handſome as that ſhe muſt needs ſtrike a man like Adamantus, who is uſed to ſo many fine women at Athens of good underſtanding, and liberal education, ſuch as a man need not bluſh to cry after; but this girl, beſides being of a dark complexion, had thick lips, thick legs, diſagreeable voice, and ſpoke too faſt; ſhe ſeemed of Greece, had a hiſſing in her ſpeech, and * her hair curled in ſuch a manner as ſhewed ſhe was a perſon of no rank.

TIMOLAUS.

That might be a mark, for aught you know, of Ægyptian nobility; amongſt them, I believe, the hair is always dreſſed ſo, whilſt they are young, though our anceſtors thought it handſomer to wear it in a knot, and bind it with a golden † graſshopper.

SAMIPPUS.

You put me in mind of what ‡ Thucydides ſays in his preface about our ancient luxury, which we borrowed from the Ionians.

LYCINUS.

I remember now where we left Adimantus, it was certainly in the ſhip,

* *Her hair.*] A lady of quality in Greece, we ſee, might be known by her head-dreſs: the women of faſhion amongſt us have been at no little pains and expence to preſerve this ſubordination, but in vain, for the lower order ape their betters ſo well, and wear their heads ſo high, that it is very difficult, at preſent, to diſtinguiſh a woman of the firſt rank from her chamber-maid.

† *Graſs-hoppers.*] The graſshopper, was worn in the hair by the Athenians as emblems that they were Αυτοχθονες, ſprung from the earth, or deſcendants from the firſt inhabitants of Athens.

‡ *Thucydides.*] See book i.

when

when we ſtood by the main-maſt admiring the number of ropes, and the ſailor climbing up the rigging, and mounting to the ſail-yard.

SAMIPPUS.

I believe you are right: what are we to do? muſt we wait here? or ſhall we go back to the ſhip?

TIMOLAUS.

By no means; let us go on; it is moſt likely in the hurry and buſtle he is got into the city before us, not being able to find us out; be that as it will, Adimantus knows his way, there is no danger of his being loſt.

LYCINUS.

It may not be quite right to leave our friend and go home without him, however, if Samippus chuſes it, come along.

SAMIPPUS.

Certainly; perhaps the palæſtra may be open; in the mean time, what think you of this ſhip? is not it an immenſe thing? the maſter told us it was a hundred and twenty cubits long, and above a fourth part as broad, and from the higheſt part of the deck to the bottom of the ſink, which is the loweſt part, twenty-nine deep: what a prodigious maſt it has, what a ſail-yard it ſupports, and what to draw it up and down! how the prow ſwells gradually into a circular form, and carries a golden eagle at the top; at the other end riſes the ſtern, and on each ſide, in juſt proportion, is a figure of the goddeſs Iſis, from whom the ſhip takes her name: the ornaments, paintings, red ſtreamers, and, above all, the anchors, the various cords and inſtruments, the rooms in the ſtern, are all worthy of the higheſt admiration; the number of ſailors in her may be compared to an army, and ſhe is ſaid to have brought corn enough to ſupply the inhabitants of Attica for a whole year; and yet one little old man governs all this with a ſmall pole, which he guides the helm by, a bald-pate fellow; they ſhewed him to me, his name, I think, is Heron.

TIMOLAUS.

He underſtands his buſineſs well, the ſailors told me, and, in the knowlege of maritime affairs, is ſuperior to Proteus himſelf; you have heard, I ſuppoſe, how he brought the ſhip in, what happened to them in their voyage, and how they were ſaved by a ſtar.

LYCINUS.

Never: I ſhould be glad if you would let me know how it was.

TIMOLAUS.

The maſter told it me; he ſeemed a good ſort of a man, and very civil: after ſetting ſail, he ſaid, with a pretty fair wind, on the ſeventh day they came in ſight of * Acamas, from whence, by a contrary wind, they were driven back to Phœnicia; and on the tenth, a great ſtorm coming on, they were blown to the Chelidonian iſland, where they were very near being all drowned. I have ſailed that way myſelf, and remember that there uſed to be a prodigious ſurge there, eſpecially when the wind blew ſouth-weſt, when it generally happens that the Lycian ſea is divided from the Pamphylian, and the waves break in ſuch a manner upon the ſharp rocks, with a moſt dreadful noiſe, and riſe to ſuch a height that they ſeem as large as the rocks themſelves, and upon a level with them; hither, he told me, they were driven in the midſt of a night totally dark; when, by the mercy of the gods, compaſſionating their unhappy condition, a fire appeared from Lycia, which ſhewed them where they were, and at the ſame time a bright ſtar, † Caſtor or Pollux, ſhone at the top of the main-maſt, and directed them to put off to ſea, as they were on the point of daſhing againſt the rock. From thence getting out of their right way, they croſſed the Ægean, ſeventy days after leaving Egypt, the north-eaſt blowing full againſt them; they arrived yeſterday at the Piræus, inſtead of leaving Crete on their right and paſſing Malea, which, before this time, would have brought them into Italy.

LYCINUS.

This Heron, who was carried ſo much out of his way, muſt, however, be an excellent pilot, another ‡ Nereus, indeed: but ſtop, is not that Adimantus yonder?

TIMOLAUS.

It is certainly he: let us call him. What ho! Adimantus! come here: you I mean, Adimantus the Myrrhinuſian, ſon of Strobichus.

LYCINUS.

Either he is affronted at us, or he has loſt his hearing; for it is moſt certainly he, and can be nobody elſe: I ſee him plainly now; it is his coat, his

* *Acamas.*] The weſt promontory of the iſland of Cyprus, now Capo Epiphanio.

† *Caſtor, &c.*] See de Mercede Conduct. lib. i.

‡ *Nereus.*] A famous ſea-god, more ancient than Neptune himſelf. Apollodorus tells us that his reſidence was in the Ægean ſea, for which reaſon, I ſuppoſe (and I can ſee no other), he is here introduced by Lucian, the ſcene lying in that quarter.

walk,

walk, and his hair close shaved; let us get on and overtake him. Adimantus, if we do not lay hold on you, you will not take notice of us: you seem in deep meditation, wrapped up in some great and important business.

ADIMANTUS.

O nothing melancholy, I assure you, but I was so deep in thought that I never heard you.

LYCINUS.

What upon? I beg you will tell us, unless it is something that must not be revealed: though we are of the initiated, you know, and have learned to keep a secret.

ADIMANTUS.

In truth what I was thinking about is such a childish thing, I am ashamed to tell it you.

LYCINUS.

Is it a love affair? If it be, you may trust us, we are none of the profane, I assure you, but are initiated into those mysteries, and * carry the torch ourselves.

ADIMANTUS.

It is nothing of that kind, my friend; but I had just got possession of a great treasure, what people call the imaginary Island of the Blessed, and just as I had reached the pinnacle of riches and pleasure, you broke in upon me.

LYCINUS.

Well: † Mercury, as they say, is common to all: bring your riches and lay them down before us; Adimantus's friends have a right to partake of his pleasures.

ADIMANTUS.

You may remember, Lycinus, I had placed you safely in the ship, when you all left me, and whilst I was taking the dimensions of the anchor, you escaped me; after seeing every thing, I asked one of the sailors what might be the annual profit of that ship to the master; he told me, at the lowest computation, it could not be less than ‡ twelve Attic talents. Reflecting on this when I came away, I said to myself, if some god now should on a sudden put me in possession of this ship, what a happy life should I lead, and how well could I serve my friends, sometimes going to sea myself, and

* *Carry, &c.*] Alluding to the priests carrying the torches in the rites of Ceres.

† *Mercury, &c.*] See Casaub. ad Theoph. Char. p. 250.

‡ *Twelve.*] Upwards of 2000 l.

sometimes

ſometimes ſending my ſervants. * I then, with my twelve talents, began immediately to build a houſe in a good ſituation, a little above the Pæcile, and leaving my paternal eſtate at Iliſſus, bought ſlaves, fine cloaths, horſes, and chariots; I then ſet ſail, and was conſidered as the happieſt of men by the paſſengers, dreaded by the ſailors, and, reſpected like a little king, by every one of them; when, behold! juſt as I was ſettling my naval affairs, and looking out at a diſtance for the haven, whilſt my ſhip moved on with a propitious gale, you came in, and ſunk all my treaſures to the bottom.

LYCINUS.

Indeed, moſt noble Adimantus, you ſhould take me up and carry me before the emperor, as a pirate, for robbing you in this manner, and in the very harbour too. But I will make you amends; you ſhall have, if you pleaſe, five veſſels, larger and handſomer than this Ægyptian, and what is more, they ſhall be ſo contrived as never to ſink; theſe ſhall every one of them bring corn five times in every year: then, I fear, my moſt excellent pilot, there will be no bearing you indeed. You, who with only one ſhip, could not hear us when we called after you, when you have got five beſides, all with three ſails, and veſſels that can never ſink, will never deign to look upon us again: however, away with you, my friend, ſet ſail immediately: As for us we ſhall ſit in the Piræus, and aſk all thoſe who come out of Egypt or Italy, whether any of them have ſeen the Iſis, the great ſhip that belongs to Adimantus.

ADIMANTUS.

† Look here, now: was not I right to ſtop? I knew you would laugh at my ridiculous wiſh; but I will ſtay till you are gone on, and then ſet ſail again. I had better keep company with ſailors than be made a jeſt of by you.

LYCINUS.

No, no: we will ſtay and go on board with you.

ADIMANTUS.

That you ſhall not: for I will get in firſt, and draw up the ladder.

LYCINUS.

Then we will ſwim after you: do you think you ſhall get ſo many fine

* *I then, &c.*] This is like the ſtory told in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and Gay's fable of the Old Woman and her Eggs.

† *Look here.*] Gr. Ὁρᾶς; our phraſe, it is obſervable, anſwers exactly to the original.

ſhips, which you have neither bought nor built, with all this eaſe, and that we cannot perſuade the gods to let us have the privilege of ſwimming a few leagues without being tired? You may remember, when we went the other day to Ægina, to Diana's feaſt, what a little boat we croſſed over in, for four farthings, all of us together: you were not aſhamed then to keep company with us; but now you are angry, and want to draw up the ladder after you. Indeed, friend Adimantus, you grow too proud: you are ſo great a commander, that you do not know who you are; ſo elated with this fine houſe you have got in the fineſt part of the city, and the ſlaves you have bought: but, by Iſis, I beſeech you, my dear friend, bring us out of Ægypt ſome of their Nilotic * pickle, a few of their rags, a little ointment from Canopus, an † ibis from Memphis, or, if your ſhip is able to carry it, one of the pyramids.

TIMOLAUS.

Lycinus, we have carried the jeſt far enough: you ſee how poor Adimantus bluſhes; his ſhip is drowned with laughter; it can never reſiſt the force of the waves: but as we have ſtill a good way home, let us divide it into four parts, and every one employ his ſhare in wiſhing for ſomething from the gods; it will make the time ſeem ſhorter, and, by indulging theſe pleaſant dreams, we ſhall divert ourſelves. Every one ſhall wiſh for what he likes; and we will ſuppoſe the gods ready to grant it us, be it ever ſo ſtrange or improbable. We ſhall have one advantage, at leaſt, from it, that we ſhall know what uſe every man will make of his riches, and how he would behave if he could get poſſeſſion of them.

SAMIPPUS.

Timolaus, I heartily approve of your ſcheme, and, when it comes to my turn, ſhall be ready to make my wiſhes known. I need not aſk Adimantus whether he will join us in it, as he has already one foot on board his veſſel. Lycinus, I doubt not, will be of the party.

LYCINUS.

If we muſt all be rich, be it ſo: I conſent, that I may not be thought capable of oppoſing the common felicity.

* *Nilotic pickle.*] Probably what the Ægyptians preſerve their mummies in.

† *Ibis.*] A kind of ſtork, peculiar to Ægypt, and, as we are told, worſhipped by the inhabitants, probably, becauſe it deſtroyed the pernicious ſerpents which infeſted that country.

Illa pavet Saturam ſerpentibus Ibin. Juv. Sat.

ADIMANTUS.

Well: who ſhall begin?

LYCINUS.

You ſhall ſpeak firſt; after you, Samippus; and after him, Timolaus: when we have got to the double gate, within half a ſtadium, I will begin, and wiſh away as faſt as I can.

ADIMANTUS.

Well, I will even ſtick to my ſhip; but, as I have now full power, I may as well extend my wiſh a little. May the bountiful Mercury be propitious to us all; may my ſhip, and every thing in it, paſſengers, women, ſailors, and the whole freight, be in my poſſeſſion!

SAMIPPUS.

You forget who is on board with you.

ADIMANTUS.

O, you mean the little girl with her hair tied up: may ſhe be mine alſo; and may every grain of wheat be turned into gold, and become ſo many Darius's!

LYCINUS.

Why, Adimantus, you will ſink the ſhip: you forget how much heavier gold is than wheat.

ADIMANTUS.

Prythee, Lycinus, do not envy me my treaſures: when it comes to your turn to wiſh, you may change what you pleaſe into gold, I ſhall never ſay a word againſt it.

LYCINUS.

I only meant it for your ſecurity, leſt we ſhould all go to the bottom along with it; though, as for us, indeed, it would be no great matter; but your pretty girl cannot ſwim.

TIMOLAUS.

Never trouble yourſelf about that, Lycinus; the dolphins will carry her ſafe to land, I warrant you. Do not you remember how a certain * fidler was paid for his piping, and ſaved by them? did they not carry † another young man, when he was dead, to the Iſthmus? and do you think ſome good

* *Fidler.*] Alluding to the well-known ſtory of Arion and the Dolphins. See Lucian's Dial. Marin. where it is told at large. Plutarch very gravely aſſures us, that it is literally true, and produces it as an inſtance of the great friendſhip and regard which dolphins have for men

† *Young man.*] Melicertus, ſon of Athamas, king of Thebes, whom he fled from, to avoid his perſecution, and threw himſelf into the ſea: a dolphin, it ſeems, received him on his back,

good dolphin or other would not fall in love with this new purchaſe of Adamantus's?

ADIMANTUS.

Timolaus, you are juſt like Lycinus, turning things into ridicule, and laughing at our ſcheme, though you were yourſelf the firſt promoter of it.

TIMOLAUS.

Methinks it would be more convenient if you could find all this treaſure under your bed, that you might not have ſo much trouble in removing out of the ſhip into the city.

ADIMANTUS.

You are right; it ſhall be dug out from under the ſtone Mercury in our hall; a thouſand meaſures of ſtamped gold: but now, for the houſe firſt, as * Heſiod adviſes, it ſhall be moſt ſplendid: I will buy up every thing round the city, except what belongs to the Iſthmian, Pythian, and Eleuſinian rites; near the Iſthmus, perhaps, I may purchaſe a little tract, for the ſake of ſeeing the games; I muſt have, beſides, a field near Sicyon; whereever, in ſhort, in all Greece, there is a ſpot ſhady, fruitful, or well-watered, it ſhall quickly be in the poſſeſſion of Adimantus. I will have gold to eat off, and heavy cups, like thoſe of Echechrates, that ſhall weigh, at leaſt, two talents each.

LYCINUS.

But how will your cup-bearer be able to lift it? or, how will you yourſelf, without a great deal of trouble, take up ſuch an immenſe thing, that muſt be more like † Siſyphus's ſtone than a drinking mug!

ADIMANTUS.

Pr'ythee, do not interrupt me in my wiſh. I will have tables of ſolid gold, and golden beds; aye, and if you will not let me alone, my ſervants ſhall be gold too.

LYCINUS.

Take care that your meat and drink is not turned into gold alſo, and, like ‡ Midas, in the midſt of all your riches, you periſh with hunger.

ADI-

back, and carried him to the Iſthmus of Corinth, where Siſiphus buried him, changed his name into that of Palemon, and inſtituted, in honour of him, the Iſthmian games.

* *Heſiod.*] Οικον μεν πρωτιστα, &c. See the Works and Days, l. 405.

† *Siſyphus's ſtone.*] The puniſhment of Siſyphus in hell, was to roll a great ſtone, of immenſe ſize, up a ſteep hill, and when it had rolled down again, to return to the ſame fruitleſs labour.

‡ *Midas.*] Every thing which Midas touched turned into gold, as Swift humorouſly expreſſes it:

A non-

ADIMANTUS.

When you come to wiſh, yourſelf, we ſhall ſee whether you are more rational, or not; in the mean time I will have a purple garment, my coſtly viands, and ſweet ſlumbers: friends will come to ſalute me, to pay their reſpects, and entreat favours of me: crouds of people ſhall walk early in the morning about my door, and amongſt them Cleænetus and Democrates, thoſe great men; and when they deſire to be admitted firſt to my preſence, I will have ſeven tall Barbarian porters, who ſhall ſhut the door againſt them, as they do their's againſt other's. I, when it ſhall ſeem good to me to ariſe, ſhall come forth like the ſun, and ſome of them I ſhall not deign to look at: but, if I ſhould ſee a poor man there, ſuch a one as I was myſelf before my proſperity, him will I embrace cordially, order him to bathe, and come, at the proper time, to ſup with me. The rich ſhall be ready to burſt when they ſee my horſes, chariots, and beautiful young women: then will I be ſerved in gold, for ſilver is too baſe a metal, and beneath me. I will have my ſalt meats and my oil from Spain, my wine from Italy; my honey ſhall not be * ſmoaked: I will have boars, hares, and other fine eatables from all parts; my hens ſhall come from † Phaſis, my peacocks from India, my cocks from Africa: thoſe who are to dreſs them for me ſhall be learned ſophiſts, and well ſkilled in cooking and ſauces of every kind. When I ‡ drink to any body, and he pledges me, he ſhall take the cup away with him. Thoſe who now call themſelves rich, ſhall be all beggars to me: no more ſhall Dionicus ſhew off his ſilver diſhes and cups; eſpecially when he ſees my ſervants eat and drink out of as good. The whole city ſhall taſte of my bounty; for I intend to make preſents every month, to every native an hundred drachmas, and to ſtrangers half as much.

A nonpareil that went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a golden pippin, &c.

See the ſtory in Ovid's Met. book xi.

* *Smoaked*] The common method of gathering honey was then, as, I believe, it is now, by making a fire at the mouth of the hive, and ſmothering the bees, which probably gave a ſmoky taſte to the honey; but the finer ſort, or mel Atticum, we are told, colliquetatur fine fumo, was gathered without ſmoak, i. e. by ſome other method.—Cum eximuntur mella, ſays Pliny, apes abigi fumo utiliſſimum: —ſervatur quod Acapnon dicitur.

† *Phaſis.*] From whence comes phaſianus, the pheaſant, i. e. of the pheaſant kind.

‡ *When I drink, &c.*] This piece of pageantry was often practiſed at feſtivals amongſt our anceſtors, and, to this day, makes a part of the coronation ceremony, when the king drinks to the champion of England, who receives the cup, and takes it home with him.

I will

I will repair and adorn the public theatres and baths: the ſea ſhall come up to the double gate, and the water ſhall be brought up from the harbour in a large ditch, ſo that my ſhip may lay up cloſe by me, and be ſeen even from the * Ceramicus. My friends here will not be forgotten: to Samippus I ſhall order my ſteward to deliver twenty meaſures of ſtamped gold; to Timolaus five † chænixes; to Lycinus but one, and that clipped, becauſe he is a prater, and makes a jeſt of my wiſh. This is the life I mean to lead when I grow rich, enjoying myſelf freely, and revelling in pleaſure and delight. I have done; and may Mercury grant what I have deſired!

LYCINUS.

But, all this while, know you not by how ſlender a thread all theſe riches hang? if once that breaks, every thing is gone, aud your heap of treaſures is reduced to aſhes.

ADIMANTUS.

What do you mean?

LYCINUS.

I mean, it is very uncertain how long you may live to enjoy them: who knows, but as ſoon as you are ſet down to your golden table, before you have touched any thing at it, before you have taſted your pea-hen, or your African cock, your breath may be ſtopped, and you left a prey to crows and vulturs. Need I call to your remembrance numbers who have died without ever enjoying their wealth, and others whom ſome envious dæmon has deprived of their riches even in their life-time? Did you never hear of Cræſus and Polycrates, who were cut off from all their proſperity in a very ſhort ſpace of time? But, to paſs over this, who ſhall promiſe you health and ſtrength for years to come? have you never ſeen the rich laid up with dreadful diſorders, ſome ſcarce able to walk, others blind, others afflicted with ſome ſecret and cruel diſquietude? You would not, I am ſure, for all his riches, ſuffer what Phanomachus did, or wiſh to be effeminate like him; not to mention that envy and hatred which are ever attendant on the great, and the ſnares perpetually laid for them. Do not you perceive already how much trouble theſe riches bring along with them?

* *Ceramicus.*] A place within the city of Athens, containing temples, theatres, porticos: there was likewiſe another place ſo called in the ſuburbs, which was a public burying-place, and from which there was probably a diſtant view of the harbour.

† *Chænix.*] A meaſure containing two ſextarii, or four cotulæ. A κοτυλη, according to Arbuthnot's Attic meaſures of liquids, was half a pint; the chænix, therefore, contained two quarts.

ADI-

ADIMANTUS.

Lycinus, you are always teizing me, and finding fault: I declare, you ſhall not have the chaiſe I ordered for you.

LYCINUS.

Aye: that is like the rich, promiſe and diſappoint. But now, Samippus, for your wiſh.

SAMIPPUS.

I am an inland man, an Arcadian, as you well know, from Mantinea. I ſhall not wiſh for a ſhip, therefore; which, if I had, I could not ſhew to my fellow-citizens: nor will I aſk for ſuch trifling things as riches, of the gods; (Timolaus has told us they can do all things, and will deny us nothing; according to his plan we are to aſk for what we pleaſe:) I am reſolved, therefore, to be a king; not ſuch a one as Alexander, or Ptolemy, or Mithridates, or any of thoſe who inherited kingdoms from their fathers: I would begin, from * rapine and plunder, with twenty or thirty brave and faithful companions; by degrees, three or four hundred more ſhall join us; then a thouſand; and ſoon after ten thouſand; till at length I had got fifty thouſand armed men, and five thouſand horſe: then would I be choſen unanimouſly their commander, as a perſon moſt able to rule and direct every thing. Thus raiſed, by my merit, to the ſupremacy, I ſhould be much above other kings, not heir to another who had acquired the kingdom for me. This would be equal to all Adimantus's treaſures; nor can any thing be ſo deſireable as to gain an empire for one's ſelf.

LYCINUS.

This is, indeed, Samippus, the ſummit of all earthly happineſs; to have the command of ſo many brave men, and to be deemed the worthieſt by fifty thouſand warriors. We never imagined that Mantinea could ever have produced ſo admirable a ſovereign. Take poſſeſſion of your empire, lead on your ſoldiers, capariſon your horſes, and prepare your ſhield-bearers: I long to know which way your Arcadians are to go, or what poor wretches you mean to fall upon firſt.

SAMIPPUS.

Hear me, Lycinus; or, rather, if you will, follow me: for I ſhall make you captain of a troop of five thouſand horſe.

* *Rapine.*] This conveys to us a true idea of the ambitious man: it is not the inheriting, but acquiring a kingdom, by means juſt or unjuſt, which will give him ſatisfaction. Cromwell had much more pleaſure in the uſurpation of ſovereign power, than his ſon ever enjoyed in ſucceeding to it.

LYCINUS.

Moſt humbly, I return your majeſty thanks for the honour, * a la Perſanne, ſee, I bend my head, place my hands behind me, and worſhip your tiara: but, for heaven's ſake, give your troop to one of theſe ſtrong fellows here in my ſtead; for I abhor riding, and never was on horſeback in my life. I am afraid, when the trumpet ſounds to battle, I ſhould dread being thrown off and trod under foot by ſo many hoofs, or that ſome fiery horſe ſhould run away with me into the midſt of the enemy, and I muſt be tied to the ſaddle, or ſhould never be able to hold the rein.

ADIMANTUS.

I will be your horſe-officer, Samippus: let Lycinus command your right wing. I think I deſerve ſome good preferment for all the ſtamped gold I juſt now beſtowed on you.

SAMIPPUS.

I muſt aſk my men whether they will chuſe to have you for their leader. 'All you that are for receiving Adimantus as commander, hold up your hands.' They are all for you to a man, you ſee, therefore take the command; you, Lycinus, take the right wing; Timolaus ſhall be preferred to the left; I will ſtand in the center, as the Perſian kings do when they receive ambaſſadors; and now, let us proceed, after putting up our prayers to Jove the Preſerver, towards Corinth, and when we have ſubdued all Greece (for nobody will oppoſe ſuch a numerous army, whom we ſhall not with the greateſt eaſe overcome), getting on board our ſhips, and placing our horſes on proper carriages, the Cenchreans having already provided corn, ſhipping, and every thing for us, we ſail through the Ægean into Ionia; then, ſacrificing to Diana, and taking a number of cities, unwalled and undefended, we leave governors in them, and paſs through Caria into Syria, Lycia, Pamphylia, Piſidæ, and the mountainous parts of Cilicia, till we come to the Euphrates.

LYCINUS.

I wiſh, if you pleaſe, O king, that you would leave me behind you, as Satrap of Greece: for I am a little timid, and would not chuſe to be ſo far from home; you ſeem to be going againſt the Parthians and Armenians, warlike nations, and well-ſkilled in the uſe of the bow; if you think proper, therefore, you may give the command of the left wing to ſomebody elſe,

* *A la Perſanne.*] Gr. εις το Περσικον.

and

and let me remain your * Antipater in Greece, leſt, whilſt I am leading your troops round by Suſa or Bactria, an unlucky arrow may reach ſome part that is uncovered, and make an end of me.

SAMIPPUS.

Lycinus, I am afraid you are a coward: the law ſays, he who quits his ranks muſt be puniſhed with death; but now we are got to the Euphrates, and every thing is ſafe behind, my governors are all appointed over every people whom I have ſubdued; others are diſpatched to reduce Phœnicia, Palæſtine, and Egypt, you therefore may paſs firſt over the bridge of boats: I ſhall follow you, and, after me, Timolaus, and laſt of all, you Adimantus muſt take care of the horſe: throughout Meſopotamia nobody will dare to oppoſe us, but all voluntarily ſurrender up themſelves and their fortreſſes, proceeding then to Babylon, we ſhall get unexpectedly within their walls, and take the city by ſurprize: the king, who is at Cteſiphon, hears of the invaſion, he goes to Seleucia, and prepares himſelf with a large body of horſe, archers, and ſlingers; my ſpies are come back, and inform me that a hundred millions of fighting men are got together, two hundred thouſand of them ſkilled in throwing darts from on horſeback, though the Armenians, the Bactrians, and thoſe who inhabit near the Caſpian ſea were not yet come up: ſo many thouſands, however, without theſe, has he collected together only in the neighbourhood of the city; it behoves us therefore, my friends, to look about us, and ſee what is to be done immediately.

ADIMANTUS.

I think your foot forces ſhould retire to Cteſiphon, whilſt I ſtay here with the horſe to take care of Babylon.

SAMIPPUS.

Even you, I find, Adimantus, when you are in a poſt of danger begin to tremble; but what ſays Timolaus?

TIMOLAUS.

That we ſhould fall upon the enemy with our whole army, and not wait till they are reinforced, and better prepared for us; let us attack them whilſt their allies are on the march hither.

SAMIPPUS.

You are in the right. Lycinus, what think you?

* *Antipater.*] Alluding to the hiſtory of Alexander the Great, who, when he ſailed to the Helleſpont, left his general Antipater as his vicegerent in Europe.

LYCINUS.

My opinion is, that, as we are fatigued with our walk down to the Piræus, and have already gone about thirty ſtadia, the ſun being very hot, for it is juſt in the meridian, we had better reſt ourſelves a little ſome where amongſt theſe olives, ſit down upon that broken pillar, then get up, and make the beſt of our way home.

SAMIPPUS.

You are got to Athens, my good friend, when you ſhould be at Babylon, ſitting down before the walls, and planning out the battle.

LYCINUS.

True: you have refreſhed my memory; I thought I had been in my ſober ſenſes. But come, it is your turn to ſpeak.

SAMIPPUS.

I am for the attack, if you think proper; behave now like men, and be mindful of your country; the enemy is coming on, Mars is the word; as ſoon as the trumpet ſounds, ſet up a ſhout, ſtrike your ſhields with the ſpears, and ruſh in upon them, do not give them room to aim their darts at us. Now we are engaged: Timolaus with his left wing has routed the Medes; with my troops the fate of the day is yet uncertain; the Perſians fight bravely, and their king is amongſt them; but, ſee, the whole Barbarian cavalry comes upon our right wing; now, Lycinus, be a man, and prepare your forces for the onſet.

LYCINUS.

How unfortunate! the whole cavalry coming on, and nobody worth their attacking but Lycinus; if they perſiſt in it, I muſt e'en run away to the Palæſtra, and leave you here to fight the battle by yourſelves.

SAMIPPUS.

By no means, for you ſhall be victorious: you ſee I am going to have a ſingle combat with the king; he has challenged me, and it would be cowardly to decline it.

LYCINUS.

By Jove, you will ſoon be wounded by him: to be wounded in fighting for a kingdom is truly royal.

SAMIPPUS.

You are right; I have a ſlight wound, but it is not in a part of the body that can be ſeen, nor will the ſcar diſfigure me hereafter; but only obſerve how I have tranſfixed him and his horſe at one ſtroke with my ſpear, cut

off

off his head, took away his crown, and am made king in his ſtead: the Barbarians bow down and worſhip me; but I ſhall rule like a Grecian, and be called emperor. Now only conſider how many cities I ſhall build, and call them by my own name; how many of thoſe which I have taken by force of arms, I ſhall lay waſte and utterly deſtroy, if they do any thing againſt my empire: above all, I ſhall not forget to puniſh my neighbour Cydias, who took poſſeſſion of my field by violence, and turned me out of it.

LYCINUS.

Now, Samippus, you may have done; it is time for you, after ſuch a battle, to take a little refreſhment, and celebrate your victory with a feaſt at Babylon: beſides that, your empire is a little out of * bounds, and it is Timolaus's turn to give us his wiſh.

SAMIPPUS.

Well, but what do you think of mine?

LYCINUS.

I think, O moſt admirable ſovereign, that it is worſe than Adimantus's, there was more labour and violence in it; for he lived well, and gave away his golden cups of two talents weight amongſt his friends, whilſt you have been wounded, and full of tears and ſolitude day and night; you were not only afraid of the enemy, but of a thouſand conſpiracies from thoſe about you, envy, hatred, and flattery, perpetually ſurrounding you; not one true friend near, but only ſuch as are complaiſant, merely from their hopes or fears. You had not ſo much as a dream of pleaſure, nothing but empty glory, a purple and gold robe, a white garland to bind your temples, and guards walking before you: with theſe, inſufferable toil, and perpetual diſquietude, when you were to treat with ambaſſadors from the enemy, to act as a judge, or to diſpenſe orders to your ſubjects. Some of your conquered nations always revolting, or ſome neighbour invading your empire; dreading every thing, ſuſpecting every thing, and, in ſhort, appearing happy and contented to every body but yourſelf. Add to this, which is no little misfortune, that you are as liable to ſickneſs and diſeaſe as the loweſt of mankind; a fever pays no regard to a monarch, nor will death ſtand in awe of your guards; but, whenever he thinks proper to come, ſeizes

* *Bounds.*] i. e. Your wiſh is rather too long, and you have ſpent more time in reciting it, than comes to your ſhare.

the weeping monarch, without paying the leaſt reſpect to his diadem. Thus caſt down from your envied height, and dethroned, you tread the ſame path with the loweſt ſlave, and all you leave behind is a magnificent tomb, a proud column, or a lofty pyramid, the laſt poor triumph of vain man, who cannot enjoy it. Thoſe ſtatues and temples which are raiſed, the mighty name which is acquired, moulder away quickly, and are no more; or, if they remain ever ſo long, what profit is it to thoſe who can no longer be ſenſible of them? You ſee, my friend, what toils, anxiety, and ſolicitude you would go through whilſt living, and what you would have to expect after death.

And now, Timolaus, it is your turn to form a wiſh, ſuperior, I hope, to their's, and ſuch a one as may be expected from a prudent and ſenſible man like you.

TIMOLAUS.

Obſerve then, Lycinus, and take notice, whether I wiſh for any thing unreaſonable, or that can merit cenſure. Money, treaſures, kingdoms, wars, and empires, which you have ſo deſervedly condemned, I aſſure you, I ſhall not aſk for; they are all worthleſs and inſignificant, pregnant with fears and dangers, and there is more uneaſineſs and diſquietude than joy or pleaſure in them.

I wiſh Mercury would make me a preſent of a few rings endowed with ſeveral virtues, one of them ſhould make me always in perfect health, invulnerable, and liable to no diſtempers; another with the power of rendering me inviſible, like that of * Gyges: another ſhould make me as ſtrong as ten thouſand men, who ſhould not be able to lift what I could carry with eaſe; by another, I would be able to raiſe myſelf above the earth, and fly where I pleaſed; by another, I would ſet every body to ſleep when I thought proper, and every door ſhould be open to me, every lock looſened, and every bolt drawn back wherever I came; by virtue of another, and that the moſt valuable of all, I would become, as ſoon as I put it on, the moſt amiable and deſirable of all mankind, inſomuch, that every body ſhould be in love with me; the women ſhould all go mad for me, and happy ſhould ſhe be, whom I would deign to look upon, whilſt thoſe whom I ſlighted ſhould hang themſelves, or die for grief; in ſhort, I would be more beautiful than Hyacinthus, Hylus, or Phaon.

* *Gyges.*] A ſimple ſhepherd of Lydia, who, by means of a ring which rendered him inviſible, debauched the wife of Candaules the ſovereign of Lydia, and got poſſeſſion of his kingdom. The ſtory is told at large by Tully, (after Plato,) in the third book of his Offices.

All

All theſe things would I have, not for a ſhort ſpace of time, like other men, but for a thouſand years, in a perpetual return of youth, ſhaking off my old age every ſeventeen years, as the ſerpents do. With theſe rings I could not poſſibly be in want of any thing; for all that belonged to others would be mine, when I could open every gate, lay the keepers aſleep, and, wherever I came, be inviſible. If, amongſt the Indians, or Hyperboreans, there was a remarkable ſpectacle; any thing I would wiſh to poſſeſs, any thing delicious to eat or drink, I would not take the trouble of having it brought to me, but fly thither, and enjoy it. If there was a flying dragon, or a phœnix that nobody elſe could get a ſight of, I would go and ſee it. I would find out the head of the Nile, all the uninhabitable parts of the world, and make a viſit to the Antipodes; I would be acquainted with the nature of the ſtars and the moon, nay, and of the ſun himſelf, as his heat could not affect me. I could tell the ſame day at Babylon, which would be moſt delightful, who was conqueror at the Olympic games. I could dine, perhaps, in Syria, and ſup in Italy: my enemy, I could revenge myſelf on ſecretly, by throwing down a ſtone, and knocking him o' the head: on the other hand, I could always make my friends happy, by ſhowering gold upon them in their ſleep. If any rich fellow behaved contemptuouſly or tyrannically, I would take him up a mile high in the air, and throw him down headlong. Then my love-intrigues, nobody could prevent or interrupt, as I could get in wherever I pleaſed, and lay every body to ſleep, but thoſe I wanted. How pleaſant muſt it be to overlook a battle, whilſt one was out of the reach of danger; and, if I thought proper, to come up to the conquerors, lay them faſt aſleep, and give victory to the flying, and the vanquiſhed! Thus would life be nothing but ſport and entertainment to me, every thing would be mine, and I ſhould ſeem a perfect deity. Thus ſhould I be bleſt with happineſs which treachery could not deſtroy, and length of days, uninterrupted by ſickneſs or diſeaſe.

And now, Lycinus, what objection have you to my wiſh?

LYCINUS.

O, none in the leaſt; who would venture to find fault with a man that can fly, and is as ſtrong as ten thouſand common mortals? But, pray, tell me, in all the nations you have flown over, have you ever met with a little mad old fellow, who was carried about by a little ring, could move whole mountains with the tip of his finger, and whom every body was in love with, though

he

he was bald-pated, and had a hooked noſe? There is another thing too, which I would aſk you: how happens it that one ring could not do all this for you, but you muſt needs load every finger of your left hand; and be obliged, moreover, to call in the right to help you off with them. One thing, after all, which is above all more neceſſary than any thing elſe, you ſeem to have forgot, and that is, a remedy for inſanity: a doſe of hellebore might, perhaps, be of ſervice to you.

TIMOLAUS.

By and by we ſhall have your wiſh, it is to be hoped, and we ſhall ſee then whether, ſevere as you are upon others, your own deſires will be totally guiltleſs and irreprehenſible.

LYCINUS.

I have no occaſion to wiſh now, for we are got to the double gate; what with my friend Samippus here fighting at Babylon, and Timolaus dining at Syria, and ſupping in Italy, all the time appointed for me is expired, which I am not ſorry for: I have no mind, after a ſhort feaſt of imaginary happineſs, to ſigh and be wretched, when I come back to my homely meal, as will ſoon be your fate, when all your treaſures and delights are flown away, when you are driven from your thrones, waked out of your pleaſant dream, and return to your own houſes, where you will find every thing very different. Like tragedy kings, who, after being Creons and Agamemnons on the ſtage, frequently ſtarve at home; then every thing will diſpleaſe you, eſpecially Timolaus, who muſt fall like another Icarus, when his wings are melted, and the rings are all ſlipped off his fingers. For my own part, I would not, to purchaſe all your treaſures, nay, and Babylon itſelf, loſe the pleaſure which I have in laughing at the ridiculous wiſhes made by ſuch a ſet of wiſe philoſophers.

ON THE

DEATH OF PEREGRINUS.

This Letter contains a curious Account of a very extraordinary Character, who figured in the Time of LUCIAN; *it is ſupported by the concurrent Teſtimony of ſeveral contemporary Authors, both Chriſtian and Heathen. The Singularity of this Impoſtor's Exit, with the Circumſtances attending it muſt naturally, indeed, have attracted univerſal Notice, and may ſerve withal to convince us that there is nothing, however abſurd, or unaccountable, which Ambition cannot dictate, and the Love of Fame render Men capable of performing.*

Lucian to Cronius wiſhes health.

THE unfortunate Peregrinus, or Proteus (for ſo he always choſe to ſtyle himſelf), has at length met with the fate of his name-ſake in * Homer; for, after taking a thouſand ſhapes, he is at laſt turned into fire: ſuch was his inſatiable thirſt after glory. Yes, my friend, this firſt and greateſt of men is reduced to a cinder, following the example of † Empedocles; with this difference only, that he ſeemed rather willing to conceal himſelf from the eyes of men, when he threw himſelf into the flames, whilſt our noble hero choſe the moſt public feſtival, built a magnificent funeral-pile, and leaped in, before innumerable witneſſes, after haranguing the Grecians, and acquainting them with his intention ſome days before the ceremony.

* *Homer.*] Alluding to his deſcription of Proteus,

Inſtant he wears, eluſive of the rape,
The mimic force of ev'ry ſavage ſhape,
Or glides with liquid lapſe a murm'ring ſtream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at ev'ry limb.

See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book iv. l. 563.

† *Empedocles.*] The famous philoſopher of Agrigentum, in Sicily, a Pythagorean. Amongſt other incredible ſtories of him we are told, that after performing many miraculous cures, he retired to mount Ætna, and leaped into the fire, in hopes of leaving behind him an opinion that he was a god; the populace, from his ſudden diſappearance, not knowing what was become of him: the trick, however, which was a fooliſh one enough for a philoſopher, was diſcovered by one of his braſs ſandals being caſt up from one of the volcanos.

Methinks

Methinks I ſee you laughing at the old man's folly, and crying out, what madneſs, what ridiculous vain glory! with many other ſuch exclamations, as circumſtances of this kind naturally produce. You may do this in ſafety, as you are far enough off; but I ſaid the ſame on the very ſpot, and before numbers of people, which ſome of thoſe, I aſſure you, who admired the old fellow's bravery, took not a little ill of me; though there were others who, like me, laughed at his vanity: I was very near, however, being torn in pieces by the Cynics, as Actæon was by his dogs, and * Pentheus by the Mænades, his kind relations. I will give you an account of the whole drama, as it was repreſented. You know the author well enough already, and what tragedies he has been acting all his life, much ſuperior to thoſe of Æſchylus or Sophocles. When I came firſt to Elis I heard one of our diſputing Cynics, with a loud rough voice, bellowing out his common-place encomium on Virtue, and abuſing all mankind: his diſcourſe then turned on Proteus, which I will endeavour to recollect; you will ſay it is like their nonſenſe, for you have often heard them declaim.

"O earth (he bawled out), O ſun, O rivers, and ſeas, O Hercules our anceſtor, dare any man accuſe Proteus of vain-glory, that Proteus who was bound in Syria, he who forgave his country five thouſand talents, he who was baniſhed from Rome, he who is more celebrated than the ſun, he who is able to contend even with Olympian Jove? Becauſe he is reſolved to leap into the flame and bravely periſh, they call it the love of glory: but did not Hercules thus periſh alſo? Were not Bacchus and Æſculapius ſtruck with lightning; and did not Empedocles, in latter times, leap into the flames?"

When Thagenes (for that was the bawler's name), had finiſhed his harangue, I aſked one of the by-ſtanders, what he meant by the fire, or what relation Hercules and Empedocles had to Proteus. "Proteus (replied he), intends very ſoon to burn himſelf at the Olympic games." "But how, ſaid I, and for what reaſon?" He was going to anſwer me, when the Cynic bawled ſo loud that I could not hear any thing but what he thought proper himſelf to add concerning Proteus, on whom he beſtowed the moſt laviſh enco-

† *Pentheus.*] Son of Echion and Agave, daughter of Cadmus: he ſucceeded his grandfather in the kingdom of Thebes, and having an unfortunate deſire of prying into the myſterious rites of Bacchus, which he ſuſpected to be rather licentious, he hid himſelf in a part of mount Citheron, but being diſcovered, was ſet upon by the Bacchanalian women, amongſt whom was his own mother, and ſome of his relations, and torn to pieces by them. See the Bacch. of Euripides, and Virgil's Æneid, book iv. v. 469.

miums.

miums. For, not condeſcending ſo low as to compare him with Diogenes, or his maſter Antiſthenes, or even with Socrates himſelf, Jupiter only could vye with him: thus, I think, raiſing them both upon a level, the oration cloſed. "The world (ſaid he), hath beheld only two perfect works, the Olympian Jove, and Proteus; Phidias formed the one, the other was the work of nature; but now, alas! this noble image muſt go from men to the gods, and leave us wretched orphans all behind him." When, after much toil and ſweating, he had thus delivered himſelf, he wept moſt ridiculouſly, and tore his hair, taking care, however, that he did not pull off too much of it; at length, ſighing and ſobbing, he was carried off by ſome of his friends for a little conſolation.

No ſooner had this gentleman finiſhed his fine harangue than another roſe up, not ſuffering the croud to diſperſe, but pouring as it were his libation on the yet ſmoaking entrails; * this man, after a loud laugh, which ſeemed to come from the bottom of his heart, began thus—"As the infamous Theagenes finiſhed his lamentable oration with the tears of Heraclitus, I, on the other hand, ſhall begin mine with the laugh of Democritus."—He then laughed ſo heartily that few of us could refrain from joining with him; then, turning himſelf towards the audience, "What, ſaid he, can I do but laugh when I hear ſuch ridiculous ſpeeches, and ſee a ſet of reverend greybeards ready to dance on their heads in honour of a contemptible and raſcally fellow! but that you may know what kind of an idol this is, who is going to burn himſelf, give ear a little to me, as I am well acquainted with his life and manners, and, moreover, have made diligent enquiry into it, amongſt thoſe who have had reaſon to know him but too well. This famous work of nature, this model for Polycletus, no ſooner arrived at man's eſtate than he was caught in adultery at a certain place in Armenia, where he was obliged to jump out at a window, after he had received a ſevere drubbing: not to mention his debauching a beautiful girl, whoſe parents he bribed with three thouſand denarii, not to carry him before the governor of Aſia. Theſe pranks, and a great many of the ſame kind, I ſhall paſs over, as the clay was yet rude and uninformed, not as yet wrought up into an image of perfection; but what he did to his father muſt be taken notice of: you have all, I doubt

* *This man, &c.*] Lucian himſelf; who was bold enough to attack the impoſtor, when ſurrounded by his admirers, for which, as he tells us in the firſt page, he had like to have been torn to pieces.

not, heard how he ſtrangled the old man, whom he would not permit to live beyond his ſixtieth year. When the crime was divulged he baniſhed himſelf, and wandered about from place to place."

About this time, it was, that he learned the * wonderful wiſdom of the Chriſtians, being intimately acquainted with many of their prieſts and ſcribes; in a very ſhort time he convinced them that they were all boys to him, became their prophet, their leader, grand preſident, and, in ſhort, all in all to them. He explained and interpreted ſeveral of their books, and wrote ſome himſelf, inſomuch, that they looked upon him as their legiſlator and high-prieſt, nay, almoſt worſhipped him as a god. Their † leader, whom they yet adore, was crucified in Palæſtine, for introducing this new ſect. Proteus was, on this account, caſt into priſon, and this very circumſtance was the foundation of all the conſequence and reputation which he afterwards gained, and of that glory which he had always been ſo ambitious of; for when he was in bonds, the Chriſtians, conſidering it as a calamity affecting the common cauſe, did every thing in their power to releaſe him, which, when they found impracticable, they paid him all poſſible deference and reſpect; old women, widows, and orphans, were continually crouding to him, ſome of the moſt principal of them even ſlept with him in the priſon, having bribed the keepers for that purpoſe; then were ‡ coſtly ſuppers brought in to them; they read their § ſacred books together, and the noble Peregrinus (for ſo he was then called,) was dignified by them with the title of the New Socrates. Several of the Chriſtian deputies, from the cities of Aſia came to aſſiſt, to plead for, and to comfort him: it is incredible with what alacrity theſe people ſupport and defend the public cauſe; they ſpare nothing, in ſhort, to promote it: Peregrinus being made a priſoner on their

* *Wonderful.*] Gr. θαυμαστον, admirabilem; undoubtedly uſed by Lucian as a term of contempt, and to be taken ironically. This, it is obſervable, is the firſt mention made by our author of Chriſtians, or Chriſtianity, (probably the only one, for the Philopatris, I believe, was not written by him;) he treats them here, we muſt acknowlege, with great indecency, and laughs at a religion whoſe precepts he was an utter ſtranger to.

† *Their leader*] Jeſus Chriſt. This ſentence, the reader will perceive, ſeems to be not all connected with that which goes before it. Some lines are probably loſt from the original.

‡ *Coſtly ſuppers.*] Gr. δειπνα ποικιλα, cænæ variæ; or, more claſſically, cæna dubia. Lucian is here ſuppoſed to allude to the Αγαπαι or love-feaſts frequent amongſt the primitive Chriſtians, and which, by the epithet affixed to them, he means to reflect on, as being ſumptuous and extravagant.

§ *Sacred books.*] Meaning their explanations and illuſtrations of the holy ſcriptures.

account,

account, they collected money for him, and he made a very pretty revenue of it. Theſe * poor men, it ſeems, had perſuaded themſelves that they ſhould be immortal, and live for ever. They deſpiſed death, therefore, and offered up their lives a voluntary ſacrifice, being taught by their law-giver, that they were all brethren, and that quitting our Grecian gods, they muſt worſhip their own ſophiſt who was crucified, and live in obedience to his laws. In compliance with them, they looked with contempt on all worldly treaſures, and † held every thing in common, a maxim which they had adopted without any reaſon or foundation. If any cunning impoſtor, therefore, who knew how to manage matters, came amongſt them, he ſoon grew rich by impoſing on the credulity of theſe weak and fooliſh men.

Peregrinus, however, was ſet at liberty by the governor of Syria, a man of learning, and a lover of philoſophy, who, withal, well knew the folly of the man, and that he would willingly have ſuffered death for the ſake of that glory and reputation which he would have acquired by it; thinking him, however, not worthy of ſo honourable an exit, he let him go. On his return home, he found the report of his having killed his father had gained ground amongſt the people, and that many had threatened to proſecute him for it. Moſt of his money was already expended in his travels, and he had only about fifteen talents left; for the whole which the old man died worth, did not amount to more than thirty, though that ridiculous fellow Theagenes told you it was five thouſand. The whole city of Parium, with the five next to it, if they were to be ſold, with their cattle, men, and every thing belonging to them, would not fetch ſo much.

The affair of the murther was now ſpread abroad, and ſomebody, it was generally thought, would ſoon ſtand forth, and accuſe him. The populace were enraged, and lamented the loſs of the good old man, taken away in ſo ſhameleſs a manner. But, obſerve how the cunning Proteus contrived to

* *Theſe poor men, &c.*] One cannot help obſerving, that Lucian is here endeavouring to turn the primitive Chriſtians into ridicule, for thoſe very cuſtoms and manners, which, in the eyes of every ſober and thinking man, muſt render them moſt reſpectable. He laughs at them for ſupporting their friends, and viſiting them in priſon, for their hopes of immortality, for their contempt of riches, and for dividing the little they had amongſt the poor and neceſſitous.

† *Held every thing in common.*] This cuſtom of the early Chriſtians, though founded on the nobleſt principles of benevolence, was attended with ſome bad conſequences, as it gave the means of ſubſiſtence to many idle and diſſolute beggars, probably very unworthy objects of charity, to whom, notwithſtanding, they could not deny the common right claimed by converts to the new doctrine; Peregrinus, we ſee, who might have otherwiſe ſtarved, got a good living by it.

eſcape the danger that threatened him; he went to the public aſſembly, (having taken care, beforehand, to let his hair grow, and put on a dirty gown, with a club in his hand, and a ſatchel hanging down, his whole appearance being truly tragic,) preſented himſelf to the people, and told them that he meant to throw all the eſtate of his late father, of happy memory, into the public treaſure. No ſooner were the populace acquainted with this, than, like poor creatures always gaping after preſents, they cried out immediately, that he was the friend of wiſdom, the lover of his country, and the only rival of Crates and Diogenes. The mouths of his enemies were ſtopped at once, and if any man attempted to mention the murther, they took up ſtones and pelted him. Once more, however, he was obliged to fly his country; the Chriſtians were again his reſource, and having entered into their ſervice, he wanted for nothing. Thus, he ſubſiſted for ſome time, but at length, having done ſomething contrary to their laws, (I believe it was eating food forbidden amongſt them,) he was reduced to want, and forced to retract his donation to the city, and to aſk for his eſtate again, and iſſued a proceſs in the name of the emperor to recover it: but the city ſent meſſages to him, commanding him to remain where he was, and be ſatisfied.

After this, he ſet out on a third expedition againſt Ægypt, and viſited Agathobulus; there he ſhaved one half of his head, rubbed his face over with mud, and, in the midſt of a great multitude, * whipped himſelf with a rod, or ſuffered any body elſe to whip him as long as they pleaſed: theſe, and many other freaks ſtill more extraordinary, he played for ſome time. From thence, he paſſed over into Italy, where he abuſed every body he came near, and particularly the emperor, who, he knew, was of ſo mild and gentle a nature, that he might do it with impunity, which made him more bold and impudent. The prince cared very little for his abuſe, and thought it, withal, by no means becoming, to puniſh a man who had the appearance of a philoſopher, for a few fooliſh words; eſpecially one whoſe † profeſſion it was to deal out obloquy and ſlander. This rather increaſed his reputation; the ignorant and illiterate admired him for his abuſive talents, and he grew every day more famous: till at laſt, the governor of the city, no longer able

* *Whipped himſelf.*] This monkiſh cuſtom is, it ſeems, of pretty long ſtanding, and the order of Flagellants has, at leaſt, the plea of antiquity in its favour; but, if my readers have any curioſity on this ſubject, I refer them to an entertaining and moſt laboured tract on this ſubject lately publiſhed, entitled, The Hiſtory of the Flagellants.

† *Profeſſion.*] As a Cynic philoſopher.

to

to bear his impertinence, drove him away; obſerving, very properly, that the people did not ſtand in need of ſuch a philoſopher. This, however, made him more ſought after, as it was ſoon in every body's mouth, that a philoſopher was baniſhed for his freedom of ſpeech, and the love of truth and liberty. This raiſed him to a rivalſhip with * Muſonius, † Dion, Epictetus, and others, who had met with the ſame fate.

When he went from thence into Greece, he abuſed the inhabitants of Elis; endeavoured to perſuade the Grecians to revolt againſt the Romans; took upon himſelf ſeverely to cenſure a perſon eminent for his rank and learning; who, amongſt other things which he had done for the public good, had brought water to Olympia, for the benefit of the ſpectators, who, before, were periſhing with thirſt; this man he was perpetually railing againſt, as one who corrupted the Grecians, and made thoſe effeminate, who, at the public games, ſhould be able to bear thirſt and every other hardſhip: whereas he had, in reality, preſerved thouſands from innumerable diſorders, occaſioned by the dryneſs of the ſoil, and the immenſe quantity of people crouded together: add to this, that he drank himſelf of this water, whilſt he abuſed the man who brought it; when, at length, the populace roſe, and were going to ſtone him, he eſcaped by flying to Olympian Jove.

Four years afterwards, at the next Olympiad, he produced an oration in praiſe of the man who had brought the water, with an apology for his own conduct; but, at length, growing into diſrepute, he was taken but little notice of, for all his tricks were now obſolete; and having nothing new to amuſe them with, or by which he could acquire fame, he thought, at laſt, of this funeral pile, and accordingly gave out amongſt the Grecians, that he ſhould burn himſelf upon it in a very ſhort time: for this purpoſe he began immediately to dig the ditch, bring the wood, and prepare every thing with wonderful fortitude and magnanimity. But true bravery, in my opinion, is ſhewn by patiently waiting for death, and not in flying from life; or, if he muſt die, why not depart by ſome other means, ſo many thouſands as there are, and not by fire, and with all that tragical preparation! If he was ſo fond of flame, as being more in the Herculean ſtyle, why could not he have choſen ſome ſecret woody mountain, where he might have gone

* *Muſonius.*] Muſonius Rufus, preceptor to Epictetus, a cotemporary of Apollonius Tyanæus.

† *Dion.*] A famous philoſopher in the reign of the emperor Domitian. See Philoſtratus.

and

and burned himſelf in ſilence, alone, or accompanied only by his Theagenes, by way of a faithful Philoctetes? but he muſt needs do it at the Olympic games, and in a full aſſembly, roaſting himſelf, as it were, on the ſtage: not but it is a death which, by Hercules, he long ſince deſerved, if parricides and atheiſts are worthy of it: in this reſpect he was rather late; he ſhould have been roaſted long ago in Phalaris's bull, and not have periſhed in a moment; for I have often heard this is the ſhorteſt way of dying, as it is only opening the mouth, catching the flame, and expiring immediately: but he has fallen upon this expedient, I ſuppoſe, becauſe it is grand and magnificent for a man to be burned in a ſacred ground, where no corpſe can be buried. You all, no doubt, remember him who wanted to be immortal, and could find no other way of becoming ſo but by ſetting fire to the temple of Diana, at Epheſus. This man, ſuch is his love of glory, is ambitious of the ſame fate.

He tells us, that he does it to ſerve mankind, to teach them to deſpiſe death, and ſuffer the moſt cruel torments: but I would aſk one queſtion of you, not of him: Would you wiſh to have malefactors imitate this fortitude, contemn death, burning alive, and ſuch dreadful things? I am ſure you would not. How then could Proteus know, that it would be of uſe only to the good, and would not make the bad and vicious more fearleſs of danger, and more audacious? But, even ſuppoſing it might happen that thoſe only ſhould ſee this who might think it conducive to public happineſs, yet let me aſk you one more queſtion: Would you have your children imitate him? You will ſay, No. But why, indeed, need I aſk this, when not one even of his own diſciples will do it. Theagenes, to ſay the truth, is much to blame, ſeeing, that whilſt he imitates him in every thing elſe, he will not follow his ſteps in this alſo, and go to Hercules, as he ſays, along with him, when he might, in ſo ſhort a time, gain immortality, only by leaping into the flames. There is not much rivalſhip in a ſatchel, a club, and a dirty gown; theſe may all be had with eaſe and ſafety: he ſhould have imitated the great end, the crown of all; built up his pile of green faggots, and ſuffocated himſelf in the ſmoke. The fire is not peculiar to Hercules and Æſculapius; thoſe that are guilty of murther and ſacrilege are condemned to it; a little ſmoke, therefore, would be much better: that would be dying like yourſelves, and yourſelves only. Hercules burned him-

himſelf, (* if ever he was burned at all,) on account of the dreadful diſorder which he laboured under, when he was tormented, as the tragedy tells us, by the blood of the centaur: but what reaſon had Proteus to throw himſelf into the fire? only, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew his fortitude, and that he might reſemble the † Brachmans. Theſe his friend Theagenes compared him to, by way of excuſe; as if men might not be fooliſh and vain-glorious in India as well as any where elſe: but theſe he did not imitate; for they, as Oneſicritus, Alexander's tutor, who ſaw Calanus burning, informs us, do not jump into the fire, but, building up a funeral pile, and ſtanding cloſe to it, ſuffer themſelves to be ſcorched without ſtirring, then lay quietly down upon it, and never change their poſture: but what very great thing was it for our hero to leap into the fire, and be conſumed immediately? I ſhould not, indeed, have been ſurpriſed to hear, that, when he was half burned, he had leaped back again, if he had not, as they ſaid he did, built the pile in a deep ditch. We were told by ſome, that he had changed his mind, and gave out (a mere invention of his own), that Jupiter would not ſuffer a place ſo facred to be polluted; but, with regard to that, he might make himſelf eaſy, for I would venture to ſwear, that none of the gods would be angry at hearing that Peregrinus had deſtroyed himſelf. But it was impoſſible for him to retreat; the wretches who accompanied him, took care to egg him on, to animate his reſolution, and prevent his receding from it through fear: if he had dragged in two or three of theſe along with him, he would have done, at leaſt, one good office. He meant, I hear, no longer to be called Proteus, but to take upon him the name of Phœnix, becauſe the Indian bird ſo called builds its own funeral pile, and, when it arrives at the extremity of old age, burns itſelf: he had, likewiſe, ſpread it abroad, and brought forth ſome old oracles to prove it was decreed by the Fates, that he ſhould appear as the guardian deity of the night. It is plain his ambition was to have altars erected to, and ſtatues made of him: for my own part, I make not the leaſt doubt, but, amongſt the croud of madmen that

* *If ever, &c.*] Lucian ſeems here to queſtion the truth of hiſtory, which tells us that Hercules, after he had put on the envenomed ſhirt, ran mad, made a funeral pile, and threw himſelf upon it, deſiring his friend Philoctetes to take care of his aſhes. See the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, where the ſtory is told at large; though, perhaps, as Lucian intimates, it was nothing more than a poetical tale.

† *The Brachmans.*] In India (ſays Tully) ei qui ſapientes habebantur, cum ad flammam ſe adplicaverunt, ſine gemitu aduruntur. See Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

fol-

followed him, ſome will tell us, that this dæmon of the night appeared to them, and cured them of their agues. His diſciples, I ſuppoſe, will ſet up an oracle, and build a temple on the ſpot where he periſhed, eſpecially, as the firſt Proteus, the ſon of Jove, was a prophet: he will have his prieſts too, I imagine, by and by, who will whip or burn themſelves like their maſter, have their nocturnal rites, and carry their torches round his funeral pile.

Theagenes, as one of his companions informed me, lately gave out that a Sibyl had already propheſied concerning theſe things, in the following verſes:

When Proteus, glory of the Cynic name,
Shall build his pile, and leap into the flame:
When he ſhall reach the ſtarry realms above,
And high Olympus' top, the ſeat of Jove:
Then, mortals all, let night's protecting lord,
With Hercules and Vulcan, be ador'd.

Theagenes ſaid, he received theſe from the Sibyl herſelf. I ſhall now give you the oracle of * Bacis on the ſame ſubject; it ſpeaks thus:

When the proud Cynic, who by many a name
Is known, incited by that fury, Fame,
Shall leap into the fire, the whelps, who wait
Around the wolf, ſhall meet their maſter's fate.
If one amongſt them ſhun the glorious fire,
To ſtone the coward let all Greece conſpire:
That none may boaſt of heat who ſhake with cold,
Or fill their coffers with ill-gotten gold.

What think you, my friends, is not Bacis as good a prophet as the Sibyl? The noble followers of Proteus have nothing to do but look out for a proper place, where they may diſſolve themſelves into air; for this is their phraſe for burning.

* *Bacis.*] Though, compared with the Sybilline, this was but a kind of ſecond-rate oracle, it had its day. Some of its moſt notable predictions are mentioned by Herodotus and Pauſanias: Lucian, however, has made very free with it. This is apparently a fiction of his own, written on purpoſe to ridicule the other, and is no bad burleſque of it.

When

When he had thus ſpoken, the ſtanders by all cried out, they are worthy of the flame, let them burn!—the orator then deſcended, laughing,

* But nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul,

Theagenes, I mean: for, hearing the noiſe, he came up, and vented a thouſand execrations againſt the ſpeaker, whoever he was, for I know not the good man's name. I left them then, and went to ſee the games; for the judges were already aſſembled. This paſſed at Elis.

When we came to Olympia, the back part of the temple was crouded with people, ſome extolling, ſome condemning the intended ſacrifice; inſomuch that many of them went to blows about it; till, at length, the hero himſelf, attended by a vaſt concourſe of people, came, and made a long ſpeech to the multitude, ſetting forth the events of his paſt life, and the many dangers and troubles he had gone through in the cauſe of truth and virtue: he talked a great while, but, on account of the croud which preſſed upon me, I heard very little: for fear, indeed, of being cruſhed to death, which was the fate of many, I got away as faſt as I could, reſolving to take my farewel of a ridiculous ſophiſt, bent on deſtruction, and making his own epitaph before death. Before I went, I juſt heard him ſay, he would finiſh a golden life with a golden exit: he who had lived like Hercules, ſhould die like Hercules alſo, and be mingled with the air: "I would ſerve mankind, ſays he, in my laſt moments, by teaching them how to deſpiſe death; and every man upon earth ſhould be my † Philoctetes." Upon this, the ignorant and fooliſh part of the croud cried out, "Live for the ſake of Greece;" whilſt the more ſenſible and judicious exclaimed, "Do it, do it!" which ſeemed not a little to vex the old man, who had flattered himſelf they would unanimouſly have endeavoured to with-hold him, and forced him to live againſt his will. Their crying out, do it, was ſo unexpected, that, cadaverous as he looked before, he grew ſtill paler, trembled, and was ſilent. You may eaſily ſuppoſe how much I was diverted at him. A fellow, ſo vain-glorious,

* See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xiv. l. 1.

† *My Philoctetes.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Philoctetes attending on Hercules, when he threw himſelf on the funeral pile on mount Oeta.

deſerves no pity. He was attended, however, by a prodigious croud, and ſucked in their applauſe and admiration, not conſidering that a malefactor, dragged to the gallows, is full as well attended. The Olympic games were now over; and ſiner, though I have been there four times, I never ſaw. So many people going away together, I was left behind ſome time, for want of a carriage; and Proteus having deferred it from time to time, at laſt fixed the night when he would exhibit the ſpectacle, and burn himſelf: riſing, therefore, at midnight, I was carried by one of my friends to Harpina, where the funeral pile was prepared, about twenty ſtadia from Olympia, near the Hippodrome, on the eaſt ſide: it was raiſed in a ditch five foot deep; a number of torches were ſpread about with buſhes, that it might take fire the more eaſily.

The moon riſing, (for ſhe was to be a witneſs of this noble deed,) the victim came in the habit which he commonly wore, and with him ſome of the principal Cynics; amongſt whom was the great Theagenes, with a torch in his hand, to play the ſecond part; and no bad performer: Proteus likewiſe carried a torch: they entered from oppoſite ſides, and lit the pile with the torches and faggots; then the hero (I beg you will attend to me carefully) laid down his bag, his cloak, and his Herculean club, and appeared in his ſhirt, and a very dirty one it was: he then aſked for ſome frankincenſe, which, being handed to him, he threw in, and turning to the ſouth, (this turning to the ſouth is a principal circumſtance in the tragedy,) "Ye paternal and maternal ſhades (he cried) accept me:" and ſaying this, he leaped into the fire, and the flames riſing on every ſide, I ſaw * no more of him.

I ſee you, methinks, my dear Cronius, laughing heartily at the cataſtrophe of the drama: the calling on his mother's ſhade I have no objection to; but, when I heard him invoking his father's alſo, and recollected what had been ſaid about the murther, I could not help ſmiling. The Cynics did not ſhed tears, but ſtood in mournful ſilence round the pile, with their eyes fixed on the flame: the ſight of this provoked me to cry out, "For ſhame, let

* *No more of him.*] It is not improbable, that this arch-impoſtor, for ſuch he undoubtedly was, might, after all, eſcape by ſome ſecret paſſage under-ground, which he had prepared on the occaſion; as we cannot otherwiſe well account for a ſcoundrel, like Peregrinus, carrying the jeſt ſo far.

us be gone, like a parcel of fools as we are; a ſweet ſight, indeed, to ſee an old man roaſted alive, and be choaked with the ſtink of him; or do you ſtay here for the painter to come and take your faces, like † Socrates's companions in the priſon?" They began then to be very angry, and to abuſe me: ſome of them ſeemed ready to take up their ſticks againſt me; but when I threatened to throw them into the fire after their maſter, they were ſoon quiet.

Many were the reflections which I made, in my return home, on the love of fame, a paſſion not to be ſhaken off even by thoſe who in other reſpects are worthy of the higheſt admiration; even they are ſenſible of it as well as this mad fellow who jumped into the fire, after having all his life deſerved it. I met ſeveral people going to the ſight, and who imagined he was ſtill alive; for it had been given out the day before that he was to aſcend the funeral pile at ſun-riſing, which it ſeems is the cuſtom of the Brachmans; many of them therefore, when I told them the affair was over, turned back, but others, who did not care ſo much about it, went on, to ſee the place, and to get ſome relics out of the fire. And now, my friend, I had an infinite deal of trouble, in anſwering the queſtions of all thoſe who were inquiſitive after every particular. When I met with a ſenſible man, I told him the plain fact, as I do you; to the gaping * logs I added ſome tragic ſtory of my own, ſuch, for inſtance, as that when the pile was lit, and Proteus had thrown himſelf upon it, a great noiſe was heard, the earth ſhook, and a vultur was ſeen to riſe out of the flame, and fly towards heaven, crying with a loud voice, I have left earth and go to Olympus. Struck with amazement and religious horror at the relation, they enquired of me whether the vultur flew towards the eaſt or weſt; to which I anſwered whatever came uppermoſt.

Going ſome time after into the aſſembly, I met a grey-haired old man, whom by his beard and grave appearance one would have taken for a creditable witneſs, who, notwithſtanding, after relating every thing that had happened to Proteus, told us how he had ſeen him after he was burned, in a white garment, crowned with olive, walking about, and that he had left

* *Socrates's companions.*] Of which there was probably ſome celebrated picture: it was certainly a fine ſubject for one.

† *Logs.*] Gr. Τυς βλακας, ſtipites.

him very chearful, and merry in the portico. After all, he brought in my vultur alſo, and ſwore he ſaw it fly out of the pile, though I had myſelf placed him there, on purpoſe to ridicule ſuch mad and fooliſh fellows as himſelf.

You may eaſily gueſs the conſequence of all this: what a heap of bees will be ſettling in that place! what a congregation of graſshoppers, what a flight of crows will be there, as many as at the tomb of * Heſiod, with a thouſand miracles of the ſame kind! I doubt not but there will be † ſtatues of him at Elis, and in every part of Greece: for, they ſay, he has already wrote letters to all the principal cities, containing his will, his exhortations, and his laws, which he ſent them by ambaſſadors choſen from amongſt his followers, and whom he has dignified with the title of meſſengers from the dead, or runners to the ſhades below.

Such was the end of the unfortunate Proteus, who, to compriſe his character in as few words as poſſible, never regarded the truth, but ſaid and did every thing with a view to, and for the ſake of popular applauſe, and went ſo far as even to leap into the fire, in purſuit of that fame which he could no longer enjoy, and which he muſt be utterly inſenſible of.

Before I conclude, I muſt tell you one ſtory of him, which will make you laugh; you have heard me ſay, when I came out of Syria, I ſailed with this very man from Troas; amongſt other luxuries he had then a young Alcibiades with him, whom he had made a Cynic of, but a violent ſtorm ariſing at midnight, and the waves beating high, this noble hero, who is ſo ſuperior to the fear of death, hid himſelf amongſt the women, and fell a-crying.

About nine days before his famous exit, having, I ſuppoſe, gorged more than uſual, he was taken ill in the night, vomited, and was ſeized with a violent fever: this Alexander told me, the phyſician, who was called in on the occaſion; he found him, he ſaid, rolling upon the ground, complaining dreadfully of the heat, and intreating that he might have ſome cold water, which the doctor refuſed to give him, telling him at the ſame time, that, if he was deſirous of death he was now at the door, that he could not do bet-

* *Heſiod*] See Thucydides, lib. iii. cap. 96.

† *Statues.*] Lucian was a true prophet.—Athenagoras informs us that there was a magnificent tomb and ſtatue of Peregrinus, or Proteus, in the Forum.

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ter than receive him, and there would be no occaſion to leap into the fire; to which he replied, that this kind of death was by no means equally glorious, being ſuch as was common to all men. This Alexander acquainted me with; and I myſelf, not many days before he died, ſaw him anointing his eyes with a very ſharp ointment, that made them water. Æacus, I ſuppoſe, would not receive a man who could not ſee well. This is juſt as if a man who was going to be hanged ſhould take care to get his ſore finger cured firſt. What would Democritus have ſaid to this, would not he have laughed moſt heartily at him? How, indeed, could he ever have laughed enough! do you, therefore, my friend, laugh alſo, as I am ſure you will, and eſpecially, when you hear that there are men abſurd enough to praiſe and admire him.

THE FUGITIVES, A DIALOGUE.

The very extraordinary Circumſtances which attended the Death of PEREGRINUS, *as related in the preceding Letter, naturally led our facetious Author into ſome Reflections on the Introduction and Succeſs of that falſe Philoſophy which prevailed amongſt the Sophiſts of his Time, and which at length became a fair Object of his Satire. The following* Dialogue *on this Subject is lively and entertaining, and one may venture to pronounce it* LUCIAN'S, *with all due Deference to thoſe learned Critics who are of another Opinion with regard to it.*

APOLLO, JUPITER, &c.

APOLLO.

PRAY, father Jupiter, is it true that * a man has thrown himſelf into the fire at the Olympic games, an old fellow it ſeems, who has long been a dealer in tricks and prodigies? The Moon told it me; ſhe ſaw him burning.

JUPITER.

Apollo, it is true enough: and I wiſh it had never happened.

APOLLO.

Why ſo; was he ſo good a man, and one that did not deſerve to be burned?

JUPITER.

I do not know that; but this I know, that I have ſuffered horribly from a dreadful ſtench, which always riſes from a roaſted carcaſe: if I had not gone immediately to Arabia, the ſtench would have killed me, and as it is, with all theſe ſweet ſmells, and plenty of ſpice and frankincenſe, I can ſcarce get the ſcent out of my noſtrils: even now I am ready to puke when I think of it.

* *A man.*] Peregrinus. The ceremony, we may remember, was performed at night, and by the light of the moon; Apollo, therefore, or the Sun, may be ſuppoſed to know nothing of it.

APOL-

APOLLO.

But what did he mean by it? What good could poſſibly accrue from reducing himſelf to aſhes on a funeral pile?

JUPITER.

You muſt remember Empedocles, who jumped into the volcano in Sicily.

APOLLO.

That was the effect of a dreadful melancholy; but what reaſon could this man have?

JUPITER.

I will tell you what he ſaid in the aſſembly, where he informed them what it was that induced him to make the reſolution; if I remember right, he told them—But who is this coming towards us in ſuch a hurry, crying moſt bitterly, as if ſhe had received ſome injury? It is Philoſophy, ſhe calls upon me in a piteous tone. My dear daughter, what is the matter, why haſt thou left mankind, and for what comeſt thou hither? Have the ignorant and fooliſh * taken counſel againſt you, as they did formerly, when on the accuſation of Anytus they ſlew the divine Socrates? Is that the cauſe of your flight?

PHILOSOPHY.

No, father: the multitude have long held me in the higheſt eſteem and veneration, I have been almoſt adored by them, though they did not fully underſtand me: but there are ſome, what ſhall I call them? who take my name upon them, wear the maſk of friendſhip, and pretend to be my intimate acquaintance; theſe are the men who have uſed me moſt cruelly.

JUPITER.

What! the philoſophers! have they conſpired againſt you?

PHILOSOPHY.

No, father, they have been injured as well as myſelf.

JUPITER.

Who then has done you this wrong? You ſay it is neither the ignorant, nor the philoſophers.

PHILOSOPHY.

There are ſome, between both, who in habit, look, geſture, and appearance, much reſemble me; theſe enliſt themſelves under my banners, take

* *Taken counſel.*] Gr. συνεβουλευσαντο, the tranſlation is literal. The ſame expreſſion is made uſe of by the Pſalmiſt,—"They take counſel together againſt the Lord, and againſt his anointed."

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my name, and call themſelves my friends and followers: but their lives are infamous, full of ignorance, impudence, and vice; theſe are the greateſt diſgrace to me; by theſe I have been injured, and from theſe, O father, I have flown.

JUPITER.

Bad treatment, indeed, daughter; but what was it that principally offended you?

PHILOSOPHY.

No little matters, I aſſure you: when you, as you may well remember, beheld mankind ſunk in vice, folly, and injuſtice, and every thing involved in error, ignorance, and iniquity, you took pity on the human race, and ſent me down, commanding me to prevent their injuring and oppreſſing each other, that they ſhould no longer live the life of brutes, but, turning their eyes to the truth, join in the bonds of peace and amity. "Thou ſeeſt, my daughter (theſe were your words), what men are doing, and how they are led by ignorance and vice, I am touched with compaſſion for them, and from amongſt my ſervants have ſelected thee as beſt able to heal their wounds, and put an end to their calamities."

JUPITER.

I do remember that to this purpoſe I then ſpake to thee; but tell me how they received thee, and what thou haſt ſince ſuffered from them.

PHILOSOPHY.

In compliance with thy commands, O my father, I fled immediately, to teach, not the Grecians, but what I deemed the harder taſk, and therefore was willing firſt to perform it, to inſtruct the Barbarians: leaving therefore thoſe who, I thought, would with more eaſe bend to * the yoke, and bear the rein, I went firſt to the Indias, the greateſt nation on earth, and perſuaded them, with little difficulty, to deſcend from their elephants, and converſe with me: the Brachmans, thoſe happy people, fight under me, live in ſubjection to my laws, and are therefore honoured and revered by all around them; theſe die in a manner moſt ſtrange and aſtoniſhing.

JUPITER.

You mean the Gymnoſophiſts: I have heard many things of them, and, amongſt others, that they build a funeral pile, and burn themſelves upon it,

* *The yoke.*] Αιχειν ζυγον, to receive the yoke, was an expreſſion frequently made uſe of to ſignify obedience to the dictates of a maſter or preceptor. The ſame image is adopted in Scripture—"My yoke is eaſy," &c.

without

without ever changing their habit or their poſture; but in this there is nothing ſo extraordinary, for I ſaw it juſt now done at Olympia, where, I ſuppoſe, you were alſo an eye-witneſs of it, when the old man died there.

PHILOSOPHY.

I did not go to Olympia for fear of thoſe wretches: I juſt now told you of many whom I ſaw crouding thither on purpoſe to abuſe the people aſſembled, and to prophane the temple with their noiſe and ribaldry; I never ſaw him, therefore, nor know how he periſhed. But to proceed: from the Brachmans I flew immediately to Æthiopia, and from thence into Ægypt; here I held communion with the prieſts and prophets, and taught them divine things; I viſited Babylon, and initiated the Magi and Chaldeans; thence paſſed into Scythia, and from thence to Thrace, where I was met by Orpheus and Eumolpus: theſe I ſent before me into Greece, the one by ſong and muſic to harmonize the minds of men, the other to inculcate the ſacred doctrines which he had learned from me; and ſtrait I followed them. The Grecians, at my firſt coming, neither ſtrictly embraced, nor turned their backs upon me. After I had ſojourned with them a little time, I prevailed on * ſeven to become my friends and diſciples; together with one from † Samos, one from ‡ Epheſus, and one from § Abdera, but a few in all. After theſe, I know not how it happened, that a nation of ſophiſts came about me, a ſet of men, neither firmly attached to my precepts, nor utterly abhorrent from them; a kind of || centaurs, a mixed and imperfect race, ſomething between philoſophy and impoſture, neither totally the ſlaves of ignorance, nor keeping their eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on me; like thoſe who are half-blind from dimneſs of ſight, they ſometimes graſped at an empty ſhadow, or weak image of me; they thought, at the ſame time, that they knew every thing perfectly; whence aroſe that uſeleſs and ſuperfluous wiſdom amongſt them, which, notwithſtanding, they conſidered as invincible: hence thoſe ſubtle diſtinctions, thoſe intricate and abſurd arguments, which, like labyrinths, only confounded, and perplexed mankind.

* *Seven.*] The ſeven wiſe men of Greece, Pittacus, Bias, Thales, Periander, Cleobulus, Chilon, Solon.

† *Samos.*] Pythagoras.

‡ *Epheſus.*] Heraclitus.

§ *Abdera.*] Democritus.

|| *Centaurs.*] Half-men and half-horſes, as the men he deſcribes were half-philoſophers and half-raſcals; the compariſon is excellent.

Being at length contradicted and confuted by my diſciples, they began to grow warm, and to combine againſt them, to accuſe them in the forum, and conſign them to chains and hemlock. I ought, perhaps, to have quitted them immediately, and no longer to have aſſociated with ſuch men: but Antiſthenes and Diogenes, and after them Crates and Menippus, perſuaded me to ſtay a little longer; would I had not done it! I ſhould not then have ſuffered ſo many indignities.

JUPITER.

You have not yet told me what thoſe indignities were.

PHILOSOPHY.

Liſten then, and I will inform you: there is a low ſet of men, ſerviſe, mean, and mercenary, who never had, in their youth, any converſe or communion with me, but were either ſervants, tradeſmen, * coblers, ſmiths, fullers, preparers of wool for the women, or engaged in ſome handicraft or other of this kind, and conſequently from their childhood ſcarce ever ſo much as heard of my name: but, finding, when they were advanced in life, that my followers met with univerſal eſteem and admiration, that men put confidence in them, obeyed their dictates, and dreaded their cenſure; all this, they thought, was very deſirable, and ſeemed to eſtabliſh a little empire: but to fit themſelves for this way of life was a difficult taſk, or rather, indeed, totally impracticable. In the mean time, little was got by the arts they profeſſed, and they had much ado, with all their labour, to ſupport themſelves. Servitude was a heavy burthen, and to many of them grew intolerable. Compelled by theſe difficulties, they reſolved to caſt, what the ſailors call, their ſacred anchor, and moor their ſhip in my harbour: and to this end, they called in Ignorance and Impudence for their allies, with Calumny and Abuſe, that are ever ready to aſſiſt them. Well ſtored with theſe, (pretty proviſion, you will ſay, for philoſophy,) they trick themſelves out, and aſſume my habit and appearance; like Æſop's aſs, who, putting on the lion's ſkin, brayed as fiercely as he could, and expected to be taken for a real lion; and ſome there were, whom they eaſily impoſed on. Our man-

* *Coblers, ſmiths, &c*] If we only ſubſtitute the word Religion inſtead of Philoſophy, this dialogue will be extremely applicable, from beginning to end, to the enthuſiaſts of the preſent age. Our Methodiſts are, with reſpect to the regular clergy, exactly what Lucian's ſophiſts were when compared to the true philoſophers, compoſed, like them, of the loweſt orders amongſt us, proud, impudent, ignorant, and illiterate, reſembling, above all, their Grecian predeceſſors, in laying heavy contributions on all their deluded followers.

ners,

ners, with regard to external appearances, you well know, are eaſily imitated; it is no great hardſhip to put on an old cloak, to carry a bag at one's ſide, and a club in one's hand, to make a noiſe, or rather to bark at, and abuſe every body. They would not live now upon plain pulſe and coarſe food, as they did before on herbs and ſallads, but fleſh of all kinds, and the fineſt wine; they collected a tribute wherever they went, or as they called it, ſheered their ſheep, every body giving them ſomething, either out of reſpect, or for fear they ſhould be abuſed by them; they thought, no doubt, they had an equal right to all advantages with the true philoſophers; nor is it every one who can diſcern the difference, where externals are alike. If you enquire too ſtrictly into their character, they have recourſe immediately to abuſe and violence: if you find fault with their lives, they refer you to their doctrine, and if you diſlike their doctrine, they deſire you to conſider their lives.

The whole city abounds with impoſtors of this kind, eſpecially amongſt the followers of Diogenes, Crates, and Antiſthenes, all thoſe who fight under Cynic banners: theſe never imitate that vigilance, that domeſtic care and attention, that memory, that love of their maſter, which dogs are ſo remarkable for; but their barking, their greedineſs, their gluttony, their luſt, their fawning, flattery, and love of a good table; theſe are canine qualities, which they are great proficients in.

You may eaſily foreſee what will be the conſequence of this: men will quit their ſhops, and leave the arts uncultivated, when they find that, though they labour from morning to night, they cannot ſupport themſelves; whilſt a ſet of idle impoſtors can live in affluence, take what they pleaſe, be angry at thoſe who will not give, and ſcarce thankful to thoſe who do: this muſt appear a golden age to them; the honey flows into their mouths * from heaven.

The evil would be tolerable if it ended here; but theſe wretches, grave and demure as they appear outwardly, if they can get a beautiful woman, what they do I ſhall not mention. Some of them have been familiar with the wives of their hoſts, like the famous † Trojan youth, merely, I ſuppoſe,

* *From heaven.*] This ſeems to allude to the feeding of the Iſraelites with manna. How Lucian came to do this, is not eaſily to be accounted for.

† *Trojan youth.*] Paris, ſo well known in ancient ſtory for his love of Helen, the wife of Menelaus.

to make philoſophers of them: nay, even brought them acquainted with their ſervants, on the pretence of fulfilling the dictates of * Plato, who held that women ſhould be in common for all; not underſtanding in what ſenſe that divine philoſopher meant to be underſtood with regard to this particular.

Their riotous and drunken behaviour at feaſts it would be tedious to mention, though they are all the while railing at drunkenneſs, adultery, avarice, and laſciviouſneſs. Nothing can be more contradictory than their words and their actions are to each other: they ſtyle themſelves the enemies of flattery, though in adulation they excel † Struthias and Gnathonides; recommend truth to every body, and, at the ſame time, never open their lips without a falſehood. Pleaſure, they tell you, is injurious to all, and Epicurus is their foe; for her, notwithſtanding, and for her alone, they act and live. Ever petulant, complaining on the leaſt occaſion, and prone to anger, like little children: this makes them ridiculous to all beholders; for, when they are angry, a livid paleneſs ſpreads over their faces, they look fierce and furious, and their mouths are full of foam, or rather of poiſon: never, my friend, may you be near when the filth flows from them! Gold, or ſilver, cries every one of them, I diſdain: I want only an obolus to buy me a few lupines; the next fountain or river will ſupply me with drink: but in a little while they aſk not for oboli or drachmas, but for immenſe riches. What merchant, for his freight, receives half of what philoſophy brings to theſe men? when they have got what they wanted, the wretched cloak is ſoon thrown by; they purchaſe fine clothes, fine women, and whole ſtreets, and bid adieu to the pouch of Crates, the cloak of Antiſthenes, and Diogenes's tub.

When men ſee theſe things, they begin to deſpiſe. Philoſophy, think all who profeſs it are alike, and accuſe me as the teacher of it. Not one diſciple for this long time have I gained amongſt them: like Penelope, I weave

* *Plato.*] See Pol. 5. p. 459.

† *Struthias and Gnathonides.*] Famous paraſites of thoſe days; though the latter ſeems, according to Terence, to have been a general name for all gentlemen of that profeſſion.

—as the ſchools of the philoſophers
Have ta'en from the philoſophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all paraſites
Be call'd, from me, Gnathonics. See Colman's Terence, p. 31.

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my web, and in a moment it is untwined, whilſt Ignorance and Impiety ſmile to ſee me labouring in vain.

JUPITER.

O, ye gods! what miſery has Philoſophy ſuffered from theſe wretches! But let us conſider what is to be done, and how we ſhall treat them: my lightning would deſtroy them at a ſtroke, but that is too quick a death.

APOLLO.

Father, I will aſſiſt you; for I deteſt theſe impoſtors, theſe haters of the Muſes, whom, for their ſakes, I abhor. They are not worthy of your thunder: let us, therefore, if it ſeem good to you, ſend down Mercury, to enquire into their crimes, and determine their puniſhment: as he is himſelf well learned, he will be able to diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe philoſopher; will praiſe the one according to his merits, and puniſh the other as he deſerves.

JUPITER.

Apollo, you adviſe well: but do you, Hercules, accompany him, and taking Philoſophy along with you, make the beſt of your way to earth; conſider the extirpation of theſe ſhameleſs, filthy monſters as your * thirteenth labour.

HERCULES.

I had rather once more cleanſe the Augean ſtable than be troubled with them: however, let us go.

PHILOSOPHY.

I had rather be excuſed too; but, as it ſeems good to our great father, I will follow you.

MERCURY.

Let us get down as faſt as we can, that we may lay hold on ſome of them to-day. Philoſophy, which way muſt we go? for you know where they are; I ſuppoſe in Greece.

PHILOSOPHY.

By no means; you will find there only a few real philoſophers: but thoſe whom we are going in ſearch of never deſire to live in Attic poverty at Athens; you muſt look for them where there is a great deal of gold and ſilver.

MERCURY.

We muſt go directly then to Thrace.

* *Thirteenth labour.*] Alluding to the twelve well-known labours of Hercules, impoſed on him by Euriſtheus.

HER-

HERCULES.

You are right; and I will conduct you thither: for I know every part of it, having been often there. Let us go in this way.

MERCURY.

Which do you mean?

HERCULES.

You see two very large, beautiful mountains; the biggest of them is Hæmus; that on the other side, Rhodope: at the bottom of them is a fine, open, fertile plain, from which rise three small beautiful hills, which look like towers guarding the city that is placed beneath them; and see, the city itself appears.

MERCURY.

And a most noble and charming one it is: you may see it at a great distance; a large river flows close to, and washes the walls of it.

HERCULES.

That is Hebrus: the city is the * work of Philip. We are below the clouds, and close to earth. Here we are: and now, fortune be propitious to us!

MERCURY.

So be it. What is to be done first? where are we to find these monsters?

HERCULES.

That must be your business: you are the cryer; perform your office.

MERCURY.

That is easily done; but I do not know their names: you, Philosophy, must tell them me, and what marks I am to know them by.

PHILOSOPHY.

That I cannot do; for I have really very little acquaintance with them: but, from their eager thirst after riches, you might not improperly call them † Ctesones, or Ctesippi, or Cteseicles's, or Euctemons, or Polycteti.

* *The work of Philip.*] The city of Philipopolis, built by Philip, called also Trimontium, from the three mountains that surrounded it: it was situated on the banks of the Hebrus, in Thrace, between Hamus and Rhodope.

† *Ctesones, &c.*] Gr. Κτησωνας, habeones, says the Latin translation, (which, by the by, is strange and barbarous Latin,) Havers; Κτησιππους, habiequos, Horse-havers; Κτησικλεις, habe-glorios, Glory-havers; Ευκτημονας, bene-habios, Good-havers; Πολυκτητας, multi-habios, Much-havers.

MER-

MERCURY.

Very true: but who are theſe that ſeem to be looking about for ſomebody? they are coming up, as if they wanted to aſk a queſtion of us.

PASSENGER.

Have any of you ſeen three impoſtors going this way, in company with a woman * ſhaved cloſe in the Spartan manner, who has a maſculine appearance, and looks like a virago?

PHILOSOPHY.

They ſeem to be in ſearch of the ſame perſons as we are.

PASSENGER.

The ſame as you? our's are all fugitives; but it is the woman we want moſt, whom theſe fellows have run away with.

MERCURY.

You ſhall know what we want them for preſently: come, we will cry them for you.

O yes! if any perſon can diſcover a Paphlagonian ſlave from Sinope, whoſe † name ſignifies Riches, with a pale face, a long beard ſhaved cloſe, a bag in his hand, and covered with an old cloak; paſſionate, illiterate, and has a rough voice; whoever can produce ſuch a one, ſhall be rewarded according to law.

FULLER.

I do not know who you mean by theſe marks; the man I am in ſearch of is a fuller by trade, he worked in my ſhop, wore his own hair, and his name was Cantharus.

PHILOSOPHY.

It is the ſame for all that; he was your ſervant, and a fuller, but now he appears like a philoſopher.

FULLER.

O the impudence of the fellow! ſo now he calls himſelf a philoſopher, and troubles himſelf no more about me: but we ſhall find him out amongſt us.

* *Shaved cloſe*] Reſpicit ad Laconum morem, quo virgines matrimonium inituræ, ut amiculo virili aſſeronuba induebantur, ita quoque ad cutem uſque ſicut viri radibantur. Plut. in Lyc. See alſo Meurſius in Miſc. Luc.

† *Whoſe name.*] Lucian is here ſuppoſed to glance at ſome ſlave or low fellow, who had aſſumed the name and character of Epictetus. The maſter, who is a fuller, is ſurpriſed to find his ſervant had taken another name, and was turned philoſopher. Many an honeſt tradeſman amongſt us, has, in like manner, been ſurpriſed on miſſing his 'prentice, to hear of his turning divine, and harranguing the populace in the character of a Field Preacher, at Whitfield or Weſley's tabernacle.

PHI-

PHILOSOPHY.

O Hercules! who is this coming along? that handſome man with the lyre?

HERCULES.

It is Orpheus, who ſailed with me to Argos, the beſt of all companions on ſhipboard; his muſic made our voyage ſeem much ſhorter. Good Orpheus, welcome: you have not forgot Hercules.

ORPHEUS.

Hercules, welcome, and you Philoſophy, and Mercury; you will be indebted to me ſoon, for I can give you ſome intelligence about the perſon you are in ſearch of.

MERCURY.

O ſon of Calliope, tell us where they are; you are the votary of wiſdom, and want no reward for it.

ORPHEUS.

I do not: I can ſhew you the houſe where he lives, though I do not chuſe to go to him, for fear of being ill-treated by him, for he is full of abuſe, and thinks of nothing elſe.

MERCURY.

Only ſhew him to us then.

ORPHEUS.

Here, next door; but I muſt get away, for I would not be ſeen by him.

MERCURY.

Stay; is not that a woman's voice, repeating ſome lines from Homer?

PHILOSOPHY.

By Jupiter, it is: let us hear what ſhe ſays.

WOMAN.

* I hate the fellow like the gates of hell,
Who ſays he hates the gold he loves too well.

MERCURY.

Then you muſt hate Cantharus.

† Avenge the breach of hoſpitable laws.

HUSBAND.

That's me; he ſtole away my wife, after I had lodged and treated him as a friend.

* *I hate.*] Parody of Homer. See Iliad, b. i. l. 312.

† *Avenge, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. iii. l. 354.

WO-

WOMAN.

* Thou, dog in forehead, but in heart a deer,
† With wrangling talents, form'd for foul debate;
Have we not known thee, ſlave, of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?

HUSBAND.

Aye, that ſuits him admirably.

WOMAN.

‡ Behind, a maſtiff's buſhy tail is ſpread,
A goat's rough body, and a lion's head.

HUSBAND.

What muſt ſhe have ſuffered from theſe villains! they ſay, ſhe is with child by one of them.

MERCURY.

Well, never mind; ſhe will bring you a Cerberus, or Geryon; it will only be another labour for Hercules: but you are coming out, we need not knock at the door.

MASTER.

Oho! § maſter Cantharus, I have you now: what! have you nothing to ſay? let us ſee; what have you got in your bag? ſome lupines, I ſuppoſe, or a cruſt of bread.

MERCURY.

So help me Jove if here is not a girdle full of gold.

HERCULES.

No wonder; in Greece he was a Cynic, but here he is a Chryſippus; by and by you will ſee him a || Cleanthes, for the raſcal ſhall be hung up by the beard.

Another MASTER.

And is not this Lecythio, my run-away? it is the very man: ridiculous! what muſt we expect next, when this fellow is turned philoſopher?

* *Thou dog.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 225.

† *With wrangling.*] See the character of Therſites, Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 305, &c.

‡ *Behind.*] See Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 221. Lucian has altered Homer here a little, and put a dog's tail inſtead of the dragon's, in compliment to the Cynics.

§ *Maſter Cantharus*] This is the fuller's ſervant mentioned above, who called himſelf Epictetus.

|| *Cleanthes.*] A famous Stoic philoſopher; he was not hanged as Lucian intimates, but ſtarved himſelf to death, a mode of putting an end to themſelves very faſhionable amongſt the Grecians.

MERCURY.

Has this third never a maſter amongſt you?

Another MASTER.

Yes: but I give him up; let him ſtarve.

MERCURY.

Why ſo?

MASTER.

Becauſe he ſtinks; we uſed to call him the perfumer.

MERCURY.

O Hercules! he has got his ſtaff and his ſcrip too: O here, take your wife.

HOST.

Not I, indeed; ſhe will bring me an old book by way of offspring.

MERCURY.

What book do you mean?

HOST.

There is a certain book, my good friend, called * Tricaranus.

MERCURY.

May be ſo; there is a comedy I know called † Triphales.

SLAVES.

You, Mercury, muſt now paſs ſentence upon us.

MERCURY.

My decree then is, that this woman, for fear ſhe ſhould bring forth any ſtrange many-headed monſter, ſhall go back to her huſband in Greece; that theſe two little ſlaves ſhall be reſtored to their maſters, and practiſe their old trades; that Lecythio ſhall waſh dirty linen; and the perfumer here, being firſt well whipped with nettles, ſhall mend his ragged garments, then having his hair all taken off, and his body well ‡ pitched and tarred, he ſhall be carried to mount Hæmus, and hung up by the heels naked in the ſnow.

SLAVES.

O terrible, ſhocking. Oh! Oh! Oh!

MASTER.

None of your tragedy groans, I beg: come, away to the pitch and tar men: but firſt pull off your lion's ſkin, and appear like an aſs as you are.

* *Tricaranus.*] Varro is ſaid to have written a play with this title, in which he introduced Julius Cæſar, Craſſus, and Pompey.

† *Triphales.*] Alluding to a play of Ariſtophanes ſo called.

‡ *Pitched, &c.*] See page 331. Gr. παρα τας πιττωτας, ad depilatores; this was a kind of puniſhment inflicted on adulterers.

SATURNALIA.

A DIALOGUE.

The Saturnalia, *or Feaſt of* SATURN, *was celebrated in December: at this time Liberty was allowed to Servants, (a Liberty which we allow them, or which they take, all the Year round,) of finding fault, and making merry with their Maſters; probably in memory of the* Saturnia Regna, *or Golden Age, before the Diſtinction of Maſter and Servant was known. At this Seaſon, Friends ſent Preſents to each other; no War was to be proclaimed; no Offender executed; nothing reigned but Mirth and Freedom in every Quarter.*

On this Feſtival, which is certainly a fair Object of Satire, LUCIAN, *in the following* Dialogue, *empties all his Quiver of Ridicule and Sarcaſm; taking Occaſion, at the ſame Time, to laugh at the abſurd Tales propagated by the Prieſts and Poets, of* SATURN's *devouring his Children, dividing his Kingdom, &c. which, notwithſtanding, formed no inconſiderable Part of the Pagan Creed.*

*SATURN AND HIS PRIEST.

PRIEST.

SINCE your reign, O Saturn, is now begun, and we have offered up incenſe and ſacrifice to you: what, I ſhould be glad to know, out of all the offerings, will you give me for myſelf?

SATURN.

That muſt depend upon your own choice: you are the beſt judge what will be moſt acceptable to you; you, therefore, can beſt tell; unleſs you think I am king and prophet too. All I can ſay is, whatever you aſk, I ſhall not refuſe, if it is in my power to give it you.

PRIEST.

What I would aſk for is long ſince determined; I want the uſual good things, riches, gold and ſilver, ivory, fine ſoft cloathing, a number of

* *Saturn, &c.*] In the title of this dialogue, in the original, we read Ἱερευς και Χρονος, the prieſt and Saturn, which was certainly putting, as we ſay, placing the cart before the horſe, and puts us in mind of cardinal Woolſey's ego & rex meus. I have taken the liberty, however, and I hope my brethren of the clergy will forgive me, to place the king before the biſhop, and reſtore Saturn to his ſuperiority.

ſlaves about me, and every thing, in ſhort, that is rare and precious; of all this, great Saturn, I beg you will give me plenty, that I may reap the fruits of your advancement as well as others, and not be the only one who, in his whole life, ſhall be never the better for you.

SATURN.

Why, look there now; you have aſked the very things which I have not to beſtow, therefore you muſt not take it ill if you go without them; you muſt aſk them of Jupiter, to whom the empire will very ſoon devolve: I held it only on certain conditions; in * ſeven days my power is at an end, after that term I am but a private perſon, and one of the multitude; nay, even during that time, I can do no public buſineſs, nothing of weight or conſequence, only tipple, get drunk, laugh, joke, make a noiſe, play at dice, appoint the † king of the feaſt, ſet ſlaves down to the table, holloo, and ſing ſtark naked; ſometimes ſmut my face, and throw myſelf headlong into a tub of cold water: all this I have liberty to do, but as to the great affairs, gold, riches and ſo forth, Jupiter diſtributes them as he thinks proper.

PRIEST.

Neither does he do it readily, and as he ſhould do: for my part, I am weary of petitioning him; he hears me not, but ſhakes his ægis, ſtretches forth his thunderbolt, looks terrible, and frightens all thoſe that are troubleſome to him. If he beſtows any thing, he takes no notice of the good and virtuous, but ſhowers all his riches on knaves and fools, on the baſe, the cowardly, and the effeminate; I ſhould be glad, however, to know what you *can* do.

SATURN.

Many things, and thoſe by no means ſmall or contemptible, if done to perfection: but, perhaps, you think it a very little matter to conquer at dice, to throw one to your adverſaries, and turn up ſix for yourſelf: many a man has got a good fortune by ſucceſs at this game, whilſt others have ſhipwrecked their's by an unlucky throw. Then, to drink delightfully, and ſing better than any body elſe; and, whilſt others are thrown into the water

* *In ſeven days.*] i. e. as long as the Saturnalia continued. According to ſome pious commentators this alludes to the formation of the world, and the Moſaical account of the creation.

† *King of the feaſt.*] From this licence at the Saturnalia aroſe the general cuſtom of appointing at feaſts or public meetings, a lord of the banquet, who, like our modern preſidents at a club, gave laws to the company. In Horace's time they threw dice for this honour, as we learn by his

Nec regna vini ſortiere talis. Hor. book i. od. 4.

for

for their aukward behaviour, to be voted the beſt of preſidents yourſelf, and receive the honour due: is not all this glorious? to be declared king of the feaſt, to command, and not be commanded; to make whom you pleaſe abuſe themſelves, dance naked about the room, or * go round the houſe with a muſician on his ſhoulders; are not theſe moſt illuſtrious privileges in my gift? If you object that they are not ſolid and laſting, you ſhould remember alſo, that my own empire is of very ſhort duration. To theſe, however, which are in my power, you are welcome; aſk boldly for them, I ſhall not frighten you with my ægis or my thunder.

PRIEST.

But theſe, O firſt of Titans, I really do not want: however, if you will anſwer me one queſtion, which, above all things I wiſh to be reſolved in, I ſhall think it a ſufficient return for all my ſacrifices, and forgive you every thing elſe.

SATURN.

Aſk it, and if I can, I will anſwer you.

PRIEST.

Is it true then, which I have ſo often heard, that you uſed to devour the children which you had by Rhea; that ſhe ſtole away Jupiter from you and hid him, putting a ſtone in the room of him, which you ſwallowed; that when he was grown up, he conquered, and drove you out of your kingdom, put you and all your allies in chains, and threw you into Tartarus?

SATURN.

If this was not a holy-day, when ſervants are at liberty to get drunk and † abuſe their maſters; I would have ſhewn you that I had a right to reſent this treatment, and puniſh you for affronting thus, an old hoary god like me.

* *Go round, &c.*] Theſe, we are to ſuppoſe, were ſome of the pranks played at the Saturnalia, when the king of the feaſt, who was always obeyed, made every body do what he liked. We have a cuſtom of the ſame nature in the play of forfeits, when the keeper, or diſtributer of them commands the forfeiter to do any ridiculous thing he thinks proper. I need not tell my fair readers that at theſe Saturnalia, no orders, how abſurd ſoever, are to be diſputed.

† *Abuſe, &c.*] The cuſtom, as in the Saturnalia, of eſtabliſhing a kind of univerſal liberty, when ſervants had a licence to abuſe their maſters, uſurp their authority for a time, &c. ſeems to have been adopted, at leaſt in ſome meaſure, by all nations: there are traces of it in our own, more eſpecially in ſchools, colleges, and foundations, of which the Tripos verſes in the univerſity of Cambridge, well known to my fellow collegians, may be brought as an inſtance; my brother Weſtminſters, of St. Peter's college, will alſo recollect the cuſtom of cock-monitor, &c. ſtill, I believe, preſerved amongſt them.

PRIEST.

PRIEST.

In good truth, Saturn, I did not aſk this of my own head. Heſiod and Homer taught it me; not to mention, that three parts of the world beſide fully believe it.

SATURN.

And how do you think that ruſtic, bragging impoſtor ſhould know any thing of me? Only reflect a little: is it poſſible that a man, much leſs a god, ſhould ever devour his own children, unleſs, indeed, ſuch a one as Thyeſtes? or, if this could have happened, do you think he could be ſuch a fool as to eat a ſtone for a child, unleſs he was totally void of ſenſe and feeling? Then, again, Jupiter and I never fought, neither did he take away my empire by force; for I reſigned it to him of my own accord: and as to my being in chains, and thrown into Tartarus, here I am to convince you to the contrary, unleſs you are yourſelf as blind as Homer.

PRIEST.

But what induced you to reſign your kingdom?

SATURN.

I will tell you. I grew old and gouty, (which, perhaps, was the reaſon why the common people gave out that I was in chains,) and was no longer able to encounter with the degeneracy of the times. I had nothing elſe to do, indeed, but to run about, with thunder in my hand, after falſe ſwearers, thieves, and villains; which was a work of labour, and fit only for youth to execute: I *gave it up, therefore, and a good deed it was, to Jupiter. I thought it withal moſt prudent to divide the empire amongſt my ſons, that I might live and feaſt in peace and quiet, and no longer trouble myſelf with importunate petitioners, for ever aſking things different from, and contradictory to each other; that I might not always be ſending down hail, lightning, and thunder, but lead a pleaſant old man's life, drink pure nectar, and tell ſtories with Iapetus, and the reſt of my cotemporaries. He, in the mean time, holds the reins of government, with a thouſand anxieties, and is in perpetual uneaſineſs; unleſs, except for a few days, when

* *Gave it up.*] This is one of the ſevereſt pieces of delicate and indirect ſatire, perhaps, any where to be met with. Saturn gives up the dominion of heaven and earth, becauſe they were both ſo wicked and worthleſs, that it was neither honour nor pleaſure to be at the head of them.—A king of England, in this age of univerſal depravity and corruption, would, perhaps, not be ſorry to avail himſelf of ſuch a privilege.

I agreed

I agreed to take them myſelf, only to remind men how different life was when I reigned; when every thing ſprung up without ploughing or ſowing; when there were no ſheaves, but bread ready made, and fleſh ready dreſſed; when there were rivers of wine, and fountains of milk and honey; for then all was good, and all was gold. This is the cauſe of my ſhort-lived reign: hence all this ſinging, playing, and dancing; this equality between freemen and ſlaves; for, when I reigned, there was no ſervitude.

PRIEST.

I always thought you inſtituted this feſtival from a compaſſionate regard to thoſe that wear chains, and with a kind of retroſpect to your own.

SATURN.

You will not leave off your jokes and ſarcaſms, then?

PRIEST.

I will, indeed: but, pray, anſwer me one queſtion: in your reign, did they uſe to play at dice?

SATURN.

Yes: but not for talents, or ten thouſand drachmas, as they do now-a-days: they only played for nuts; ſo that he who loſt never wept, and raved, or ſtarved himſelf for grief.

PRIEST.

Very true: what, indeed, ſhould they play for, who were nothing but gold? I was thinking, if one of theſe golden men were to come now amongſt us, and live in theſe days, what a miſerable condition would he be in: they would fall upon and tear him in pieces, as the Mænades did Pentheus, the dogs Actæon, and the Thracian women poor Orpheus; they would quarrel amongſt themſelves, which ſhould have the largeſt part of him: for, even on theſe days of feſtivity, they are always intent on lucre, and think of nothing elſe: even, at the banquet, ſome of them will thieve from their friends, whilſt others are curſing you moſt impiouſly, and breaking in pieces the innocent dice, for the faults which they themſelves were guilty of. I muſt aſk you one thing more, and that is, How it happens that a tender old man, like you, ſhould chuſe out this inclement ſeaſon of the year, when there is nothing but wind, ice, and ſnow every where; when the trees are withered and leafleſs, the fields without flowers or beauty; and men, contracted, as it were, with age, hang over the fire: how could you pick out this time for a feſtival, which is agreeable neither to old nor young?

SA-

SATURN.

You are aſking me queſtions, my friend, when we ought to be drinking: you have robbed me of half my holiday in philoſophiſing, moſt unneceſſarily; let us, therefore, talk no more, but feaſt and enjoy our liberty; after which we will play at dice for nuts, according to the old cuſtom, appoint our kings of the feaſt, and do as they bid us. So ſhall we fulfil the proverb,

* Once a man, and twice a child.

PRIEST.

Well ſaid: never may he drink when he is dry, who does not approve thy pleaſantry! ſo, let us drink, for you have anſwered excellently. I have a great mind to put down what has paſſed between us in a book, for the uſe of thoſe, amongſt my friends, who are worthy of ſuch an entertainment.

* *Once a man, &c.*] Gr. παλιμπαιδας τυς γεροντας, ſenes bis pueros. The Greek and Engliſh ſaying or proverb anſwer exactly. The phraſe in our own language is, perhaps, the moſt ſtrong and expreſſive.

CHRO-

CHRONOSOLON.

LUCIAN *has got hold of* SATURN, *and does not chuſe to quit him; he has therefore given us, in his* Chronoſolon, *(i. e. a* SOLON, *or Lawgiver to* CHRONOS *or* SATURN,*) another ſevere Satire on the ridiculous Rites and Ceremonies which made a Part of the* SATURNALIA. *Towards the End of this little Piece, he expoſes the Abſurdity of ſome convivial Cuſtoms, and recommends others in their Stead.*

THESE are the words of Chronoſolon, the high-prieſt and prophet of Saturn, his legiſlator, to diſpenſe the laws which he hath enacted at his feſtival. What concerns the poor, I have already ſet forth in a book which I ſent to them: if they do not obey my ſtatutes, they will be liable to thoſe heavy puniſhments which are annexed to the violation of them. Take heed, therefore, ye rich, that ye alſo do not tranſgreſs the laws, or neglect thoſe commands which I here enjoin you to perform; for know, he who diſobeys, affronts not me, but Saturn himſelf, who hath commiſſioned me to diſpenſe his laws, not in a dream, but face to face. He was not bound in chains, nor rough and dirty, as the fooliſh painters and poets repreſent him, but had a ſharp knife in his hand, appeared ſtrong and chearful, and was dreſſed in a royal robe: ſuch was his form when he appeared to me. Thoſe divine things which he delivered, it is fitting that I impart unto you. Long had he obſerved me walking, with downcaſt eyes, in deep meditation: and well he knew, as gods know all things, the cauſe of my melancholy, and what I ſuffered from penury. In the worſt of weathers, I had but one poor garment to cover me: there was nothing but cold wind, froſt, and ſnow, and I was ill prepared for them. With grief I ſaw the approaching celebrity; when others were getting ready their feaſts and ſacrifices, I, alas! had nothing feſtival about me: then it was that the god, coming behind, and ſhaking me by the * ear, as he was wont; "Chronoſolon, (ſaid he,) why art thou thus afflicted?" "With too much reaſon, (replied I,) when I behold the vileſt and moſt abandoned, and thoſe alone revelling in riches and ſplendor, whilſt I, and many other learned and in-

* *By the ear.*] ——Cynthius aurem
Vellit—

genious men, languiſh in poverty and deſpair: neither will you, my maſter, put an end to theſe things, and bring us all upon a level." "That (ſaid he) cannot be done: what Clotho and the Parcæ ordain, I cannot reverſe; but, as far as my feſtival extends, I will relieve you; and thus it ſhall be done: go this inſtant, Chronoſolon, and write me ſome laws, ſuch as may bind the rich during this ſolemnity, that they may not feaſt for themſelves alone, but give you a ſhare in the banquet." "Alas! (cried I,) I know not how to make laws." "Then (ſaid he) I will teach you." He began, and when I had learned, "Now (ſaid he) tell them, if they do not obey, wo unto them! vainly, if I am not avenged, do I hold this knife; and fit object of ridicule ſhould I be, if I, who made uſe of it againſt my father * Cœlus, ſhould not do it againſt the violators of my own ſacred laws: let them get their flutes and cymbals, and wait upon the † great goddeſs; for I ſhall ſoon qualify them for it." Such were his threats: it will become you all, therefore, to take care you do not diſobey the following laws.

FIRST CODE.

LET no buſineſs, public or private, be done during the feſtival, except that which contributes towards ſport, pleaſure, and delight, cooks and bakers: let none work but cooks and bakers.

Let freemen and ſlaves, rich and poor, be all upon a level.

Let no man be affronted at, angry with, or threaten another.

Let none be obliged to account for the things intruſted to their care during the feſtival.

Let no enquiry be made into the money or garments diſtributed.

Let there be no writing, no public exerciſes, no diſputes, no ſpeeches, except ſuch as are jocular and facetious, and may promote mirth and jollity.

SECOND CODE.

LET the rich, ſome time before the feſtival, write down on a tablet the names of their friends, with what they intend to give them, which ſhall be of money, about a tenth part of their annual income; beſides out of their apparel, and all that belongs to them, whatever is ſuperfluous, mean, dirty,

* * *Cœlus.*] Alluding to the old abſurd fable of Saturn's making a eunuch of his father Cœlus, to prevent (an excellent ſcheme for ſons and heirs) his having any other children.

† *The great goddeſs.*] Cybele, the wife of Saturn.

or

or unſuitable to their rank and condition: let all this be got ready, and the night before the feſtival, let them go through the neceſſary purgation, by throwing off all their avarice, meanneſs, love of filthy lucre, and all thoſe bad qualities which generally attend them. When they are thus cleanſed, let them ſacrifice to Jupiter, the giver of good things; Mercury, the beneficent; and the generous Apollo.

Diſtribution being made according to every man's rank and fortune, let the preſents be ſent to their friends before ſun-ſet.

Let thoſe who carry the preſents, not be more than three or four of the moſt faithful and oldeſt ſervants.

Let it be inſcribed on the tablet what is ſent, and how much, that the carriers may not be ſuſpected of fraud.

Let the ſervants drink only one cup before they return, and not aſk for any more.

Let a double portion of every thing be ſent to the men of letters; for it is their due.

Let the meſſage, ſent with the preſents, be modeſt, and in few words: nothing that can give offence; no boaſtings of their value.

Let no rich man ſend any thing to the rich, nor invite him to the feaſt.

Let nothing be kept back of that which is appointed to be given; nor the intended beneficence repented of.

If the perſon, for whom the gift is deſigned, be abſent one year, let it be reſerved for him the next.

Let the rich pay the debts of their poor friends, and the rent of their houſe, if they cannot afford to pay for it themſelves; and let them enquire ſome time before, what it is the indigent moſt ſtand in need of.

Let not the receiver murmur or complain; but, whatever be the preſent, let it ſeem a great one.

Let no hares, caſks of wine, or fat hens, be ſent as preſents at this feſtival; but whatever a man ſhall receive at the Saturnalia, let him not laugh at, or turn into ridicule.

Let the man of letters, who receives a preſent, ſend back, in return, ſome ancient book, if he has any that are good, and ſuitable to the occaſion; or ſome work of his own; whatever he pleaſes: this let the rich man receive with a chearful countenance, and read it immediately: if he throws it aſide,

or rejects it, let him beware of the ſharp knife, though the preſent he ſent be ever ſo great.

Let others ſend garlands, or crumbs of frankincenſe.

If a *poor man ſends a rich one garments, or ſilver or gold, more than he can afford, let it be lodged in Saturn's public treaſury; and, the next day, let the poor man receive from the rich two hundred and fifty ſtrokes on his hand with a cane.

† CONVIVIAL LAWS.

EXACTLY at twelve let the company bathe.

Let the nuts and dice be produced before bathing.

Let all ſit down to dinner promiſcuouſly, and juſt as chance ſhall place them.

Let neither birth, rank, or fortune, make any diſtinction during the feaſt.

Let all drink of the ſame wine; and let no diſorder of the head or ſtomach of the rich man, be an excuſe for giving him a better ſort.

Let the meat be diſtributed equally to all.

Let the ſervants ſhew no favour or affection to any; without neglect, and without delay: let them not give more, or better, to one than to another; but let every thing be in common.

Let the cup-bearer be quick-ſighted and attentive to every gueſt, more than to his maſter.

Let there be cups of all ſorts.

Let the cup of friendſhip go round, and all drink to all, even before the maſter of the feaſt.

‡ Let no man drink who is not able to drink.

Let no raw and ignorant dancer or fidler be introduced, but thoſe only who are perfect in their art.

* *If a poor man, &c.*] This is ſingular: but it was, probably, either to puniſh his folly, in giving away what he could not afford to thoſe who did not want it, or his deſigning craft, in making preſents to the rich, in hopes of receiving twice as much from them in return.

† *Convivial laws.*] From theſe it is not improbable but Ben Johnſon might take the hint of his Leges Convivales.

‡ *Let no man.*] An excellent maxim: read it, ye country 'ſquires, and hoſpitable men of Dublin, and do not kill your friends with kindneſs.

Let

Let every one joke and rally as much as he pleaſes, provided that he does it with decency, and hurts nobody.

Above all, let nobody play at dice for any thing but nuts: if any man plays for him, let him have no victuals the next day.

Let every man ſtay as long as he pleaſes, and go away when he likes.

If the maſter invites ſlaves to the feaſt, both he and his friends ſhall wait upon them.

Let every rich man take care that theſe laws be inſcribed on a brazen column in the middle of his hall; there to be read by every one.

And be it known, that,

as long as this column remaineth, never ſhall famine, peſtilence, fire, or any evil thing, come upon that houſe; but if ever, which heaven avert! it ſhould be deſtroyed, wo be to them! it is not our fault.

SATURNALIAN EPISTLES.

THE POOR MAN's PETITION.

TO SATURN HEALTH.

If LUCIAN *has a Fault it is perhaps, that of ſometimes dwelling too long on a Subject, and ſqueezing it, like Ovid, to its laſt Dregs. This ſeems to be the Caſe with regard to the* Saturnalia, *the Ridicule of which he is loth to part with, and has therefore given us theſe Epiſtles, where, though there is a good Deal of Humour in them, many of the ſame Compliments are made, and the ſame Thoughts repeated, which we met with in the two preceding Pieces. The Anſwer of the Rich at the Concluſion is excellent, and contains ſome juſt Obſervations, which are confirmed by daily Experience.*

I WROTE you word ſome time ago in what a miſerable condition I was, and that I was only the worſe for your feſtival; if I remember right, I then intimated to you that I thought it unreaſonable that ſome ſhould abound in riches, happineſs, and pleaſure, without imparting any thing to the poor, whilſt others were ſtarving: and at the time of the Saturnalia, as I received no anſwer from you, I thought proper once more to remind you of it. It certainly becomes you, moſt excellent Saturn, to put an end to this unequal diſtribution of things, and begin the feſtival. As things are now, every man is, as the * proverb ſays, either an ant, or a camel. Suppoſe a tragedy actor before you with a high † buſkin on one foot, and nothing on the other; according to which he treads upon, he muſt, you ſee, be high or low, when he comes on the ſtage: and thus it is with human life, which is ſhamefully unequal; ſome ſtrut in high ſhoes, which fortune helps them to, and trample upon us with tragic pomp and inſolence, whilſt we crawl upon

* *The proverb.*] Gr. μυρμηξ ἡ καμηλος, an ant or a camel, the largeſt oppoſed to the leaſt of creatures. This proverb was uſually applied to all things in the extreme, and is here meant to ſignify, that all men were at that time either very rich or very poor.

† *Buſkin.*] The ancient tragedy buſkins were like ſtilts, and raiſed the actor ſome inches. Our own were formerly, it is probable, of the ſame nature, as we learn from Shakſpeare,

"Your ladyſhip (ſays Hamlet to the actreſs), is higher by a CHOPINE than when I ſaw you laſt."

the

the ground, though, as you well know, we could act our parts as well, and ſtrut as grandly as they can do, if any body would furniſh us with the buſkin.

The poets have long ſince told us that it was not ſo when * you held the reins of empire, when the earth yielded her fruits without ploughing or ſowing, and every man eat and drank as much as he pleaſed; the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and ſome with honey. Men themſelves were all gold, and no ſuch thing as poverty ever came near them: our's on the contrary is ſcarce worthy to be called a leaden age, it is even of a baſer metal; a living is hardly to be gained by toil and labour, and there is nothing but penury, murmuring, and deſpair amongſt us. But all this you well know we could bear with patience, did we not at the ſame time behold the rich in ſuch affluence and proſperity, locking up their gold and ſilver, wearing rich garments, buying ſlaves and chariots, with whole fields and villages; and ſo far from parting with any thing to the poor and needy, that they will not deign even to look upon us: this, O Saturn, we think ſhameful and intolerable, that the great ſhould revel in purple, and feaſt for ever, whilſt I and my poor companions are toiling night and day to get a few farthings for bread, pulſe, and onions, to ſup on.

On you, Saturn, we depend, either to change theſe things, and bring us all on a level, or, which is the laſt reſource, command the rich not to enjoy every thing by themſelves, but give us a quartern out of their buſhel; and, before time and the moths have eat up all their garments, to beſtow ſome of them upon us to clothe ourſelves withal, rather than let them mould in their cheſts; command them to invite, now and then, four or five of us to ſupper, not after the preſent mode, but in a liberal and noble manner, that we may all be partakers of their bounty: let not one man ſurfeit himſelf with dainties, his ſlave ſtanding by him till he can eat no longer, nor when the ſervant comes to us, and we ſtretch out our hand, let him paſs by and only ſhew us the relics, without ſuffering us to taſte them, give their maſter the whole hog, and then throw us the bones. Let us not be forced to aſk the cupbearer half a dozen times for a draught, but when the maſter orders him, let him pour it out immediately, and give us a bumper: above all, let every

* *You held, &c.*] In the Golden Age, which Virgil calls,

—— Saturnia regna.

body

body have the ſame wine, for where is the law that ſays one man ſhall get drunk with Cyprus whilſt another is cholicked with metheglin?

Whenever, Saturn, you ſhall make this reformation, then will a feaſt be ſomething like a feaſt, and * life be life indeed; but if you do not, let them keep the feſtival to themſelves, whilſt we ſit down and pray moſt heartily that when they come out of the bath, their ſervants may fall down and break the jugg; that their cooks may ſpoil their broth with fat, or, thinking of ſomething elſe, pour fiſh-ſauce upon their lentiles; that whilſt their ſcullions are abſent, a dog may ſteal in, fall upon their forced-meat, and devour their cheeſe-cakes! May their wild boars, ſtags, and pigs, whilſt they are roaſting, do, like † Homer's oxen of the ſun, or rather not only creep as they did, but leap away into the mountains, ſpits and all, and their fat hens, even after their feathers are plucked, fly away, that they may not thus eat all their dainties alone! May the ants, which will vex them moſt, ſuch as we read of in India, dig up their treaſures, and bring them forth to public view! May their fine cloaths, from the negligence of their ſervants, be eat through by our good friends the mice, and look like a ſieve, or a fiſhing net! May their pretty pages with long hair, their Hyacinthuſes, and Narciſſuſſes, whilſt they are holding the cup to them, become bald, and their beards grow rough and ſharp, like Satyrs in a comedy! May theſe, and a thouſand other evils fall upon the rich, if they will not leave off their avarice and ſelfiſhneſs, and give us a portion of their abundance!

* *Life, &c.*] Gr. βιον μεν την βιον: the analogy between the two languages in this expreſſion is remarkable.

† *Homer's oxen.*] This ſtrange ſtory is told in the twelfth book of the Odyſſey, where we read that

—— along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing ſound,
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book iv. l. 464.

SATURN's REPLY.

To our dearly beloved —— health.

HOW, my good friend, could you be ſo abſurd as to write to me about the preſent ſtate of human affairs, enjoining me to make a more equal diſtribution of things? this is not my buſineſs, but belongs to him who is now the great governor. I am ſurpriſed to find, you are the only one who does not know, that I, who formerly held the reins, am no * longer ruler, having divided the empire amongſt my children, and that the care of all theſe things belongs now to Jupiter: my power is confined to dice, ſinging, and drinking, and that only for ſeven days: for your requeſt, therefore, to reform theſe inequalities, and ſet you all upon a level, I muſt refer you to Jove, who alone is anſwerable for them. If, indeed, during my feſtival, any injury is committed through fraud, avarice, or injuſtice, I ſhall take cognizance of it; and for that purpoſe, I have written to the rich with regard to their ſuppers, their gold, and garments, and ordered them to ſend you ſome at my feſtival; this, as you ſay, is but juſt and right, and they will do as they ought, unleſs they can produce any good reaſons to the contrary.

In the mean time, permit me to inform you, the poor and indigent, that you are much deceived in your opinions concerning the rich and great: to think that they alone are happy, and live a life of pleaſure, becauſe they have coſtly ſuppers, get drunk with ſweet wine, and are clothed in ſoft garments: you know not the real truth, nor how much care and trouble theſe things bring along with them; they are obliged to watch continually that their ſtewards may not neglect their affairs, or cheat and impoſe upon them, to take care that their wine does not grow ſour, and their corn rot; that ſome thief does not ſteal away their cups, that informers do not make the populace believe that they mean to eſtabliſh tyranny and arbitrary power. Theſe are not a thouſandth part of the miſeries they are ſubject to; if you knew half the terrors and uneaſineſs they undergo, riches were the very things which you would moſt wiſh to avoid.

Beſides all this, if there was any thing ſo very deſirable in riches and em-

* *No longer, &c.*] This repeated from the Saturnalia.

pire, do you think I ſhould, myſelf, have been ſuch a fool as to give them both up, and live retired under the dominion of another? but, as I well knew the conſequence of being rich and great, I reſigned, and well it was for me, all thoughts of it.

With regard to the complaint you make, of their revelling in wild boars and fine cakes, whilſt you, even on feaſt days, are glad to feed on creſſes, leeks, and onions; the caſe is fairly thus: at the time when they are eaten, both are equally ſweet, and, perhaps, equally innocent, but in their conſequences extremely different; for, you do not, like them, riſe the next day with the head-ach, or breathe forth the nauſeous ſtench of a ſour ſtomach from repletion; add to this, that they are incited by luſt and luxury to ſpend their nights in riot and debauchery, and thence contract fevers, dropſies, inflammations of the lungs, and a thouſand other diſorders. Shew me one of them who does not look pale and livid, like a carcaſe; if they arrive at old age, are not three parts of them deprived of the uſe of their legs, and carried about by their ſervants? They have a golden appearance without, but within, are patched up, like player's garments, with the pooreſt rags and tatters. Fiſh, you never taſte, neither are you troubled, like thoſe who do, with gouts and palſies. Add to this, that eating perpetually of theſe things, and more than enough, it gives them very little pleaſure, and you often ſee them as fond of herbs and onions, as you can be of hares and wild boars. I ſhall paſs over a thouſand other misfortunes which they are liable to, ſuch as profligate children, wives that fall in love with their ſervants, and women that yield to them more from neceſſity than affection. There are many others which you know nothing of, whilſt you only look upon their gold and purple; and when you ſee them drawn in pomp by their white horſes, you gape at, and admire them. But if you would neglect and deſpiſe them, if you would not ſtare at their ſilver chariots, look at the rich jewels on their rings, or gaze upon their fine cloaths; if you would let them alone to enjoy their riches by themſelves, they would then come of their own accord, and invite you to ſup with them, merely that they might ſhew you their cups, their beds, tables, and all their treaſures, which are of no ſervice to them, unleſs they are ſeen and admired; and it is for your ſake alone, that they value themſelves on the poſſeſſion of them.

This, my good friends, I have written for your comfort and ſatisfaction; I have experienced both conditions, and ſhall only add, that I hope you will

will celebrate my feſtival as you ought, when you recollect that you muſt all ſoon quit this life, when the rich muſt part from their riches, and you from your poverty. I ſhall write, however, to them as I promiſed, and I make no doubt but they will pay a proper regard to my letter.

SATURN, TO THE RICH, SENDS HEALTH.

I HAVE juſt now received a letter from the POOR, complaining that you give them nothing: they intreat me, therefore, to eſtabliſh an equality amongſt men, and to make all things common to all, that every one may have a part; ſaying, that it is unjuſt for one man to have more than is neceſſary; and another, nothing that is pleaſant or agreeable. To which I anſwered, that all theſe things belonged to Jupiter; but that, with regard to the preſent time, or any injuries which were done to them during my feſtival, I ſhould take them under conſideration, and would write to you about it. What they require of you is, I think, very reaſonable; for how, ſay they, ſtarving as we are with cold and hunger, ſhall we be able to keep the feſtival? If, therefore, I would have them partake of it, they deſire I would lay my commands on you, to give them ſome of your cloaths, ſuch as were not fit for you, or which you had no occaſion for, together with a little of your ſpare money. This, if you would agree to, they will not complain of you to Jupiter; but, if you deny them, they are reſolved to petition him for a new diſtribution, the firſt time he ſits to do juſtice. This, indeed, I think you may very eaſily do, out of the abundance which you poſſeſs. With regard to ſuppers, they requeſt, that they may partake of them, and that you will not ſhut your doors againſt them, and feaſt by yourſelves: whenever, which, it ſeems, happens but ſeldom, you do invite them, they have more uneaſineſs than joy or pleaſure, as they are ſure to meet with a thouſand affronts and indignities, and particularly that of being ſerved with worſe wine than what you drink yourſelves: heavens! how mean and illiberal is this! I wonder they do not riſe up from table, and take their leave of you immediately. Then again, even of this they are not ſuffered to drink as much as they like; your cup-bearers, like the * companions of Ulyſſes, ſeal up their ears

* *Companions, &c.*] Alluding to this paſſage,

The ductile wax, with buſy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;

ears with wax. The behaviour, beſides, of your ſervants, in the diviſion of the meat, is ſo bad, that I am almoſt aſhamed to mention it; whilſt you are gorging, they paſs by theſe poor wretches, and take no notice of them; with many other tricks of this kind that are very unworthy of you. Equality is the life and ſoul of feſtivals, and, for this purpoſe, a diſtributor is appointed, to take care that every body ſhall have their ſhare. Let them, therefore, no longer complain againſt, but love and honour you; let them partake of what you can very well afford to part from, and which, at the ſame time, they will always remember with gratitude. Conſider that you cannot yourſelves live any where with comfort, unleſs you have the poor with you, who muſt furniſh you with a thouſand things neceſſary to your happineſs; if they are not there to admire your treaſures, they are all buried in obſcurity. Let then the multitude come and ſee them, let them gaze upon your ſilver, gold, and fine tables, and whilſt they put round the cup of friendſhip, let them weigh it well, and mark how beautiful, how highly wrought, and finiſhed it is: add to this, that they will praiſe your good-nature and humanity, and you will no longer be the object of their envy, for who envies the liberal and bounteous man, who does not wiſh him long life, health, and happineſs? But, as you behave yourſelves at preſent, your riches make you the butt of envy; your proſperity has no witneſſes, and your life no pleaſure or enjoyment.

To feed by ourſelves like lions, wolves, and tygers, is ſurely by no means ſo pleaſant as to live in agreeable ſociety; in the company of men of parts and genius, who will not ſuffer the feaſt to be dull and unintertaining, who can enliven it with ſocial mirth and feſtivity. Theſe are the convivial joys which Bacchus, Venus, and the Graces love; this will gain you the good-will of all who hear it, an advantage well worth endeavouring to obtain. For, let me aſk you, if there were no poor, to ſee your riches, to admire your fine cloaths, your houſehold, and attendants, would not you be very unhappy? Not to mention the hatred and ill-will you would inevitably draw upon you, by living for yourſelves alone; their curſes pronounced againſt you, are dreadful indeed; never may they be fulfilled! for then, nor cake nor forced-meat muſt you taſte, except what the dogs ſhall leave you; your len-

> Then ev'ry ear I barr'd againſt the ſtrain,
> And from exceſs of frenzy lock'd the brain.
>
> See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. 12. l. 218.

tiles

tiles ſhall ſmell of fiſh, your boars and ſtags run out of the kitchen, your hens fly off to the poor, your glaſſes be all broke, and your pages be all bald. For the future, therefore, take care that my feſtival be celebrated as it ought to be, and that you relieve the poor and indigent, whom, by a little timely aſſiſtance, you may make moſt excellent and uſeful friends.

ANSWER OF THE RICH TO SATURN.

NOT to you alone, O Saturn, have the poor made their complaints: Jupiter is every day ſtunned with their clamours, importuning him to make a new diſtribution of things, accuſing Fate of inequality and injuſtice, and us alſo for beſtowing nothing upon them; but he knows very well where the fault lies, and therefore turns a deaf ear to their petitions. For ourſelves, we have conſidered of what you wrote to us, are convinced that it is our duty to relieve the indigent, and that to admit the poor to our feaſt will make them more agreeable to ourſelves, and have therefore taken care to give them ſuch an equal portion as may remove all juſt cauſe of complaint amongſt them. But the truth is, theſe men, who at firſt pretended they wanted but little, when once our doors were opened to them, were perpetually aſking for more and more; and if their requeſt was not immediately complied with, we met with nothing but ill-will, anger, and abuſe from them; if any lie was propagated againſt us, it was ſoon as thoroughly believed by the croud as if they knew it to be true; ſo that we are reduced to this alternative, if we give them nothing, to make them our inveterate enemies; or if we permit them to take all, to be as poor as them, and become beggars ourſelves: this might be borne, but which is ſtill worſe, when they are invited, they never think they have enough, and yet after gorging themſelves, and drinking a great deal more than they ought, they make no ſcruple of endeavouring in their cups to debauch your wife or miſtreſs; and whilſt they are puking upon your beſt bed, rail at and abuſe you, and complain of being ſtarved. If you think this impoſſible, recollect the ſtory of your own paraſite Ixion, who when admitted to the table of the gods, got drunk, and moſt generouſly made an attempt on the chaſtity of Juno.

Such,

Such, with many others of the ſame kind, are the reaſons which induced us, for our own ſakes, to ſhut our doors againſt them; but if they will promiſe, and you will be anſwerable for them, that for the future they will be moderate in their requeſts, and will not affront or abuſe us, they ſhall come to our feaſts, and be welcome to them; we will ſend them, according to your commands, ſome of our cloaths, and what money we can ſpare: let them leave off their tricks and bad behaviour, and, inſtead of flatterers and paraſites, become our friends; if, in ſhort, they will do their duty, we will not be deficient in our's, nor ſhall you have any reaſon to find fault with us.

*LAPITHÆ,

OR THE

BANQUET,

A DIALOGUE.

It has frequently been obſerved, by both Ancients and Moderns, that, to the Reproach of Human Nature, wiſe Men are ſometimes as fooliſh as other People. LUCIAN, *to convince his Readers of this Truth, gives us an Account of a Feaſt, where the Philoſophers, who were invited to it, got drunk, abuſed, and beat one another: a Fact which might very probably happen, and which* LUCIAN *here deſcribes with infinite Humour. The Parties concerned were, we may ſuppoſe, pretty well known; and this Relation of their Behaviour muſt have afforded no ſmall Entertainment to the Public.*

The LAPITHÆ, *a People of* THESSALIA, *at a great Feaſt, made on the Marriage of* PIRITHOUS, *their King, quarrelled with the* CENTAURS, *fought, and routed them: in Alluſion to this,* LUCIAN *humorouſly calls his Philoſophers Feaſt, the* LAPITHÆ.

LYCINUS AND PHILO.

PHILO.

SO, you had variety of entertainment, yeſterday, at Ariſtenætus's: the philoſophers, they tell me, had a great diſpute; and the affair even went ſo far, if I may believe Charinus, as to end in blows and bloodſhed.

LYCINUS.

But how came Charinus, my dear Philo, to know any thing of the matter, when he did not ſup with us?

PHILO.

He heard ſo, he ſaid, from Dionicus, the phyſician, who, I ſuppoſe, was one amongſt you.

LYCINUS.

He was; but not from the beginning; as he came in late, about the middle of the battle, and a little before any wounds were given: his account, therefore, cannot be depended on, as he was not there when the quarrel began, nor acquainted with the cauſe of it.

* —ne quis modici tranſiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
Debellata. Hor.

See alſo Ovid. Met. b. xii.

PHILO.

PHILO.

And therefore it was, that Charinus himſelf deſired us, if we wanted to know the truth, and every thing that paſſed, to apply to you, as you knew all the circumſtances exactly, and attended carefully to what was ſaid and done: you will not, therefore, I am ſure, refuſe to give us this treat, which, to me, will be a moſt agreeable one; eſpecially as we can enjoy the banquet here, with all ſobriety, and out of the reach of danger, or blood-ſhed, whether the old men get drunk, and diſturb the company, or the young men grow warm, and are troubleſome and impertinent.

LYCINUS.

You ſhould not preſs me, Philo, to publiſh things that happen at a drinking bout, which, perhaps had better be buried in oblivion. It was all the work of Bacchus, who, we may ſuppoſe, deſpiſes all thoſe who are not initiated into his ſacred rites, and will not celebrate his orgies: it is unlawful, therefore, to enquire too nicely into thoſe myſteries, from which the profane ſhould depart in ſilence; beſides, as the poet ſays,

* Nothing ſo hateful as a tell-tale gueſt.

Nor was it right in Dionicus to ſay what he did to Charinus about the laſt night's ſupper with the philoſophers: far be it from me to do any ſuch thing.

PHILO.

You are mighty delicate; but, in good truth, friend Lycinus, you ſhould not pretend thus to impoſe upon me, who very well know that you are more willing to tell than I am to hear it; and that, if you could find nobody to liſten to you, you would declare it open-mouthed, from beginning to end, to the firſt ſtatue that you met with. If I was to go away without hearing, I know you would run after, ſtop, and intreat me. I will be as niee and delicate as you, and take myſelf away: I can aſk ſomebody elſe, ſo you need not trouble yourſelf.

LYCINUS.

Good Philo, do not be angry; ſince you are ſo very deſirous, I will e'en tell you, but you muſt not mention it to every body.

* *Nothing, &c.*] Gr. μισω μνημονα συμποτην. Agreeable to this, is Ben Johnſon's rule, in his Leges Conviviales.

Dicta qui foras eliminat, eliminetur.

PHI-

PHILO.

If I know any thing of Lycinus, he will do that better himſelf: take care to tell every body, and ſave me the trouble: but pray tell me, did Ariſtænetus invite you to celebrate the marriage of his ſon Zeno?

LYCINUS.

No; it was the wedding of his daughter Cleanthis, whom he has juſt married to the ſon of Eucritus, the money-lender, a great admirer of philoſophy.

PHILO.

A very handſome boy; but, I ſhould think, rather too young for a wife.

LYCINUS.

I ſuppoſe he could not pick out a more proper huſband, accompliſhed, as he is, with a ſtrong bent to philoſophy; and, moreover, the only ſon of Eucritus, who is extremely rich: he was, ſurely, the very man Ariſtænetus could have wiſhed for.

PHILO.

Such a fortune, indeed, was a good reaſon; but who were your gueſts?

LYCINUS.

Of philoſophers, for as to the reſt you have no curioſity, there were, the old Stoic Zenothemis, and Diphilus, ſurnamed the *Labyrinth, Zeno's maſter: of the Peripatetics, Cleodemus, who, you know, is famous for the force and ſubtilty of his arguments; his ſcholars call him the Sword and Scythe. There was, likewiſe, Hermon, the Epicurean, whom the Stoics looked upon with an evil eye; no better, you may ſuppoſe, than a parricide and a murtherer. Theſe were invited, as being Ariſtænetus's moſt intimate friends; and with them came Hiſtiæus, the grammarian, and Dionyſodorus, the rhetorician. The bridegroom, Chærea, introduced alſo Ion, the Platonic, who was his maſter, whoſe perſon and appearance were truly reſpectable; uprightneſs and integrity ſhone forth in his countenance, wherefore he was generally ſtyled the Model, in alluſion to the rectitude of his conduct: on his entrance, every body roſe up, and paid him reverence, as to a ſuperior being; there was, indeed, in his air and manner, ſomething truly god-like and divine.

* *The Labyrinth.*] Alluding to his ſubtle and perplexed manner of diſputing. This puts us in mind of the nick-names formerly given to our ſchoolmen; ſuch as, the Irrefragable Doctor, the Angelic Doctor, &c.

The couch, on the right hand, as you entered, was filled with a number of * women; and, amongſt them, ſurrounded by her friends, the bride, covered with a long veil: oppoſite to the door, was another large company, ranged according to their rank and dignity. Over againſt the women ſat Eucritus, and next him Ariſtænetus: and now a little diſpute aroſe, whether the precedency ſhould be given to the old Stoic Zenothemis, or Hermon, the Epicurean, who was prieſt of † the Dioſcuri, and of the firſt family in the city. Zenothemis cut this matter ſhort, by crying out, "If you place me behind that Epicurean, not to ſay any thing more of him, I ſhall leave you to feaſt by yourſelves; I am going:" and ſo ſaying, he called the boy, and pretended to be marching off: upon which, "Take the firſt ſeat, if you pleaſe, (ſaid Hermon;) but, I think, however you may deſpiſe the Epicurean, you might have given place to the prieſt." "I laugh at the prieſt and the Epicurean too," replied Zenothemis; and immediately ſat down, and Hermon next him: then Cleodemus, the Peripatetic; then Ion; and, after him, the bridegroom: I followed; next to me ſat Diphilus; and, below him, his ſcholar Zeno, with Hiſtiæus and Dionyſodorus.

PHILO.

This was, indeed, a moſt elegant entertainment, the banquet of the Muſes. I honour Ariſtænetus much, for collecting together ſo many ingenious men, not preferring one ſect, and rejecting another; but thus inviting the flower of each.

LYCINUS.

He is not like the generality of rich men, but a lover of the wiſe and learned, with whom he has ſpent the greateſt part of his life. But to proceed: the firſt part of the evening paſſed off quietly; we had an elegant and plentiful ſupper: you do not want an exact account of our meat and drink; it is ſufficient to ſay, we had enough of every thing. In the midſt of the entertainment, Cleodemus leaned over, and whiſpered to Ion: "Look (for I overheard them) at that old fellow, (meaning Zenothemis,) how he gorges the haſh! his cloaths are all daubed with the ſoup: obſerve

* *Women.*] The women, we ſee, had a couch to themſelves, and did not ſit amongſt the men: no wonder that the feaſt ſhould reſemble that of the Lapithæ, nothing but noiſe and quarrels. I appeal to the ladies, whether theſe polite Greeks, whom we ſo much admire, were not abſolute Barbarians.

† *Dioſcuri.*] Caſtor and Pollux.

how

how he hands the victuals to the boy that ſtands behind him, not thinking that he is ſeen by the company. Pray tell Lycinus, that he may take notice of him." But there was no occaſion for Ion's pointing it out to me, as I had myſelf obſerved him ſome time before.

Scarce had Cleodemus ſaid this, when in ruſhed Alcidamas, the Cynic, making uſe of the old adage; "*Menelaus comes when he pleaſes." Many people thought it very impertinent, and ſome muttered,

"Thou raveſt, O Menelaus."

Others cried out,

"†The great Atrides likes not this"——

Several hints of this kind were privately thrown out, but nobody ventured openly to attack him, as he was one of the moſt noiſy and petulant fellows of the whole ſect, inſomuch that he intimidated every body: Ariſtænetus, however, beckoned to, bade him take a chair, and ſit down by Hiſtiæus and Dionyſodorus. "No, no, (cried he,) no ſitting in chairs, or laying on couches, for me; it is mean and effeminate to loll on couches, and crawl on the ground, as you do, and eat your victuals with your purple garments under you. I ſhall ſtand upright, and ſup as I walk; and, when I am tired, lay me down in my cloak, and go to ſleep." "So you may, if you pleaſe," ſaid Ariſtænetus; and, accordingly, the Cynic walked all round, and took his ſupper where he liked, changing his camp like the Scythians, ſtopping wherever he found the beſt paſture, and following the ſervants as they carried the meat about: in the mean time, whilſt he was eating, he did not forget to diſpute about the nature of virtue and vice, and to talk about his contempt of riches; aſked Ariſtænetus what he did with ſo many fine gold and ſilver cups, when wooden ones would have been juſt as uſeful: as ſoon, however, as he began to grow troubleſome, Ariſtænetus quitted him, by making ſigns to the boy to give him a large cup of wine, and make it pretty ſtrong: this, he thought, was doing a great thing, little imagining how

* *Menelaus, &c.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the ſecond book of the Iliad, where it is ſaid, ſpeaking of Agamemnon's feaſt,

——Menelaus came, UNBID, the laſt.

From this circumſtance, as related by Homer, trifling as it may appear, when any body came to a feaſt, uninvited, he was called a Menelaus: and this, it ſeems, was the caſe with the Cynic Alcidamas.

† *The greae Atrides, &c.*] Gr. αλλ' ου Ατρειδη Αγαμεμνονι ηνδανε θυμω. See Il. b. i. l. 24.

many bad conſequences would afterwards ariſe from it: for the preſent, however, Alcidamas was ſilenced, and, as he had threatened but juſt before, laid himſelf down, half naked, on the floor, leaning his head on his arm, with the cup in his hand, as they paint Hercules at the feaſt of the Centaurs.

The wine now went round; they drank to, and chatted with each other, till at length lights were brought in; when I obſerved a pretty little girl who ſtood behind Cleodemus, ſimpering at him (for I muſt tell you every remarkable circumſtance that happened on this occaſion), I watched narrowly to find out what ſhe laughed at, and next time ſhe came near to take the cup from him, I obſerved Cleodemus ſqueezing her hand, and putting ſome money into it; the girl ſmiled at the ſqueezing of her hand, but I believe did not feel the money, for two drachmas fell down between them, and making a noiſe, which was overheard by the company, they both bluſhed; thoſe who ſat next to them could not tell whom the money belonged to, as the girl denied they were meant for her, and Cleodemus, though the noiſe was cloſe to him, would not own that he had dropped them; the thing therefore paſſed over unnoticed, as ſcarce any body, I believe, had ſeen what was done but Ariſtænetus, who ordered the girl out privately, and placed an old oſtler, or groom, behind Cleodemus in her ſtead. Thus the affair ended, which, if one had not dexterouſly concealed, would have brought much ſhame and ignominy on the other.

And now Alcidamas, who had got to drinking again, enquiring the bride's name, commanded ſilence, and fixing his eyes on the women, with a loud voice cried out, "Cleanthis, I drink to you, this is the cup of Hercules:" at this the company laughed; "What do you laugh at, ſaid he, becauſe I drank to the bride, and called on Hercules? But let me tell you, if ſhe does not pledge me, ſhe will never have a ſon like me, ſtrong in body and mind, and invincible;" ſaying this, he ſhewed part of his naked body in a moſt indecent manner; the gueſts laughed, and he got up in a *violent paſſion*, and looked ſo fierce and furious, that it was plain he did not mean to be quiet much longer; he would certainly, indeed, have knocked down ſomebody with his club, if he had not, juſt in the nick of time, met with a fine cake, which caſting his eyes upon, he immediately grew calm, forgot his reſentment, and devoured it.

And now, many were got drunk, and the feaſt was nothing but noiſe and clamour. The rhetorician repeated ſome of his good things, at which the ſervants,

ſervants, who ſtood behind, laughed immoderately; the grammarian, who ſat next to him, patched together a parcel of verſes from Pindar, Heſiod, and Anacreon, and made a ridiculous jumble of them all; amongſt the reſt, as if he had been a prophet, he repeated,

* Now ſhield with ſhield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
And ſhrilling ſhouts, and dying groans ariſe.

Whilſt Zenothemis read a manuſcript in the ſmalleſt characters, which he had taken from one of the waiters.

In the interval between the courſes, Ariſtænetus, that no part of the time might be without ſome entertainment, had taken care to provide a buffoon, who was brought to ſay or do any thing comical or ridiculous that could divert the company; the fellow came in, with his head ſhaved, and only a few hairs on it, and ſtanding upright, diſtorted his body in various poſtures, danced about, and repeated ſome verſes, that ſounded like Ægyptian, throwing out now and then ſome jeſts on the company; which moſt of them ſmiled at; but when he attacked Alcidamas, and called him the dog of Melita, the Cynic grew angry, for he was before affronted at his admittance to the feaſt, and throwing down his cloak, he challenged him to fight, and ſaid, if he refuſed, he would knock him down with his club; poor Satyrion, therefore, (for that was the fellow's name), was forced to ſtand up, and fight with him. It was pleaſant enough to ſee a grave philoſopher at cuffs with a buffoon, and thumping one another; ſome were pleaſed at, and ſome aſhamed of it, till at laſt Alcidamas, worn out by repeated blows, was forced to yield to the ſuperior ſtrength and experience of little Satyrion; this concluſion ſet the whole table in a roar.

A little after came in Dionicus, the phyſician, who had been detained by his attendance on Polyprepon, the muſician, who was mad, concerning whom he told a very diverting ſtory. He had called it ſeems upon him, not knowing any thing of his diſorder, when the madman immediately roſe up, ſhut the door, drew his ſword, and holding a flute in his hand, commanded Dionicus to play upon it, which he not being able to do, the muſician ſtruck him ſeveral blows on his hand, with a long whip; in this extre-

* *Now ſhields, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 519.

mity

mity, Dionicus bethought himſelf of a ſtratagem, which was, to challenge the muſician to play with him, agreeing that the conquered ſhould receive ſo many ſtripes from the victor: he then began himſelf, and after playing very badly, gave the flute to the muſician, taking the whip from him, and at the ſame time laying hold of his ſword, threw it out at the window, then called in the neighbours, who broke open the door, and reſcued him. He ſhewed us ſeveral marks of the whip, and ſcratches on his face from the nails of his antagoniſt. This ſtory made us laugh as much as the adventure of the buffoon. Dionicus then ſat himſelf down by Hyſtiæus, and went to ſupper; ſome propitious deity, no doubt, ſent him to us, and moſt opportunely did he come, conſidering what happened not long after.

A ſervant now came in, who it ſeems belonged to Etæmocles, the Stoic, with a paper in his hand, which he ſaid he was ordered to read openly, in ſome part of the room where he might be heard by every body, and then to return: accordingly, Ariſtænetus having given him leave, he brought it to the light, and began.

PHILO.

Some epithalamium, I ſuppoſe, with compliments to the bride, which is uſual on theſe occaſions.

LYCINUS.

So we all imagined: but it proved to be a very different thing: for thus it ran:

ETEMOCLES, THE PHILOSOPHER, TO ARISTÆNETUS.

"THAT I am no friend to banquets, appears from my paſt life; every day have I been invited by men much greater than yourſelf, but I would never go, as well knowing the noiſe, riot, and debauchery for ever attendant on them: I cannot at the ſame time but take it ill, that you, whom I have always treated with ſo much reſpect, ſhould leave me out of the liſt of your friends, and that I alone ſhould be taken no notice of, though I am ſo near a neighbour. I am not, indeed, ſorry on my own account, but on your's, who have behaved with ſo much ingratitude. I can have dainties enough ſent me from others, who know better how to treat me than you do; but my happineſs does not depend on ſuch things. This very day I could have ſupped with my ſcholar Pammenes, who gives, I hear, a moſt ſumptuous

tuous entertainment; but though he preſſed me warmly I refuſed him, keeping myſelf diſengaged, like a blockhead as I was, for you, who have deſerted me to enjoy the company of others; but I am not ſurpriſed at it, as you have not a ſufficient comprehenſion of mind to diſtinguiſh what is right and proper; but I know whom I am indebted to for this treatment, that I owe it to thoſe admirable philoſophers, Zenothemis and the * Labyrinth, whom, vanity apart, I could make an end of with a ſingle ſyllogiſm. Let either of them tell me what philoſophy is,—or that firſt queſtion—what is the difference between, to have, and to hold? not to mention the puzzling arguments, ſuch as the † creation, the ſorites, the mower, &c.

"But enjoy ſuch friends, if you pleaſe; I, who hold that alone to be good which is juſt and honeſt, can bear the indignity with patience. You cannot, however, ſay in excuſe for your conduct, that in the hurry and tumult of the occaſion I had ſlipped your memory; for I ſaluted you twice this day, early in the morning at your own houſe, and afterwards in the temple of Caſtor, where you went to ſacrifice; and this ſome of the company know very well. You will ſay I am angry about a trifle, but remember the ſtory of Oeneus: you may recollect that Diana was highly incenſed at him for not aſking her to the ſacrifice, when he invited all the other deities. Homer ſpeaks thus of it,

—— § bade contention riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice.

|| Euripides alſo,

In Caledonia, Pelops' happy ſoil,
Beyond the ſeas, for fertile fields renown'd, &c.

‡ And Sophocles,

Latonia, goddeſs of the ſilver bow,
To Oeneus' fields diſpatch'd the dreadful boar.

* *The Labyrinth.*] Diphilus. See note p. 481.

† *The creation.*] See Diogenes Laertius, &c. Gr. p. 434.

§ *Bade, &c.*] See Iliad, book ix. l. 653.

|| *Euripides alſo.*] This is ſuppoſed to be taken from a tragedy of Euripides, called Meleager, not now extant.

‡ *And Sophocles.*] The lines here quoted are alſo ſuppoſed to have been taken from the Meleager of Sophocles, a tragedy which is not come down to us.

This,

This, though much more I could have added, may ſuffice to ſhew you what kind of man you have affronted, only to pleaſe Diphilus, whom you have thought proper to entruſt with the care of your ſon, and in this you are certainly right; he has an extraordinary affection for the young man, and the young man for him; if it were not for modeſty's ſake I could ſay ſomething more on this head, and which Zopyrus, the pædagogue, knows to be true; but I do not chuſe to diſturb the feſtival by accuſations, eſpecially of this nature; though Diphilus well deſerves it, as he has already taken away two ſcholars from me; but, for the ſake of philoſophy, I ſay no more. I have ordered my ſervant, if your people offer him any victuals, not to take any, that you may not think I ſent him for that purpoſe."

Whilſt this letter was reading, I muſt own I ſweated for ſhame and vexation: I wiſhed, as people ſay, that the earth would open and ſwallow me up, rather than I ſhould be forced to hear the loud laughs that followed every word, eſpecially from all thoſe who were acquainted with Etæmocles, that grey-headed ſage, who always bore the character of a grave and reſpectable philoſopher; they began to ſuſpect that they knew nothing of his real character, and to wonder how they could be ſo deceived by a long beard, and a demure countenance; though it did not appear to me that Ariſtænetus left him out from any diſreſpect, but becauſe he did not expect he would come if he had been invited, and had therefore never ſent to aſk him.

No ſooner had the ſervant done reading the letter, than the whole company fixed their eyes on Diphilus and Zeno, who both looked pale and terrified; confirming, by the change of their countenances, the ſuſpicions thrown out by Etæmocles. Ariſtænetus, though he ſeemed, himſelf, not a little diſturbed at it, bade us drink away, ſmiled, and endeavoured to turn it off as well as he could. He whiſpered the ſervant to take care of him, and a little after, Zeno got up, and ſlunk off privately; the ſchool-maſter ſignifying to him, that, by his father's orders, he muſt withdraw.

And now, Cleodemus, who had long been watching for an opportunity, but could find none, of falling foul upon the Stoics, took occaſion, from the letter, to vent himſelf, and cried out, "Theſe are the works of the famous Chryſippus, Cleanthes, and the admirable Zeno; nothing but a few empty words, an idle queſtion or two, and a few cuſtoms caught from the philoſophers; and, above all, the great Etæmocles, with his old-woman's epiſtles;

epiſtles; Ariſtænetus, it ſeems, is Oeneus, and he Diana. O Hercules, what fine doings are theſe, and, no doubt, highly becoming and proper for ſuch a feſtival!"

"By Jove, ſaid Hermon, who ſate next above him, it is moſt excellent; he had heard, I ſuppoſe, that Ariſtænetus had a boar for ſupper, and this put him in mind of the Caledonian: in good truth, you ſhould ſend him a ſlice of it, leſt, like Meleager, he ſhould die with hunger; though one would think he ſhould be ſafe from that, as Chryſippus and his Stoics held all theſe things to be indifferent."

Zenothemis then, riſing up, roared out, "How dare you abuſe Chryſippus? becauſe one man is an impoſtor, have you a right to condemn all the reſt; or, becauſe Etæmocles does not ſpeak like a philoſopher, are you to abuſe Zeno and Cleanthes, men of ſenſe and character? Did not you, Hermon, cut off the golden locks from the ſtatue of Caſtor, and had not you like to have ſuffered for it? did not you, Cleodemus, debauch the wife of your ſcholar Soſtratus, and did not you undergo a certain ſhameful puniſhment for it?" "I am not bawd, however, to my own wife, (replied Cleodemus,) as ſome folks are; nor did I take a ſtranger's money to keep for him, and afterwards ſwear that I never received it; nor do I take fifty per cent. on uſury, nor wring my ſcholar's necks when they don't pay me." "You cannot deny, ſaid Zenothemis, but that you ſold a certain liquor to Crato to poiſon his father with." He then drank half a glaſs of wine, and threw the reſt in his face, part of it falling on Ion, who happened unfortunately to ſit near him. Hermon wiped the wine off his head, and called on the company to bear witneſs of the affront he had received. Cleodemus, who had no glaſs, turned about, and ſpit upon Zenothemis, then laying hold on his beard with his left hand, beat him with the other in ſuch a manner, that he would inevitably have killed the old man, if Ariſtænetus had not interpoſed, thrown himſelf between the combatants, and put an end to the fray.

I could not be an eye-witneſs of theſe things, my dear Philo, without reflecting, as every one would naturally do, of how little ſervice it is to be wiſe and learned, unleſs it influences our lives and manners. When I ſaw ſome of the greateſt ſcholars in the kingdom guilty of actions that made them ſo ridiculous, I could not help thinking, that, as the vulgar ſay,

* Learning often draws aſide from the paths of right reaſon, thoſe men who attend to nothing but books, and the tenets and opinions contained in them: for, amongſt all thoſe philoſophers, ſcarce one but was in ſome way culpable, either by doing, or ſaying, what was unbecoming. Neither could this, as I reflected, be imputed to the wine; as when Etæmocles wrote his letter, he had neither eat nor drank. The whole affair, indeed, fell out differently from what might have been expected; the ignorant and illiterate neither got drunk, nor did or ſaid any thing indecent, only laughing at, and condemning thoſe whom they had before the higheſt opinion of, and whom they had been taught to reverence and admire: whilſt the wiſe and learned grew wanton and laſcivious, drank to exceſs, and did nothing but abuſe and fight with one another. Even the great Alcidamas behaved indecently before the women; inſomuch, that our feaſt ſeemed to reſemble that of the Gods which the poets tell us of at the nuptials of Peleus; when Eris, not being invited to it, threw the apple amongſt them, which produced the long and dreadful Trojan war. The letter of Etæmocles ſent in to us, ſeemed like another apple of diſcord, and was attended with as fatal conſequences.

Zenothemis and Cleodemus ſtill kept wrangling, though Ariſtænetus ſat between them: "It is enough at preſent, cried Cleodemus, that I have convicted you of ignorance; to-morrow I ſhall revenge myſelf in another manner: in the mean time, anſwer me, Zenothemis, or you, his moſt noble Diphilus, how happens it, that whilſt you hold the poſſeſſion of riches to be a matter of indifference, you are ſo very deſirous of them, that you are always ſo fond of being amongſt the great, that you put out your money to intereſt, take uſury upon uſury, and teach for hire? Again, how comes it about, whilſt you find fault with pleaſure, and condemn the Epicureans, at the ſame time you will do and ſuffer every thing for the ſake of it, taking it ill if any body does not invite you to ſupper, and when you are there, eat ſo much, and give your ſervant more?"—Saying this, he endeavoured to ſnatch away a diſh from Zenothemis's boy, full of all ſorts of meat, with an intention of throwing it at him; but the boy held it faſt and prevented him. "Well ſaid, Cleodemus, cried Hermon, let them tell you why they find fault with pleaſure, when they are ſo fond of it themſelves." "No, replied Zenothemis, do you tell us, why you hold riches not to be indifferent:"

* *Learning.*] "And as he thus ſpoke for himſelf, Feſtus ſaid with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beſide thyſelf, much learning hath made thee mad." Acts xxvi. 24.

"Do

"Do you do it, ſaid the other." Thus they were going on, when Ion ſtepped forth, and ſaid, "Permit me to propoſe ſomething more worthy of this ſolemnity, and proper for the occaſion; let every one of us, without farther contention, entertain the company by haranguing on ſome ſubject, in the manner of Plato." This motion was applauded by every body, particularly by Areſtænetus and Eucritus, who hoped, by this means, to get rid of the noiſe and tumult which were ſo diſagreeable: Areſtænetus, therefore, retired to his own place, imagining that every thing would now be quiet.

And now came on what we call the finiſhing courſe, when every one has a hen, a piece of boar, a hare, a fried fiſh, a corn-cake, and ſome ſweetmeats, and theſe were to be carried home: every diſh, however, was between two, and every body was to take what was put before him; there was a meſs for Ariſtænetus and Eucritus; Zenothemis and Hermon had likewiſe one; there was one for Cleodemus and Ion who ſat next to him, and another for the bridegroom and myſelf; Zeno being gone off, Diphilus had a whole one.* Be ſure you obſerve theſe things, my friend, for they are neceſſary to what I ſhall tell you by and by.

PHILO.

I will take care to remember them.

LYCINUS.

Ion then proceeded, and began thus; "Since, ſaid he, you inſiſt on my ſpeaking firſt, be it ſo: before this learned company, it may, perhaps, be expected, that I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning ideas, incorporeal ſubſtances, or the immortality of the ſoul; to prevent, notwithſtanding, any diſputes that may ariſe from ſuch as differ with me in opinion on theſe ſubjects, I ſhall ſpeak concerning nuptials, as a theme more ſuitable to the preſent occaſion. Better, undoubtedly, it were for mankind, according to Socrates and Plato, that we ſhould never have any nuptials at all, but confine ourſelves, like Plato and Socrates, to our own ſex, as thoſe only who do this, can arrive at perfect virtue: but if we muſt have women and matrimony, let the wives of philoſophers, as the great Plato has decreed, be in common, to avoid jealouſy."

Upon this, a loud laugh enſued, as what had been ſaid ſeemed rather unſeaſonable in ſuch company, and on ſuch an occaſion. "Will you never, cried Dionyſidorus, leave off talking ſuch nonſenſe to us? What jealouſy do

you mean, or of whom?" "And do you, wretch, replied the Platonic, pretend to talk?" Dionyſidorus was now running into abuſe, when Hiſtiæus the grammarian, like a good man, put a ſtop to it, by crying out, "No more of this; I am going to repeat my Epithalamium." And accordingly he began; if I remember right, it ran thus:

* Here was brought up, Cleanthis the divine,
Nor Venus, nor the Moon, is half ſo fine;
Hail, thou too beauteous bridegroom, far more fair
Than Neleus, or Achilles, ever were:
For you, the bridal hymn we will prepare,
And ſtrive to celebrate the happy pair.

The repetition of theſe verſes was followed, as we may well ſuppoſe, by a loud laugh; and the time now approached for taking away the victuals: this was very peaceably done by Eucritus and Ariſtænetus, Chærea, Ion, Cleodemus, and myſelf; but Diphilus was for carrying off Zeno's ſhare, which had been placed before him, as well as his own, and fought with the ſervants about it; he got hold it on one ſide, whilſt the man pulled on the other, and the hen was dragged about from ſide to ſide, like the body of Patroclus; at length he was overpowered, and forced to give it up; at which he was not a little incenſed: all this was matter of mirth and laughter to the company.

Hermon and Zenothemis, as I before obſerved to you, ſat next to each other; at firſt they took very quietly their ſeveral portions; but a fat bird being by chance ſet cloſe to Hermon, (mark, I beſeech you, this circumſtance, for now our affairs draw to a criſis,) Zenothemis quits his own, and endeavours to ſeize that which belonged to Hermon, and which he as ſtrenuouſly held from him; a great clamour immediately aroſe; they fell upon each other, toſſed the birds into one another's faces, and each ſeized his antagoniſt by the beard, and called out for help. Cleodemus flew to the aſſiſtance of Hermon, Alcidamas and Diphilus took the part of Zenothemis. The philoſophers, in ſhort, all ranged themſelves on one ſide or the other, except Ion, who ſtood neuter. The reſt proceeded to blows; when Zenothemis, taking up a large cup that ſtood before Ariſtænetus, threw it at Hermon.

* *Here was, &c.*] The original conſiſts of ſome bad verſes, ſuppoſed to have been made by a vile poet. I have, therefore, tranſlated them accordingly.

The

The pointed launce with erring fury flew,

but unluckily hit the bride-groom, and gave him a deep wound on the forehead. The women cried out when they ſaw the blood run, and eſpecially his mother; and after her, anxious for her ſpouſe, the poor bride. Alcidamas, in the mean time, who had taken the part of Zenothemis, performed moſt noble feats, having already cleaved the ſkull of Cleodemus, and broke Hermon's jaws with his club, beſides wounding ſeveral of the ſervants who oppoſed him. The other party, however, would not give out; for Cleodemus enraged, tore out with his fingers one of the eyes of Zenothemis, and bit off part of his noſe; and, as Hermon was coming to his aſſiſtance, Diphilus threw him down headlong from the ſeat. The grammarian, in endeavouring to part them, loſt ſeveral of his teeth by a kick from Cleodemus, who miſtook him for Diphilus; down he laid himſelf, and, to uſe the words of his favourite Homer,

† Ejecting blood.

At length there was nothing but crying and roaring on every ſide: the women got round about Chærea, and wept over him: the reſt of the company endeavoured to put an end to the quarrel. Alcidamas did more miſchief than any of them, routing all that oppoſed him, and beating every body he could light on; many, I believe, would have been killed by him, if he had not luckily broke his club. For my own part, I ſtood up againſt the wall and avoided the fray, diſcovering, by the example of the poor grammarian, how dangerous it was to interfere in things of this nature. It was, in ſhort, the feaſt of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs; the tables were overturned, the cups were toſſed about, and blood ſpilt on every ſide.

At length, to crown all, Alcidamas threw down the candleſtick, and left us all in total darkneſs; the affair then grew ſtill more ſerious, for we could not eaſily procure more light, which, when it was at laſt brought in, diſcovered ſome very bad tranſactions that had been carried on; Alcidamas had been rude with a poor fidling girl, and Dionyſidorus was caught in the fact of making away with a large cup, that fell out of his boſom; he ſaid, by way of excuſe, that Ion had given it him to take care of; but Ion informed us, that the care was all his own.

* *The pointed, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. iv. l. 563.

† *Ejecting blood.*] Gr. αιμ' ομιων.—See Iliad, O. l. 11.

Thus

Thus finiſhed the feaſt, which, after many melancholy events, ended at laſt in mirth, ſo far as it concerned Ion, Alcidamas, and Dionyſidorus; the reſt were carried off wounded. Zenothemis, in particular, ſuffered moſt ſeverely, quitting the field with one hand on his eye, and the other on his noſe, crying out, that he was a dead man; whilſt Hermon, who had loſt two of his teeth in the fray, could not help crying out, as he met him, "Remember Zenothemis, that * pain is no evil." The bridegroom Dionicus, having dreſſed his wounds, was carried home, with his head bound up, in the chariot that was intended for the bride, lamenting the unhappy celebration of his nuptials. Diocles took care of the reſt as well as he could; many of them were carried off in their ſleep, and caſcading all the way. As for Alcidamas, he ſtaid there, nor could the ſervants get him out, when he had once thrown himſelf on the couch, and got to ſleep.

Thus concluded our banquet, my dear Philo, of which the Tragic Muſe may † thus ſing,

> How ſtrange and various are the fates of men!
> Oft times the Gods, unhoped for bleſſings ſend,
> And oft times that which moſt we look'd for, mocks
> Our vain expectance —.

For things moſt ſtrange and unexpected did there happen; for my own part, I learned from it, that it is very dangerous for any man who is not fond of quarrels, to eat and drink with philoſophers.

* *Pain, &c.*] A favourite abſurd opinion of the Stoics, which has been the ſubject of ridicule from the time of Lucian to this day.

† *Thus ſing.*] The verſes here ſubjoined, are taken from the end of the Alceſtes of Euripides.

ON THE

SYRIAN GODDESS.

This little Tract contains a well-written and very entertaining Account of ſeveral ſuperſtitious Rites and Ceremonies practiſed in SYRIA. *As* LUCIAN *was himſelf an* ASSYRIAN, *what he ſays may be depended on. Many Particulars which he here relates are extremely curious, and may at the ſame Time be uſeful in elucidating ſeveral Points of Ancient Hiſtory. The Tradition concerning the* DELUGE, *and its Correſpondence with the* MOSAIC *Account, as related in the Narrative, is very remarkable.* LUCIAN's *Obſervation on the Cuſtoms and Manners of the People, are ſenſible and judicious.*

THERE is a city in Syria, not far from the river Euphrates, called Hierapolis, or the ſacred city, dedicated to Juno the Aſſyrian: when firſt founded it had probably ſome other name, and was only ſo called in latter ages, and after the great ſacrifices which were there performed. Concerning this city and the contents of it I propoſe to ſpeak largely, and of their cuſtoms, feaſts, and ſacrifices. I ſhall likewiſe mention what is reported concerning its founders, and after what manner the temple is built. As I am myſelf an Aſſyrian, I ſhall relate partly what I was an eye-witneſs of, and partly what happened in former times, which I had from the prieſts who reſide there.

The Ægyptians, according to tradition, were the firſt men who had any religious worſhip, built temples, raiſed altars, or inſtituted rites and ceremonies; they had the firſt knowlege of ſacred things, and were the firſt preſervers of ſacred hiſtory. The Aſſyrians, ſome time after, imbibed their doctrines, and built temples, in which they placed alſo ſtatues, and idols, of which the Ægyptians had none in former ages: there are at preſent temples in Syria, almoſt as ancient as the Ægyptian, many of which I have ſeen; amongſt which is that of * Hercules the Tyrian, much older than the Grecian Hercules. There is likewiſe another temple in Phœnicia, amongſt

* *Hercules.*] Hercules, as the learned Bryant obſerves, (ſee his Analyſis of Ancient Mythology, vol. ii. p. 75.) was a title given to the chief deity of the Gentiles, who has been multiplied into almoſt as many perſonages as there were countries where he was worſhipped. Tully, in his Natura Deorum, mentions, I think, ſix of this name; Quartus, ſays he, Jovis eſt & Aſtriæ, Latonæ ſororis, quem Tyrii colunt. Which is the Hercules here alluded to.

the

the Sidonians, which they ſay was dedicated to Aſtarté, whom I imagine to be the ſame as the Moon: one of the prieſts told me it was ſacred to Europa, the ſiſter of Cadmus, and daughter of Agenor, whom the Phœnicians, on her departure from them, honoured with at emple, and of whom ſacred tradition ſays, that being remarkably beautiful, Jupiter fell in love with, and changing himſelf into a bull, ran away with her into Crete. This ſtory I heard from ſeveral Phœnicians; and there is a coin now extant amongſt the Sidonians, repreſenting Europa ſitting on Jove in the ſhape of a bull: but with regard to the temple being ſacred to Europa, there are various opinions amongſt them. They have likewiſe another temple, not Aſſyrian, but Ægyptian, from Heliopolis, which I did not ſee; but according to report, it is large, and very ancient. At Byblis I ſaw the grand temple of Venus, where they celebrate the rites of Adonis, to which I was admitted; here, they tell you, he was killed by a wild boar, and in memory of it they perform certain ceremonies, with weeping and mourning through the whole region round about; after this come the funeral rites of Adonis, as juſt dead, and on the next day he is repreſented as reſtored to life, and carried up to heaven. They ſhave their heads at this time, after the manner of the Ægptians for their god Apis. The * women, who do not chuſe to be ſhaved, are obliged, in lieu of it, to expoſe their perſons, and ſubmit to the embraces of ſtrangers in the public market-place for hire, during the ſpace of one whole day; the money ariſing from it is conſecrated to the ſervice of the goddeſs, and expended in a ſacrifice to her. Some of the Byblians ſay that the Ægyptian Oſiris was buried there, and that the weeping and lamentation is in memory of him, and not of Adonis; this they confirm by telling us, that every year there comes to them by ſea, in ſeven days, a head, which is regularly tranſported from Ægypt to Byblis, by ſome ſupernatural means. A head of that kind I ſaw myſelf, which ſeemed made of the papyrus.

There is likewiſe in this place another miracle; a river called Adonis riſes out of mount Libanus and empties itſelf into the ſea; this every year, as it flows in, ſtains great part of the water with a red colour, like blood, which

* *The women.*] The ladies chuſing rather to ſacrifice their virtue than their fine hair, and preferring proſtitution to a bald pate, has ſomething ſo ridiculous in it, that we cannot help wondering how the facetious Lucian could paſs over the circumſtance without making ſome obſervations on it.

the

the Byblians conſider as an emblem of their misfortune, believing that at this ſeaſon Adonis was wounded, and that his blood tinged the ſea, and gave the name to it. Such is the opinion of the vulgar: but a man of Byblis gave me a different account of it, and aſſigned another cauſe: the river Adonis, ſaid he, flows through Libanus, which contains much red earth, which the winds drive into the river, and make it as red as blood; it is not the blood therefore that cauſes this appearance, but the nature of the ſoil. This the Byblian told me, which may probably be true; though the wind's conſtantly blowing the ſame way ſeems to have ſomething in it ſuper-natural.

From Byblus I aſcended in one day to Libanus, where I heard there was an ancient temple of Venus, built by Cinyras; this I ſaw, and it ſeemed to be of great antiquity. Theſe are all the old temples of any ſize in Syria; and amongſt them is none ſo large as that of Hierapolis, or ſo magnificent; none where there is ſuch a profuſion of ornaments, ſo many offerings conſtantly made, or where the divinity is ſo immediately preſent; the ſtatues are frequently obſerved to ſweat, to move about, and to deliver oracles; and loud voices are often heard by many when the temple is ſhut up. With regard to riches, of which I was an eye-witneſs, it is undoubtedly the firſt in the world; great treaſures are brought into it from Arabia, from the Phœnicians, Babylonians, and Cappadocians, from the Cilicians alſo, and the Aſſyrians. I ſaw a great quantity of rich clothes hid in private parts of the temple, with other things, equal in value to the gold and ſilver in it: and for public rites and feſtivals, no place upon earth has, perhaps, ſo great an abundance of them. When I enquired into the antiquity of the place, and the worſhip of the deity, they told me ſeveral ſtories, ſome of a public, others of a private nature, together with many fabulous reports, both Grecian and Barbarian, which I ſhall here relate, though I do not vouch for the truth of them.

The common people ſay that the temple was founded by * Deucalion, the Scythian, in whoſe time the great † inundation happened. The ſtory which

* *Deucalion.*] We are are aſſured by Philo, (ſee his treatiſe De Præmio & Pœnâ,) that Deucalion was Noah. The Grecians, ſays he, call him Deucalion, but the Chaldæans Noe, in whoſe time there happened the great eruption of waters.

† *Inundation.*] This is the moſt extraordinary account of the univerſal deluge to be met with

which the Greeks tell concerning this Deucalion is as follows: "the preſent race of men is not the ſame as that which formerly inhabited the earth, who all periſhed; the generation now before us all ſprung from Deucalion, who renewed mankind. Thoſe who lived before the deluge, were, as hiſtory informs us, proud and haughty, and committed all ‡ kinds of wickedneſs; they neither adhered to their oaths, nor were hoſpitable to ſtrangers, nor ſpared the ſuppliant; and for theſe things a heavy judgment came upon them. The earth on a ſudden poured forth great waters, the rains deſcended, the rivers ſwelled, the ſea roſe to a prodigious height; every thing was covered with water, and all mankind periſhed. Deucalion alone was reſerved to raiſe up another race, on account of his piety and goodneſs. He was ſaved in this manner: he ſhut up his wives and children in a large ark, and went himſelf into it; and, as ſoon as he was entered, there came unto him boars, horſes, lions, ſerpents, and every other creature that feedeth upon the earth, all in pairs, and he received them all; nor did they hurt each other, but harmony and friendſhip, by the † divine command, prevailed amongſt them: and thus they all ſailed together, in the ſame ark, as long as the waters remained."

Such is the ſtory which the Greeks tell concerning Deucalion. Another fact of a moſt extraordinary nature is related by the people of Hierapolis, who tell us, that they have there a large chaſm, or opening, which received

in any heathen writer, as it moſt remarkably correſponds with, and confirms, the Moſaic hiſtory. The place of Lucian's nativity was (as the learned Bryant remarks) a part of the world where memorials of the deluge were particularly preſerved, and where a reference to that hiſtory is continually to be obſerved in the rites and worſhip of the country: his knowlege, therefore, was obtained from the Aſiatic nations, among whom he was born, and not from his kinſmen the Helladians, who were far inferior in the knowlege of ancient times. Bryant has collected a variety of ancient records of this event, to which I refer the curious reader. See Bryant's Analyſis, vol. ii. p. 214, &c.

‡ *All kinds, &c.*] Agreeable to what the ſcripture ſays: "The earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence: and God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt; for all fleſh had corrupted his way upon the earth." Geneſis, chap. vi. ver. 11, &c.

† *Divine command.*] The ark, or cheſt, as Bryant obſerves, in which Noah and his family were ſecured, was of ſuch a model and conſtruction, as plainly indicated, that it was never deſigned to be managed or directed by the hands of men: and it ſeems to have been the purpoſe of Providence throughout, to ſignify to thoſe who were ſaved, as well as to their lateſt poſterity, that their preſervation was not, in any degree, effected by human means. See the Analyſis, vol. ii. p. 197.

all

of the waters of the deluge; that Deucalion, at the time when this happened, built altars and a temple to Juno, close to this chasm. The hole I saw is under the temple, and, at present, but small: whether it might formerly have been larger, I cannot say; that which I was shewn is now very inconsiderable. In confirmation of this, the inhabitants, twice every year, bring water from the sea into the temple: this task is performed, not by the priests only, but by all the people in Syria and Arabia, and beyond the Euphrates, who bring the water from the sea, and pour it into the temple, from whence it falls into the hole, which takes in an amazing quantity of it: this, they say, was a law of Deucalion's, instituted by him to commemorate both the general calamity, and their happy deliverance from it.

This is the ancient history of the temple; though others affirm, it was built by Semiramis of Babylon, who left behind her many monuments of grandeur and magnificence, who is supposed to have erected it, not in honour of Juno, but of her own mother Dercete, a statue of whom I saw myself in Phœnicia; it is a woman down to the waist, and terminates from thence in the tail of a fish: but the figure of her, at Hierapolis, is a perfect woman. Their accounts of this matter are rather obscure: certain, however, it is, that the people here look upon fish as a thing sacred, and never touch it, any more than pigeons, which, for the same reason, they must not eat: these, they say, are forbidden, on account of Semiramis and Dercete, because one bears the form of a fish, the other of a dove. The temple may, very probably, be the work of Semiramis; but I cannot think it was dedicated to Dercete, nor that the Ægyptians, who abstain from fish, do it on her account, but have *a different reason for it.

There is, likewise, another sacred tradition, which I had from a man of understanding, who informed me, that the goddess was Rhea, and the temple built by Attis, a Lydian by birth, and the first who instituted religious ceremonies in honour of Rhea: from him the Phrygians, Lydians, and Samothracians, had all their knowlege. From the time when he was castrated by Rhea, he put on female apparel, and appeared as a woman, travelled over the world, recounted his sufferings, and sung of Rhea: at length he came into Syria, and the people beyond Euphrates refusing to admit him,

* *Different.*] What this different reason is, Plutarch informs us. See his Treatise on Isis and Osiris.

or his rites, he built a temple there to this goddeſs: this is confirmed by many circumſtances. The ſtatue of her is drawn by lions, with a drum, and a tower on her head, as the Lydians always repreſent Rhea. The prieſts, he moreover obſerved, do not caſtrate themſelves in honour of Juno, but of Rhea, and in imitation of Attis. Theſe reaſonings appeared plauſible to me, but by no means ſatisfactory, as I have heard a much more probable cauſe aſſigned for the caſtration.

The account given by the Greeks is, to me, the moſt ſatisfactory; that Juno is the goddeſs, and the temple the work of Bacchus, the ſon of Semele, who came from Æthiopia into Syria: there are many things in the temple which confirm this opinion; ſuch as the apparel of ſeveral barbarous nations, Indian jewels, and the horns of elephants, which Bacchus brought from Æthiopia: there are, likewiſe, in the porch, two large Phalli, with this inſcription:

BACCHUS DEDICATES THESE * PHALLI TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW JUNO.

This, to me, is ſufficient proof; to which it may be added, that the Grecians always offer up theſe Phalli to Bacchus, making little wooden men, called † Neuroſpaſtæ, which they carry about: there is one of the ſame kind in the temple, but made of braſs.

Such are the traditions which I met with concerning the firſt foundation of this temple, which I ſhall deſcribe, giving an account of its ſituation, the materials, the building of it, and by whom: ſome ſay the old ſtructure is long ſince gone to ruin, and that the temple, which we now ſee, is the work of ‡ Stratonice, wife of the king of Aſſyria, whom her ſon-in-law fell in love with, and was diſcovered by the ingenuity of his phyſician. The young man had conceived a violent paſſion for her, and looking upon it as a crime, concealed it from every body, and ſickened in ſilence: he made no lamentations, but loſt his colour, and grew thinner and thinner every

* *Phalli.*] The Phallus, or Priapus, was—but, for a very good reaſon, I will tell it my readers in Greek—φαλλος δε εστιν εκ δερματος ερυθρου σχημαικαιδοιου ανδρος, και τουτο περιετιθεν ἑαυτοις, και εν τοις τραχηλοις, και εν τοις μεσοις μηροις, και εξωρχουντο τιμωντες εκ τουτου τον Διονυσον.

† *Neuroſpaſta.*] Gr. Νευροσπαστα, ſic dicta, ſays the ſcholiaſt, quia ſolum illud membrum, nervis moveri poterat. This is curious.

‡ *Stratonice.*] This ſtory is here very well told by Lucian: it is an intereſting one. There are two Engliſh tragedies on this ſubject: one acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, in 1721; the other printed, but never acted, in 1733. The names of the authors unknown.

day.

day. When the phyſician ſaw him, he plainly perceived that he laboured under no diſtemper but love, as he gueſſed by his languid eye, pale complexion, trembling voice, melancholy, and many other infallible ſymptoms. Having diſcovered thus much, he laid his hand upon the young man's heart, and called all the houſehold together, who paſſed in review before him, and whom he beheld with the utmoſt tranquility; till, at length, his mother-in-law coming by, he changed colour, began to ſweat, and was ſeized with a violent tremor and palpitation of the heart: this, at once, explained the cauſe of all. He immediately called in his anxious father: "Your ſon's diſorder (ſays he) ariſes from an injury received: he has no pain or diſtemper, but love and folly: he ſighs for that which he can never enjoy; for he is fallen in love with my wife, whom I ſhall not part from." This the phyſician ſaid, on purpoſe to try him. "Let me intreat you, (cried the father,) by your phyſical knowlege and wiſdom, do not ſuffer my child to periſh: it is not a wilful crime; his diſtemper is involuntary: do not let your jealouſy make a whole nation wretched; nor, when it is in your power to cure him, ſuffer his death to bring ignominy and diſgrace on your profeſſion." "It is infamous (replied the phyſician) to make ſuch a requeſt, and to force me to it would be the higheſt injury: how would you, who deſire this of me, act yourſelf, if he was in love with your own wife?" "I would not (ſaid he) refuſe her to him, to preſerve his life: the loſs of a wife is by no means to be compared to that of a ſon." When the phyſician heard this, "Aſk me no more, (cried he;) what I told you before was all a fiction; it is your wife whom he doats on."—The father, at length, convinced of this, yielded up to his ſon both his wife and his kingdom, and retired himſelf to the neighbourhood of Babylon, where he built a city, called it after his name, and died there. Thus did this ſage phyſician diſcover the diſeaſe of love, and cure it alſo.

It is reported of this Stratonice, that, in her firſt huſband's time, Juno appeared to her in a dream, commanding her to build a temple at Hierapolis, threatening her with many dreadful misfortunes if ſhe ſhould diſobey the divine mandate: at firſt ſhe took no notice of the admonition; but being not long after ſeized with a violent diſtemper, ſhe told her huſband the dream, and appeaſed the wrath of the goddeſs, by promiſing to build the temple: as ſoon as ſhe recovered, ſhe was accordingly ſent by him to Hierapolis, and with her a large ſum of money, and a numerous army, who

were

were to be employed both for the defence of the queen, and in the conſtruction of the edifice. The king had, at this time, amongſt his particular favourites, a youth of extraordinary beauty, whoſe name was Combabus, whom he called in on this occaſion, and thus addreſſed: "Combabus, (ſaid he,) I have always looked upon you as one of the beſt of men, and ranked you amongſt my deareſt friends, both on account of your prudence and diſcretion, and the particular kindneſs and regard which you have ſhewn for me: I now ſtand in need of a man whom I can ſafely confide in; and therefore appoint you to accompany my wife, to perform the great and ſacred work, and to take the command of my army. When you return, I ſhall reward you with the honours which you deſerve." When Combabus heard this from the king, he moſt earneſtly entreated him that he might be excuſed from taking upon him a taſk to which he was ſo unequal; he was, indeed, not without fears, that ſome jealouſy might afterwards ariſe with regard to Stratonice, whom he, and he alone, was to accompany. Not being able, however, to diſſuade the king from his reſolution, he again petitioned that he might be allowed ſeven days reſpite; after which he would depart, and act as he was commanded. This being granted, he went home, and throwing himſelf on the ground, thus lamented his unhappy fate: "Wretch that I am, (cried he;) why muſt this truſt be repoſed in me? what muſt be the end of ſuch a journey, young as I am, to accompany ſo beautiful a woman! it muſt be fatal, unleſs I remove what would be the inevitable cauſe of my ruin: I muſt do one great and noble deed, which will at once free me from every danger." So ſaying, he immediately cut off the inſtruments of virility, and incloſing them in a box, with honey, myrrh, and other aromatics, ſealed them up with the ring which he wore on his finger. As ſoon as his wounds were healed, and he thought himſelf able to perform the journey, he came to the king, and, in the preſence of many perſons, holding the box in his hand, thus addreſſed him: "This great and invaluable treaſure, hitherto depoſited in my own houſe, as I am now going a long and dangerous journey, I here deliver, ſir, to your care; preſerve it, O king, for it is to me more precious than gold, and dearer than my own life: when I return, I ſhall hope to receive it ſafe from your hands." The king immediately took, and ſealing it with another ring, gave it to his officers, with orders to take eſpecial care of it. Combabus then ſat out on his journey with great ſecurity: as ſoon as they

arrived

arrived at Hierapolis they began the building of the temple, in which they were employed during the ſpace of three years: in the mean time, that came to paſs which Combabus had ſo much dreaded; Stratonice fell in love with him, conceiving a violent paſſion, which roſe almoſt to madneſs. The inhabitants of Hierapolis attribute it to Juno, who inſpired her with it, in revenge for her having ſo long deferred the building of the temple. For ſome time ſhe modeſtly concealed her inclination, but the diſorder increaſed ſo as to deprive her of all reſt and peace: ſhe ſighed and wept for whole days together, till at length, unable any longer to hide, ſhe reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of diſcovering it to him; ſhe could not diſcloſe it to another, and yet ſhame prevented her acknowleging it to Combabus. It then occurred to her that the freedom of a public banquet, where wine inſpires boldneſs, and every thing is attributed to the feſtival, might plead her excuſe. She provided one therefore, and after ſupper came into the chamber where he laid, fell on her knees, and openly avowed her paſſion for him: but he treated her with coldneſs and diſdain, and even told her ſuch indecent warmth muſt have proceeded from intemperance. She then grew indignant, and threatened to puniſh him ſeverely for his indifference; this ſo alarmed and terrified him, that he at once told her the whole truth of the matter, and what had happened to him. When ſhe had heard this melancholy tale, which ſhe ſo little expected, her rage ſubſided: but love ſtill remained, and ſhe continued to admire, and keep company with him. It is remarkable that a paſſion of this kind ſtill ſubſiſts at Hierapolis; the women are fond of the prieſts, and the prieſts * mad after the women; nobody entertains any jealouſy on the account, and it is looked upon amongſt them as a kind of religious phrenzy.

The king, however, was ſoon acquainted with the familiarity between his wife and Combabus, and therefore, though the work was ſtill unfiniſhed, ſent for him home. A report prevailed, but a very improbable one, that Stratonice, on being repulſed, had written to her huſband, accuſing Combabus of an attempt to debauch her. The Aſſyrians attributing to her the ſame conduct which, according to the Grecians, Phædra and Sthenobæa were guilty of: though I cannot, for my own part, believe that Sthenobæa, or Phædra, if ſhe really loved Hippolytus, ever behaved in that manner: be that however as it may, when the meſſenger came to Hierapolis, for

* *Mad, &c.*] One would think Lucian was here deſcribing a modern univerſity.

Com-

Combabus, he departed with confidence and ſecurity, as well knowing he had at home a ſufficient teſtimony in his favour. No ſooner was he returned, than the king immediately committed him to priſon; and a little after brought him to a public trial, before many of thoſe friends who were preſent before when he was ſent abroad. He accuſed him openly of adultery, with great warmth; reproaching him for breach of faith and friendſhip, in thus defiling his bed, and the moſt flagrant impiety towards the goddeſs, in committing ſuch a crime whilſt employed ſo immediately in her ſervice. Many witneſſes appeared againſt him, ſome affirming that they had ſeen him in the guilty embrace: he was therefore unanimouſly condemned to ſuffer that death which he had ſo highly deſerved. Combabus had hitherto ſtood ſilent, without making any defence; but as they were leading him to puniſhment, he ſtopped ſhort, and cried out that he had been condemned, not for violating the marriage-bed, or wronging his maſter, but becauſe the king wanted to keep, for his own uſe, thoſe treaſures which, when he went abroad, he had delivered to his care; on this the king immediately ordered his officer to bring the caſket which he had given him, which being produced, Combabus, breaking the ſeal, drew out the contents, and addreſſing himſelf to the king,—"Theſe, ſaid he, are the things which, when you ſent me on a journey I was ſo unwilling to undertake, I left with you; neceſſity forced me to a deed, which however uſeful to you, to me was dreadful; thus have I been falſely accuſed of a crime, which you ſee it was not in my power to commit." The king, aſtoniſhed at theſe words, fell on his neck and wept, then taking him in his arms, "Combabus, he cried, why wouldſt thou thus puniſh thyſelf, or how couldſt thou be guilty of a deed almoſt incredible? Would to heaven thou hadſt never done, nor I been witneſs to it! I wanted not ſuch a teſtimony: but ſince Fate hath thus decreed, I will make thee all the amends in my power; thy accuſers thou ſhalt be revenged on by their immediate death; I will give thee, moreover, gold, ſilver, horſes, and rich attire. Thou ſhalt come into my preſence, without form or ceremony, and even into my private chamber when the queen is within." The king ſpake, and it was done as he commanded: the accuſers were executed: magnificent preſents were heaped on the falſely accuſed: the friendſhip and intimacy between them encreaſed every day, and there was not in all Aſſyria one ſo famed for wiſdom or happineſs as Combabus. He, ſome time after this, deſired leave of the king to complete the temple,

for

for he had left it unfiniſhed; which being granted, he went over, made an end of it, and ſpent the remainder of his life there. The king, in conſideration of his extraordinary merit and virtue, cauſed a brazen ſtatue of him to be erected, done by Hermocles the Rhodian, which remains in the temple to this day. It is in form like a woman, but in a man's apparel, which was afterwards, for certain reaſons, changed to a woman's. Some of Combabus's friends, we are told, out of ſtark love and kindneſs, put themſelves into the ſame condition with him, and led the ſame life; hence aroſe the order of galli, or prieſts, who officiate in women's dreſſes. Some people will bring the gods into this affair, and inform us, that Juno fell in love with Combabus, and, to comfort him under his misfortune, inſpired others with the ſtrange reſolution of doing the ſame as he did, that he might not be the only man who ever laboured under ſuch a misfortune: be this as it may, ſuch is the fact. I ſhall mention, by and by, how the prieſts are buried, and why they do not come into the temple; but I muſt firſt ſpeak of the ſize and ſituation of this noble edifice.

The temple is built on a hill, ſtands in the middle of the city, and is ſurrounded by two walls, one of which is extremely ancient, the other of a very modern date; the veſtibule, which is about an hundred paces in extent, fronts the north; here ſtand the Phalli, erected by Bacchus, an * hundred and eighty feet high; on one of theſe a man gets up twice every year, and remains at the top of it for ſeven days; the common people imagine that at theſe times he converſes with the gods, who, being nearer, can better hear his prayers and interceſſions, in behalf of the Aſſyrians; according to others, it is in memory of Deucalion, and the time of the deluge, when men climbed up into mountains and high trees, to eſcape the flood. For my own part, I think this account improbable, and that it is rather in honour of Bacchus; for, whenever the Phalli are erected to him, the people always place wooden men upon them, though for what reaſon I cannot ſay; it is, however, I believe, in imitation of theſe that the man is ſent up; and in this manner; a chain is tied round him, and the Phallus, and, as he gets up, he throws the chain behind him; as you may have ſeen men in Arabia, Ægypt, and other places, climb up the palm-trees; when he is at the top, he throws down another long rope which he carries with him, and draws up

* *Hundred, &c.*] Credat Judæus. There muſt certainly here have been ſome corruption in the original text; the commentators have tried, but in vain, to correct it.

wood, cloaths, veſſels, and any thing he wants to ſit upon, and there he remains during the appointed time. The people bring braſs, gold, and ſilver, and laying them down in his ſight, every man tells his name and departs; whilſt he puts up his prayers for every one of them, and whilſt he is thus performing his office, a great ſhrill noiſe is made by a brazen inſtrument, prepared for the purpoſe. The man never ſleeps; if he attempts it, a ſcorpion riſes up and ſtings him: thus at leaſt the prieſts inform us; but whether it be ſo or not I cannot determine; the fear of falling, I ſhould think, would be ſufficient to keep him awake. Thus much for the climbers up on the Phalli. The temple looks towards the eaſt, and reſembles thoſe which they uſually build in Ionia; it riſes above the ground about twelve feet, with narrow ſtone ſteps up to it: the portico is a moſt noble ſight, and adorned with golden gates, the inſide is likewiſe very rich, and the cieling fretted with gold. Here you are refreſhed with a moſt delightful odour, like the ſweets of Arabia, which you ſmell at a great diſtance; it perfumes your cloaths, and does not evaporate when you leave the place, but remains about you as long as you live. Farther on, is the inner temple, or choir, to which there is a ſmall aſcent; it has no gates, but is open in the front. Every body may go into the outer temple, but to the inner none are admitted but the prieſts; and even amongſt them, only thoſe who are ſuppoſed from their piety and virtue moſt to reſemble the deities, and to whom the care of all religious matters are entruſted. Here is the ſtatue of Juno, and of Jupiter alſo, though in this place he is called by another name: they are both of gold, and repreſented as ſitting, one drawn by lions, the other by oxen. The ſtatue of Jupiter is in all reſpects like thoſe which we generally meet with of him: but that of Juno reſembles in ſome particulars thoſe of Minerva, Venus, the Moon, Rhea, Diana, Nemeſis, and the Parcæ; in one hand ſhe holds a ſceptre, in the other a diſtaff; ſhe has rays on her head, and a turret; ſhe has likewiſe a ceſtus, like the celeſtial Venus; ſhe is richly adorned with gold, jewels, and precious ſtones, ſome white, others of a watery colour, others ſhining, and bright like fire; ſhe has alſo onyxes, hyacinths, and ſmaragdus brought from Ægypt, India, Æthiopia, Media, Armenia, and Babylon. The moſt extraordinary among them is a jewel on her head, which they call the lamp, from its luſtre; by night it ſhines with ſuch a ſplendour as to light the whole temple; though in the day time it is leſs bright, and has the appearance of a pale fire. There is likewiſe

wiſe another thing in this ſtatue moſt wonderful, which is, that, which ever way you ſtand, it always looks towards you.

Between theſe, there ſtands another ſtatue of gold, to which they have given no name, but call it ſimply the ſtatue; not informing us whence it came, or whom it repreſents: ſome ſay, it is Bacchus, ſome Deucalion, and others Semiramis, on account of the golden pigeon on its head; this is ſent every year, as I before obſerved, to bring up the water from the ſea.

As you enter the inner temple, on the left hand, is a throne for the ſun, but no ſtatue of him: they have, indeed, no images or repreſentations, either of the ſun or moon, and the reaſon which they give is, that the forms of other deities are not generally known, whereas the ſun and moon are ſeen by all; where is the neceſſity therefore of repreſenting what is ſo univerſally conſpicuous, and appear conſtantly in the heavens?

Near this throne is a ſtatue of Apollo, but with a beard, and not as he is generally repreſented, a youth juſt riſing into manhood; they find fault with the Grecians for making him a boy; it is a mark of folly, they ſay, to attribute any imperfection, and as ſuch they conſider youth, to the gods: their Apollo is likewiſe diſtinguiſhed from others, by being cloathed; concerning his works here I have much to relate, but ſhall confine myſelf to thoſe facts that are moſt extraordinary; to begin therefore with the oracles, of which there are many in Ægypt, Greece, Aſia, and Libya; but in other places the anſwers are given by prieſts and prophets, whilſt, in this, the god himſelf alone delivers them. When he is inclined to ſend forth any oracles, the ſeat is obſerved to move: he is then lifted up by the prieſts; if they do not perform this office, the ſtatue ſweats, and moves itſelf into the middle of the temple; but, when they lift up the deity, he drives them all before him in a ring: then the high-prieſts aſks him queſtions of every kind: if he does not think proper to anſwer them, he goes back, if he does, he drives the prieſts before him, as a coachman does his horſes, with a rein. Thus it is that they receive the oracle, and nothing either of a public or private nature is tranſacted, without firſt conſulting him; he foretells what will happen in the year, and how the ſeaſons will turn out, and likewiſe ſettles the time when the ſtatue, which I mentioned above, is to take its progreſs.

I muſt not paſs over a miraculous thing, which happened whilſt I was

* preſent: the prieſts took the ſtatue up on their ſhoulders, which immediately left them on the floor, and ſoared aloft into the air by itſelf.

Behind Apollo is the ſtatue of Atlas, and, behind that, one of Mercury, and another of Ilithyia.

Thus is the inſide of the temple furniſhed: without, there is a large altar of braſs, and, near it, above ſix hundred ſtatues of kings and prieſts; on the left, is that of Semiramis, pointing with her right hand towards the temple; the reaſon which they aſſign for this attitude is, that this queen formerly commanded the Aſſyrians not to pay divine honours to Juno, or any other deities but herſelf alone; but being afterwards viſited by ſickneſs and other calamities, ſhe recovered her ſenſes, acknowleged that ſhe was a mere mortal, and enjoined her ſubjects to worſhip Juno, as they had done before; on this account ſhe is repreſented as pointing to Juno, and ſignifying that atonement ſhould be made to her.

I ſaw, likewiſe, there, the ſtatues of Helen, Hecuba, Andromache, Paris, Hector, and Achilles; of Nireus, of Progne, and Philomela, before their metamorphoſis; and of Tereus, when changed into a bird: alſo, another of Semiramis, together with that which I mentioned of Combabus; a beautiful one of Stratonice, and another of Alexander, extremely like; next to him is Sardanapalus, but in a different habit and attitude.

In a court of the temple are kept a great number of large oxen, horſes, eagles, bears, and lions, which feed together, and are never known to fall upon or hurt any one; being ſet apart for † ſacred uſes, they are always tame. A great quantity of prieſts wait there; ſome of whom ſlay the victims, others pour out the libations; ſome are called fire-bearers, others attendants on the altar. When I was there, above three hundred of them aſſiſted at the ſacrifice. Their garments are white, and they have all hats on their heads, except the high-prieſt, who is cloathed in purple, and wears a tiara: a new one is choſen every year. There is, likewiſe, an immenſe quantity of ſubordinate officers in the temple, together with pipers, fidlers, the galli, or eunuch prieſts, and women that appear frantic and inſpired. There is a ſacrifice twice every day, at which they all attend: at that of Jupiter, there

* *Preſent.*] It is rather unaccountable that Lucian, who was undoubtedly an enemy to ſuperſtition of every kind, ſhould tell us, he ſaw this incredible miracle, and make no obſervations on the abſurdity of it.

† *Sacred uſes.*] Another kind of popiſh legend, which Lucian has forgot to ridicule as it deſerved.

is no muſic, vocal or inſtrumental; but at Juno's they ſing, and play on flutes and cymbals, during the whole ceremony. With regard to this difference, they could aſſign no reaſon to be depended on.

There is a lake, not far from the temple, in which are kept a great number of ſacred fiſh, of various kinds; ſome of them grow to a prodigious ſize: theſe have names given them, and will come when they are called. I ſaw one with a gold fret-work of flowers hung round his fins. This lake is extremely deep: I did not fathom it, but, they ſay, it is four or five thouſand feet. In the midſt of it is an altar of ſtone, which you would think, at firſt ſight, was floating on the water, but, I believe, is ſupported by great pillars underneath: it is always adorned with garlands, and perfumed. Numbers of people, with crowns on their heads, ſwim to, and put up their prayers at it, every day. There are, beſides, very frequently large aſſemblies here, which they call the deſcent to the lake; when Juno firſt appears to the fiſh, to prevent Jupiter from ſeeing them, which if he did, they ſay, all would periſh immediately: Jupiter, however, comes, as intending to look upon them, but is driven back by her with many prayers and ſupplications.

But the greateſt ceremony is that which they obſerve by the ſea-ſide, concerning which I can affirm nothing of my own knowlege, never having been preſent at it. What they do in their return from it, I was myſelf an eye-witneſs of, and ſhall relate: every one brings a veſſel full of water, which is ſealed up with wax; they are not ſuffered themſelves to take off the ſeal; but one of the galli, who lives near the lake, takes it off, and opens the veſſel, for which he has a certain ſtipend: theſe prieſts get a great deal of money by it. From thence they bring the water into the temple, and pour it out; the ſacrifice is performed, and they return.

But their greateſt feſtival is celebrated early in the ſpring: it is called the Torch, or the Funeral Pile. They cut down a number of large trees, which they plant in an outer court of the temple; then get together a quantity of goats, ſheep, and other cattle, which they hang alive upon the branches; to theſe they add birds alſo, with garments, and works of gold and ſilver of various kinds: when every thing is thus prepared, a fire is kindled under the trees, and the whole burned to aſhes. This is done in the preſence of their gods, whom they bring along with them, to be witneſſes of the ceremony, attended by all Syria, and the regions round about, who take the ſtatues of their deities, and tranſport them thither. On certain ſtated days, the

the multitude croud to the temple. The galli, and other prieſts, after performing the ceremonies, cut and ſlaſh their arms, and ſlog each other on the back: there are others alſo, who play on flutes and drums, and ſing divine hymns. All this is done on the outſide of the temple; nor are any of the perſons concerned ſuffered to go into it.

At this time it is that the caſtration is performed by thoſe who are made galli; when they ſtrip themſelves naked, and taking a ſharp inſtrument in their hands, prepared for the occaſion: after running ſome time about the city, they cut off with it the peccant parts, and into whatever houſe they chance to throw them, the perſons inhabiting it are obliged to furniſh them with a complete ſuit of woman's apparel. The galli are not buried in the ſame manner as other people, but are carried by their brethren into the ſuburbs of the city, on a bier which is depoſited there, and then entirely covered with ſtones: this done, their friends return home, and, after ſeven days, are permitted to enter the temple; if they attempt to go in ſooner, they are conſidered as impious. Whoever has ſeen a dead body, muſt not viſit the temple till the next day; and after purification, the relations of the deceaſed are not ſuffered to enter for thirty days, and then muſt have their heads ſhaved.

They ſacrifice here bulls, cows, goats, and ſheep, but never any hogs, which are held in abomination, and never eaten: ſome look upon them as ſacred. Amongſt birds, the pigeon alone is conſidered as holy; nor is it lawful to touch them; thoſe who do it, even by chance, are looked upon as contaminated for that day: pigeons, therefore, dwell with the inhabitants, come into their chambers, or feed on the ground, at pleaſure.

When a ſtranger comes to Hierapolis, he always ſhaves his head and eye-brows: he then ſacrifices a ſheep, cuts it in pieces, and feaſts on certain parts of it; he ſtretches the ſkin on the ground, kneels down upon it, puts the feet and head of the animal over his own head, prays to the gods to receive the victim he is offering, and promiſes to bring a better at ſome future time: this done, he crowns with garlands his own head, and the heads of thoſe who accompany him; then taking the ſkin off, proceeds on his journey, after * bathing and drinking freſh water, lying conſtantly on the

* *Bathing, &c.*] The ſtrangers here mentioned by Lucian were probably Jews, as the rites and cuſtoms ſeem to correſpond with thoſe deſcribed by Joſephus, as practiſed by the ſect of Eſſenians.

ground,

ground, as it is not lawful for him to go into a bed till his journey is finiſhed, and he is returned to his own home.

At Hierapolis, there is a public officer appointed to receive ſtrangers, who flock there from all parts: theſe are of every country, and are called by the Aſſyrians Teachers, as their buſineſs is to teach and inſtruct their countrymen the myſteries celebrated here. The victims are never ſacrificed in the temple, but, after being offered at the altar, are taken home alive, and ſlain there; to this ſucceed the prayers of the ſacrificer.

There is likewiſe another method of ſacrificing; when the victim being crowned with garlands, is thrown down headlong from the porch of the temple, and dies by falling on the rocks below: ſome have thrown down their children from this place, wrapping them up in a bag, and denouncing curſes againſt them, ſaying, at the ſame time, that they were not children, but oxen.

All here † mark themſelves with red hot iron; ſome on the palms of their hands, others on their necks; and there is not an Aſſyrian here without ſome mark or other. They have another cuſtom here, in which they have been followed by the Trezenians, the only Greeks who practiſe it. The young men and maidens among them never marry, without firſt cutting off and offering up their hair to Hippolytus: this they do alſo at Hierapolis, where the young men leave their beards after the firſt time of ſhaving them. They likewiſe put their hair into boxes of gold or ſilver, which they offer up in the temple: all then leave their name upon it, and depart. This I did myſelf, when I was a young man: my hair, and my name with it, are ſtill in the temple.

* *Mark, &c.*] This borders nearly on the practice of tattooing amongſt the natives of Otaheite, as deſcribed by captain Cook. See his Voyage.

ENCOMIUM ON DEMOSTHENES.

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue *is introduced in a very ſingular Manner, by a Speech which we muſt ſuppoſe made by* LUCIAN *before ſome popular Aſſembly: it is frequently interrupted by a Kind of Narrative, and changes towards the End into a Diſcourſe of a very different Nature from the firſt. There are, to ſay the Truth, ſome ſuſpicious Circumſtances throughout, that ſeem to render it doubtful whether it was written by* LUCIAN *or not; as it is, however, upon the whole, both curious and entertaining, I have tranſlated it, ſubmitting its Authenticity to the Judgment of the Reader.*

AS I was walking the other day juſt before noon in the Portico, on the left hand where you go out, who ſhould I meet but Therſagoras: ſome of you may perhaps recollect the man; he is a little ſtout fellow, with an aquiline noſe, and a pale complexion, when the following converſation paſſed between us.

LYCINUS.

What ho! poet, Therſagoras, whither are you going, and whence come you?

THERSAGORAS.

I am come from home, and going to the Portico here.

LYCINUS.

What! to walk?

THERSAGORAS.

Yes, on a particular occaſion; I got up in the middle of the night, and have been at work all this morning, making verſes in honour of Homer's birth-day.

LYCINUS.

Very well: it is the leaſt you can do, in return for the inſtruction and improvement which you have reaped from him.

THERSAGORAS.

I have begun, but not finiſhed it, like a lazy fellow as I am; therefore, as I ſaid before, I muſt walk; but, firſt, let me offer up my prayers to him. [*Here he pointed with his hand to the Homer that ſtands, you may remember, to the right*

right of Ptolemy's temple, that, I mean, with the long hair.] I muſt requeſt him to inſpire me with ſome good lines.

LYCINUS.

If prayers would do on theſe occaſions, I ſhould aſk the ſame favour myſelf of Demoſthenes, and beg him to give me ſomething on his birth-day alſo, and, thus, we might both be the better for it.

THERSAGORAS.

For my daily and nightly labours, and for the fine and happy flow of my verſes, I ought certainly to thank Homer; for I have been, as it were, divinely inſpired, and with a kind of Bacchanalian fury in every thing I have written; but you ſhall judge yourſelf; for I have brought my little book here along with me, that, if I lit on an idle friend, I might ſhew it to him; and luckily you ſeem to be quite at leiſure.

LYCINUS.

You are a happy fellow, indeed, and juſt like a conqueror in the race, who, after wiping off his own duſt, entertains himſelf with laughing at a poor man who is going to enter the liſts, and is frightened out of his wits at the danger.

THERSAGORAS.

You talk as if there was any thing ſo very difficult in the taſk.

LYCINUS.

You think, perhaps, Demoſthenes is not to be compared to Homer as a ſubject for panegyric, and that I, therefore, have but little to do.

THERSAGORAS.

You wrong me: I never meant to make a difference between the two heroes, though I may prefer one to the other.

LYCINUS.

And why ſhould not I do the ſame? You do not deſpiſe my ſubject then; but, perhaps, poetry, you think, is the only thing of conſequence, and hold oratory in no eſteem; as horſemen look down with contempt on foot ſoldiers.

THERSAGORAS.

No, far be it from me; though the poet muſt, no doubt, have a kind of divine fury about him.

LYCINUS.

The proſe writer too, let me tell you, muſt have ſome inſpiration, if he would ſoar above the vulgar.

THERSAGORAS.

I often entertain myſelf in comparing one with the other; and particularly Homer and Demoſthenes, who ſo much reſemble each other in ſtrength, ſpirit, and that divine inſpiration common to both: his

* Oppreſs'd with wine, of Homer,

with Philip's † drunkenneſs, dancing and laſciviouſneſs. The

‡ Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,

of the one, with "It § becomes good men, ſupported by good hopes, &c." And when I read,

|| What tears ſhall down thy ſilver beard be roll'd,
O Peleus, old in arms, in wiſdom old.

It muſt put me in mind of, "‡ What groans did thoſe brave men ſend forth, who died for glory and for freedom!" I compare the "Flowing ¶ Python," to the words of Ulyſſes, that were

†† Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows,

And that of Homer,

‡‡ Cou'd all our care elude the gloomy grave,

with a ſimilar paſſage of Demoſthenes, where he ſays, "§§ For death muſt be the end of every man, even if he hides himſelf in the moſt ſecret cave:" and a hundred other places, where the thoughts of both are nearly the ſame. I admire their figures, their allegories, their tranſitions, their ſweetneſs, their pathos, their hatred, in ſhort, of every thing that is barbarous and inelegant. To ſay the truth, I muſt confeſs, that Demoſthenes has reproved the indolence of the Athenians with more force and ſpirit than Ho-

* *Oppreſs'd, &c*] Gr. Οινοβαρες. See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 225. the beginning of Achilles's ſpeech to Agamemnon. Pope has omitted this word in his tranſlation, and only ſays, MONSTER, &c.

† *Drunkenneſs.*] See the ſecond Olynth. of Demoſthenes.

‡ *Without a ſign, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xii. l. 283.

§ *It becomes, &c.*] See the Oration pro Coronâ.

|| *What tears, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book l. 249.

‡ *What groans, &c.*] See the Oration contra Ariſtocr.

¶ *Flowing Python.*] See Orat. pro Cor.

†† *Soft as.*] See Iliad, book iii. l. 222.

‡‡ *Cou'd all, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xii. l. 387.

§§ *For death, &c.*] See Demoſth. de Coron.

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ner did that of the Greeks, merely by calling them women inſtead of men, and is generally more warm and ſpirited in his deſcriptions than the other, who in the heat of battle makes his heroes talk too much, and damps the ardour of the engagement with tales and fables. I am pleaſed in Demoſthenes with the diviſion of his parts, the harmony of his periods, and that poetical ſweetneſs which adorns his works: whilſt, on the other hand, Homer is by no means deficient in antitheſis, compariſons, ſpirited figures, and purity of language: the graces, both of art and nature ſeem united in him. I by no means, therefore, as you plainly ſee, hold your muſe in contempt, though I think an encomium on Homer more difficult than one on Demoſthenes; for, excluſive of his poetry, I have nothing ſure and certain to go upon: all is hidden from us, nor do we know the leaſt of his country, his family, or the time when he flouriſhed. If we had any thing to depend on, with regard to the place of his nativity, we ſhould no longer be in doubt whether it was Colophon, or Cumæ, or Chios, or Smyrna, or Ægyptian Thebes, or fifty other places; or whether he was ſprung from Mæon, the Lydian river, and Melanope, or ſome nymph or dryad; whether he lived in the age of ancient heroes, or in later times: we know not whether he was prior or poſterior to Heſiod, whether he is the old * Meleſigenes, or whether he was really, as reported, poor and blind. We muſt content ourſelves, therefore, to let all theſe things remain in their original obſcurity, and confine our eulogium to his verſes, and the excellent leſſons of wiſdom and virtue contained in them. But your buſineſs is all ready to your hand; the exquiſite diſh is prepared, and you have nothing to do but to garniſh it. Fortune beſtowed on Demoſthenes every thing that was great, illuſtrious, and deſireable. Athens was his country, that noble city, the pillar of Greece, celebrated by ſo many excellent poets: on this head I could bring in the adventures of the gods, their gifts, their habitations, their diviſions, with the Eleuſinian myſteries: I could introduce the Athenian laws, their aſſemblies, their conqueſts and triumphs by land and ſea, ſubjects that require the nerve and elegance of a Demoſthenes himſelf to deſcribe; this would afford ample matter for a panegyric, nor ſhould I be ſingular in drawing part of my encomium from his country. Iſocrates, in his praiſe of Helen, brought in Theſeus: poets, you know, have a licence for every thing; but, you will ſay, I tranſgreſs the

* *Meleſigenes.*] Homer is ſuppoſed to have taken this name from the river Meles, running by the walls of Smyrna in Ionia, with a cave at its head, where he is ſaid to have written his poems.

rule of proportion, and make the door bigger than the houſe: to ſay no more, therefore, of Athens, let us remember that his father was an admiral, a title of the higheſt rank there; and his leaving his ſon an orphan was no misfortune to him, but rather a happineſs, as it gave him the opportunity of ſhewing his talents, and increaſed his reputation. Concerning Homer's education and manners, hiſtory gives us no intelligence, nor muſt we have recourſe to Heſiod's laurel, that inſpired the ſhepherds, and made them all poets; but in the praiſe of Demoſthenes you may call in the teſtimony of Calliſtratus, Alcidamus, Iſocrates, Iſæus, Eubatides, and a long liſt of learned names to aſſiſt you. You may tell us, that in ſpite of all the pleaſures of Athens, in ſpite of that propenſity to vice, which young men are ever prone to, and though, through his tutor's negligence, he might have given himſelf up to luxury and extravagance, the love of philoſophy and virtue prevailed over all, and led him, not to the door of * Phryne, but to the ſchools of Ariſtotle, Theophraſtus, Xenocrates, and Plato.

And here, my good friend, you might harangue on the two different kinds of † love that actuate the human breaſt; one vague, fluctuating, wild, and ſtormy, raiſing tumults in the mind, like that Venus of the ſea, from whence it ſprang: the other, a link of the great heavenly chain, an image of the never-fading goddeſs of beauty, who doth not inflict incurable wounds with fires and darts, but inſpires the ſoul with a pure and holy flame, that ſacred fury which, as the tragedians ſay, the gods alone, and thoſe who reſemble them, are endowed with. It was this which enabled the great orator to go through the ‡ grotto, the looking-glaſs, and the ſword; which taught him to get over the difficulties of his pronunciation, to deſpiſe the multitude, to continue night and day at his ſtudies, which ſharpened his memory, and made him vigilant and induſtrious: we are not, therefore, ſurpriſed to find Demoſthenes ſo excellent, enriching his orations both with words and ſentiments, expreſſing all the paſſions of the mind with ſuch force and ſpirit, and with ſuch a variety of figures: he alone, as Leoſthenes did not ſcruple to aſſert, could produce a diſcourſe that was at once lively and ſolid.

§ Calliſthenes, ſpeaking of the tragedies of Æſchylus, tells us, that he

* *Phryne.*] A famous courteſan. See Fontenelle's Dial. of the Dead.

† *Love.*] For an illuſtration of this doctrine, and the many pretty things that are ſaid upon it, I refer my readers to Shafteſbury's Characteriſtics.

‡ *Grotto.*] See Plutarch de Vet. Rhet.

§ *Calliſthenes.*] Plutarch, in his Sympoſium, ſays the ſame thing of Æſchylus, but does not attribute it to Calliſthenes.

always

always wrote them when he was in liquor, as if the wine had ſharpened his wit, and inſpired him: but not ſo Demoſthenes, who drank nothing but water; which made Demades ſay, others ſpoke by the * water, but he wrote by it: and ſo neat and terſe were his orations, that Pytheas ſaid they ſmelt of the lamp.

Thus far we go hand in hand, and I can ſay nearly the ſame with regard to the poetry of Homer: but when we come to conſider his goodneſs and humanity, his fair and honeſt management of the public money, his zeal for the common-wealth ——

LYCINUS.

Do you mean to go on, and drown me with his praiſes?

THERSAGORAS.

I do: to mention his public feaſts, and ſports, his manning the fleets, building fortifications, freeing captives, marrying virgins for the good of the ſtate, ſending ambaſſies, and enacting ſalutary laws; when I think, in ſhort, how much he did to ſerve his country in every reſpect, I cannot help ſmiling, to ſee my friend contracting his brow, and afraid that he ſhould not find matter ſufficient for an encomium on Demoſthenes.

LYCINUS.

Can you imagine that I, who have been ſo long engaged in the ſtudy of oratory, ſhould be a ſtranger to the merit and actions of Demoſthenes?

THERSAGORAS.

I ſhould think ſo, if you really wanted, as you ſay you do, any aſſiſtance for ſuch a taſk: but, perhaps, he throws ſuch a ſplendour round, that you cannot look at ſo dazzling an object: the ſame, indeed, happened to me with regard to Homer; I was very near throwing my work aſide, becauſe I could not keep my eyes fixed upon it: I have however, I know not how, recovered, and accuſtomed myſelf by degrees to look up at the ſun, that I might not appear totally ignorant and unworthy of ſuch a ſubject; your's, notwithſtanding, is certainly a much eaſier undertaking: for all the praiſes of Homer muſt center in his poetry alone, whilſt the virtues of Demoſthenes are only too numerous, like the luxuries of a Sicilian table, or a grand and magnificent ſpectacle, where all the ſenſes are delighted, and

* *The water.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of the orator's ſpeaking by the water-dial, often mentioned by Lucian. Our preachers, in like manner, uſed to meaſure their diſcourſes by an hour-glaſs, with ſand in it, ſeveral of which yet remain in ſome of our country churches.

you

you know not what to admire moſt: and thus it is with regard to the great orator, whether you conſider the ſprightlineſs of his wit, the force of his eloquence, his temperance and fortitude, his contempt of riches, his juſtice, humanity, good ſenſe and diſcretion in every word and action. When you call to mind his laws, his embaſſies, his fleets; when you think on Megara, Eubœa, Bœotia, Chios, Rhodes, Byzantium, and the Helleſpont, ſuch a variety of merit diſtracts you, and you know not which way to turn, or what to fix firſt upon.

Thus Pindar, revolving various things in his mind, cries out,

> Shall I of golden Melia, or of ſweet
> Iſmenus ſing, or Cadmus, or the ſons
> Of Sparta far renown'd, or flaming Thebes,
> Or all-ſubduing Hercules, or chant
> The chearful Bacchus, or the nuptial rites
> Of fair Harmonia?

And, in like manner, you know not which firſt to celebrate, his eloquence, or his life, his oratory, or his philoſophy, his art of ruling and directing the people, or his glorious death.

I would adviſe you, therefore, to take ſome one particular, and try your ſkill upon that: compare his eloquence, for inſtance, to that of Pericles, which, we are told, was like thunder and lightning, that it left its ſting deeply fixed in the mind: it was not, however, ſo firm and ſolid; not ſuch as would ſtand the teſt of years: if you conſidered the virtues of his ſoul, and his great acts for the ſervice of the commonweal, you might ſingle out only two or three of them, which would afford you a fund ſufficient. Homer often praiſes the particular parts of his heroes; their feet, head, or hair; their arms, or their ſhields: and the gods themſelves are celebrated by the poets for the ægis, or the dart. You might praiſe Demoſthenes, therefore, for any ſingle virtue or perfection; as to celebrate them all would be a taſk even for the great orator himſelf.

LYCINUS.

You mean, I ſuppoſe, by this encomium on Demoſthenes, to convince me that you are not only a poet, and can write good verſes, but that you are an orator, and can write excellent proſe alſo.

THERSAGORAS.

I only intended to run over the matter of your oration, that, by making the taſk eaſier to you, I might induce you to liſten to my poem.

LY-

LYCINUS.

You have done nothing, I aſſure you; I wiſh, indeed, I may not be more at a loſs than ever.

THERSAGORAS.

If that be the caſe, I am a fine phyſician indeed.

LYCINUS.

You are: for not knowing where the malady lay, you have only cured one diſtemper inſtead of another.

THERSAGORAS.

How ſo?

LYCINUS.

Becauſe you have endeavoured to remove thoſe difficulties, which only a ſtranger to oratory could be ſubject to: but I have been engaged in it for years; therefore your advice is of no ſervice.

THERSAGORAS.

It may teach you, perhaps, at leaſt, that, after all, the plain beaten road is the ſafeſt and beſt.

LYCINUS.

May be not: I have no ſuch ambition as the Cyrenian charioteer had, who, by way of ſhewing his ſkill before Plato and his friends, drove a number of chariots round the Academy, all in the ſame circle, ſo that there was only the mark of one left behind; but I do not deſire to go always in the ſame track, but to leave the old, and ſtrike out a new one.

THERSAGORAS.

You put me in mind of * Pauſon's ſcheme.

LYCINUS.

What was that? for I never heard of it.

THERSAGORAS.

Pauſon had been deſired to paint a horſe rolling himſelf on the ground, inſtead of which he drew him running, and a great duſt about him: when the perſon who had ordered came to ſee it, he complained that it was not as he had deſired; upon which the painter bade his boy turn the picture upſide down, which ſhewed the horſe in its proper poſture.

LYCINUS.

You are a pleaſant fellow, Therſagoras, to ſuppoſe that I, who have been

* *Pauſon.*] A celebrated painter, mentioned by Ælian, Plutarch, and other ancient writers.

ſo

ſo many years at the buſineſs, could not find out a number of tranſpoſitions and circumvolutions; and at laſt, perhaps, do as Proteus did.

THERSAGORAS.

How was that?

LYCINUS.

Why, after aſſuming the form of every animal, plant, and element, he was forced, for want of more, to come back to his own, and become Proteus again.

THERSAGORAS.

You ſeem to take even more ſhapes upon you than he did, to avoid hearing my poem.

LYCINUS.

By no means, my good friend; for I will even leave my own buſineſs unfiniſhed to attend you: perhaps, after being delivered yourſelf, you may help me to take care of my brat alſo.

[We then ſat down together on the next bank, where he repeated to me ſome very excellent verſes, during which he ſeemed in a kind of phrenzy, and then wrapping up his papers:]

THERSAGORAS.

Now, take the reward of your patience, as thoſe are paid who attend the courts of juſtice; but I expect to be thanked for it.

LYCINUS.

That you ſhall, even though I do not know what it is for; but, pray, inform me?

THERSAGORAS.

By chance, the other day, I met with ſome Memoirs of the Kings of Macedon, with which I was highly pleaſed; and having peruſed them carefully, bought the book, and have it now at home: there is in it a great deal of the private hiſtory of Antipater, together with many things concerning Demoſthenes, which you will be glad to hear.

LYCINUS.

I thank you heartily for this piece of good news, and, in return, will give you my promiſe to hear the reſt of your poem, but ſhall not leave you till you perform your's: you have given me a fine treat on the Birth-day of Homer, and are preparing another for Demoſthenes.

[Accordingly, after reciting the reſt of his poem, to which I gave its due praiſe, we went home to his houſe, where, though with ſome difficulty,

he

he, at length, found the book, which I took and carried away with me; and no ſooner had I gone through, than I reſolved to read it to you, word for word, without altering a ſyllable of it: nor is Æſculapius leſs honoured at his feſtival, by the repetition of verſes from * Aliſodemus or Sophocles, than if they were to make new ones on the occaſion. At the feaſt of Bacchus, they have left off repeating new poems, comedies, and tragedies; but content themſelves with the old ones, as paying the ſame honour to the gods.

The book tells us (in that part of it which concerns the matter in hand, and which is written in dialogue,) that Antipater had juſt received notice of Archias's arrival. This Archias (which ſome of the young men here may, perhaps, not be acquainted with) was the perſon commiſſioned to ſeize on thoſe who had been proſcribed, and who had received orders from the king to bring Demoſthenes to him, rather by fair means, if poſſible, than by force of arms, out of Calauria. Antipater was now in daily expectation of ſeeing him; and, as ſoon as he heard that Archias was returned, ordered him into his preſence: as ſoon as he came in—but the book will tell you the reſt; it runs thus:

† ARCHIAS.

Health and happineſs to Antipater.

ANTIPATER.

Health and happineſs will attend me, if you have brought Demoſthenes.

ARCHIAS.

That, as far as was in my power, I have done; for I have got all that remains of him in this urn.

ANTIPATER.

Archias, you have ruined all my hopes: what will his aſhes avail, if I have not Demoſthenes?

ARCHIAS.

His ſoul, O king, could not be retained by violence.

ANTIPATER.

Why did not you take him alive?

* *Aliſodemus.*] This poet is not mentioned, I believe, by any other writer, though, by his being put into company with Sophocles, we ſhould conclude him to have been a man of ſome diſtinction.

† This dialogue is curious and entertaining, and gives us the higheſt idea both of Antipater and Demoſthenes.

ARCHIAS.

We did.

ANTIPATER.

Did he die, then, by the way?

ARCHIAS.

No: in Calauria.

ANTIPATER.

I ſuppoſe, by your neglect in not taking care of him.

ARCHIAS.

It was not in our power.

ANTIPATER.

How is that? you talk in riddles; you took him alive, and yet you have him not.

ARCHIAS.

Your firſt commands were, that we ſhould not uſe violence; but we were obliged to it, though it was of no ſervice.

ANTIPATER.

You ſhould not have done it at all: what he ſuffered from you, I ſuppoſe, deſtroyed him.

ARCHIAS.

We did not kill him, though we were compelled to uſe ſome force when we could not perſuade him: but, after all, what advantage would you have reaped from our bringing him alive? as you muſt afterwards, yourſelf, have made an end of him.

ANTIPATER.

No: Archias, you are a ſtranger both to his merits and my ſentiments: you ſeem to think the bringing Demoſthenes to me a matter of no more conſequence, than if you had diſcovered thoſe wretches, * Phalereus, Ariſtonicus, or Eucrates, poor and contemptible creatures, who, like rapid torrents, ſwell with popular tumults, and, when the wind ſubſides, ſink, and are no more; or the faithleſs † Hyperides, who, to flatter the multitude, bluſhed not to calumniate Demoſthenes, to pleaſe thoſe who were afterwards aſhamed of it, when he returned from baniſhment, like Alcibiades, with redoubled glory, whilſt Hyperides bluſhed not to declaim even againſt his beſt friend, with that tongue which deſerved to be cut out for its perjury and falſehood.

* *Phalereus.*] For an account of theſe, ſee Plutarch's Life of Demoſthenes.

† *Hyperides*] A rival orator, who profeſſed the greateſt friendſhip for Demoſthenes, and afterwards betrayed and accuſed him. See Plut. in X. Rhet.

ARCHIAS.

But, was not Demoſthenes one of our moſt inveterate enemies?

ANTIPATER.

No: if faith and truth have any charms, if what is firm and incorruptible deſerves eſteem and approbation: honeſty is honeſty, even in an enemy, and virtue precious, whereſover it is found: nor would I wiſh to behave worſe than Xerxes, who, when it was in his power to deſtroy Bulis and Sperchis, becauſe he deſervedly admired, ſet them free. Demoſthenes, whom I met twice at Athens, though I had not leiſure to converſe with him, whoſe actions and character I was well acquainted with, was a man whom I had always the higheſt veneration for, and that, not, as may be ſuppoſed, for his eloquence alone; though Python and the orators of Athens were nothing when compared to him, whether we conſider the elegance of his ſtyle, the harmohy of his periods, the force of his arguments, or that wonderful power of conviction which he was poſſeſſed of. Very ſorry I was that I convened the Greeks, induced by Python and his promiſes, in order to refute the Athenians, when the thunder of Demoſthenes was exerted againſt me: his eloquence ſhut up every avenue againſt us: but I conſider this noble quality merely as an inſtrument, made uſe of by him, to carry on his political deſigns. What I moſt admired him for, was his good ſenſe and diſcretion; that fortitude which he ſhewed in adverſity, and which enabled him, even when almoſt overwhelmed beneath the waves of ill-fortune, to riſe ſuperior to it, and ſeem inſenſible of danger. I am ſatisfied, that Philip alſo entertained the ſame opinion of him: for once, I remember, when he was told that Demoſthenes had inveighed againſt him in the ſenate, and Parmenio, in an angry mood, was throwing out ſome bitter ſarcaſm on this great orator: "Demoſthenes (ſaid Philip) has a right to ſpeak with freedom; for he is the only Grecian orator whom I have not in my pay, though I had much rather truſt to him, if I could have ſecured him, than to my navies and armies. Amongſt moſt of his brethren, both here and in Bœotia, I have ſcattered my gold, herds, cattle, and annual preſents: but I could ſooner take * Byzantium by ſtorm, than bribe Demoſthenes." "If an Athenian, haranguing at Athens, (replied Parmenio,) was to prefer me

* *Byzantium.*] This city was conſidered as the key of Greece. Philip was prevented from taking it by the eloquence of Demoſthenes.

to his own country, I would give that man my money, but not my friendſhip; but if, for his country's ſake, he hates and oppoſes me, I would attack him as I would his naval armaments, the walls and bulwarks of his city; though, at the ſame time, I admire his virtue, and think that kingdom happy, which can boaſt of ſuch a defender; I would deſtroy the place, and all that belongs to it: but I would rather have him on our ſide, than the Triballi, the Illyrian horſemen, or all the mercenary troops which we could hire; as I would prefer the power of eloquence, and the wiſdom of good councils, to the ſtrength of armies, and all the force of military preparation."

Thus did he ſpeak to Parmenio, and frequently would he talk to me in the ſame ſtyle: once, in particular, I remember, when I ſeemed uneaſy, and diſpleaſed at his ſending Diopithes to Athens: "Are you afraid (ſaid he, laughing,) of what Athenian leaders, or their armies, can do againſt us? their piræus, their harbours, their fleets and armies, I deſpiſe: what can a ſet of Bacchanals do, who live in the midſt of ſongs and feſtivals? if Demoſthenes alone were abſent, we ſhould more eaſily take the city than by all we could do, either with force or fraud, to gain over the Thebans and Theſſalians: but he is for ever watchful, ſeizing every opportunity to reſiſt our attacks, and, by his counſels alone, renders fruitleſs all our operations: try what we will, deſign what we will, act as we will, we cannot eſcape him. In a word, this man is the ſole obſtacle to our conqueſt and ſucceſs; and, if he had been preſent, we ſhould not have taken Amphipolis or Olynthus, Pylæ, Cherſoneſus, nor any thing which we poſſeſs round the Helleſpont. He ſtirs up his fellow-citizens, even againſt their will: when they are lulled, as it were, to ſleep, by mandragora, he rouſes them from their lethargy, and, with his eloquence, burns up and deſtroys their indolence, little ſolicitous of their favour or affection: he applies the profits of the theatre to the ſupport of the army, and reformed the corrupt ſtate of the navy by ſalutary laws: the dignity of the empire, which, for a long time, had been miſerably impaired, he hath reſtored: he hath called them back to a remembrance of their anceſtors, and a noble emulation of what paſſed at Marathon and Salamis: he is perpetually forming new alliances, and treaties, with the ſtates of Greece: it is as impoſſible, in ſhort, to conceal any thing from, to deceive, or corrupt him, as it was for the Perſian king to bribe Ariſtides. This man, therefore, Antipater, is more to be dreaded than

all

all their fleets and armies. What Themiſtocles and Pericles were to the ancient Athenians, is Demoſthenes to the preſent: the underſtanding and knowlege of the one, the wiſdom, eloquence, and courage of the other, are combined in him. I am obliged to them for ſending out Chares, Diopithes, Proxenus, and ſuch like generals, and keeping Demoſthenes at home: if they were to appoint him leader of their army and navy, and ſuperintendant over all their affairs, I ſhould tremble for Macedonia itſelf; as it is he haraſſes me with his counſels, finds perpetual reſources, furniſhes new fleets and armies, is preſent in every place, and perpetually oppoſes me."

Thus would Philip often talk to me concerning him, ever looking upon it as the greateſt inſtance of his good fortune, that their armies were not led by Demoſthenes, whoſe animated ſpeeches, like ſo many battering-rams, beat down all his counſels. After the victory at Cheronæa, many a time would he call to mind the perils we had been in on his account; "for, though, (ſaid he,) through the imprudence of their generals, the confuſion of their troops, and our own unexpected good fortune, we conquered; yet, on that very day, did I run the hazard both of my crown and life, by his means, ſo firmly did he unite the cities, collect the forces, Thebans, Athenians; Corinthians, and Eubæans, into one body, and prevent my penetrating into the interior parts of Attica."

Thus would he be perpetually talking of Demoſthenes, and if any body obſerved to him that the Athenians were his moſt powerful enemies, his conſtant anſwer was, "Demoſthenes is my only enemy; the Athenians without him would be no more than Ænians, or Theſſalians." Whenever he ſent ambaſſadors to the cities, and the Athenians employed any other orators to plead for them, he was ſure to be ſucceſsful; but whenever Demoſthenes came; "Our embaſſy, he would ſay, is vain; for victory over his orations no trophies can ever be raiſed:" and what would you have me, who am ſo much inferior to Philip, do with this man? Should I lead him as an ox to the ſlaughter, or ſhould I not rather make him my counſellor and friend? Such I would wiſh to find him, not only from the opinion which I have of him from his own actions, but from the teſtimony alſo of Ariſtotle, who aſſured me that Alexander admired him above all men, for his eloquence, freedom, fortitude, and wiſdom. Would you put ſuch a man upon a level with * Eubulus, Phryñon, and Philocrates? Do you think it

* *Eubolus, &c.*] Enemies of Demoſthenes and of their country. See his Oration de Falſâ Legatione.

poſſible

poſſible to corrupt him, who has ſpent all his patrimony, either in ſupport of the public cauſe, or in preſents to his indigent friends and neighbours; or can you think him capable of being intimidated, who reſolved to ſacrifice his life in the ſervice of his country? Can you be angry at his reflections on you, when even the Athenians do not eſcape his cenſure? He takes care of the common weal, from the ſincere love which he has for it, and conſiders his country as a ſchool of philoſophy. The opinion of ſuch a man, Archias, I could wiſh to have known, concerning the preſent ſtate of my affairs; his wholeſome counſels I would gladly have liſtened to, much rather than to the croud of flatterers which ſurround me. I would have adviſed him, inſtead of ſacrificing his life to thoſe ungrateful Athenians, to rely on better and more faithful friends. With regard to any thing elſe, you might have prevailed on him; but his country he would never have forſaken, which he loved even to diſtraction."

"I believe ſo, ſaid Antipater; but how did he die?" "That, anſwered Archias, will raiſe your aſtoniſhment more than any thing elſe: we, who were eye-witneſſes, were amazed at it. His death, from the preparation he had made for it, ſeemed to be a matter long ſince determined: he ſat in the inner part of the temple, where I converſed with him for ſeveral days, but to no purpoſe." "And what, ſaid Antipater, was the ſubject of your diſcourſe?" "Your humanity, replied Archias, and deſign of pardoning him; not that I knew this was your intention, for I believed you were greatly exaſperated againſt him: but I thought it right to make him believe you would." "Would I had been there myſelf, ſaid Antipater, to have heard what paſſed! but tell me every thing; it is no little ſatisfaction to know the ſentiments and behaviour of a great man in the hour of death: what ſaid he to the offer? was he weak and cowardly, or did he retain his firmneſs and conſtancy to the laſt?" "He did, ſaid Archias; with a pleaſing ſmile on his countenance, rallied me on my paſt life, ſaid I was a bad actor, and repeated your falſehoods moſt miſerably." "And did he, ſaid Antipater, deſtroy himſelf, rather than truſt to my promiſes?" "Not ſo, replied Archias; it was not you alone (ſince you muſt know all), whom he diſtruſted: "There is nothing, ſaid he, ſo wicked which I cannot believe of a Macedonian, nor is it wonderful they ſhould wiſh to take Demoſthenes, as they have already taken Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Oropus." Much more he then ſpake to the ſame purpoſe; for I took down, by a notary, all he ſaid, that I might convey

convey it to you. "The fear of death and torture, ſaid he, would have prevented my coming into the preſence of Antipater; but, if what you ſay be true, I have ſtill more reaſon to dread, leſt, if Antipater ſhould ſpare my life, I might be corrupted, and, leaving the poſt of honour, which I held in Greece, baſely throw myſelf into Macedon: were I thus to act, to what purpoſe was the Piræus, the walls and ditches which I built, the tribe of Pandion, and the pomp of ſacrifice; what profited the laws of Solon and Draco, the military and naval decrees which I ſupported; all the virtues, and all the trophies of my anceſtors, the generoſity of the citizens, who crowned me, and all the powers of Greece, which I ſuſtained and preſerved? If I muſt owe my life to the pity and to the liberality of others, I would owe it, at leaſt, to thoſe whom I have obliged, to thoſe captives whom I have redeemed, to thoſe fathers whoſe children I have portioned, to thoſe whoſe debts I have paid: but if neither the influence nor authority which I once poſſeſſed, both by ſea and land, can ſecure me, to Neptune here I fly for ſafety, to this altar, and theſe ſacred laws. If Neptune will not defend his ſanctuary, and protect his votaries, I will rather die than fall down before and worſhip Antipater. Long ſince might I have had friends enough in Macedon, could I have acted like * Callimedon, Pytheas, and Demades: but I revered the memory of Codrus, and the daughters of Erectheus: becauſe fortune has deſerted me, I will not, therefore, deſert my country; death is the beſt aſylum we can flee to from folly and corruption: I will not diſgrace Athens, by preferring ſlavery to freedom. Do not you remember, for to you I may properly quote from tragedy, what † Polyxena ſays,

> As ſhe dy'd, with decency to fall
> Was her peculiar care.

Thus fell a virgin, and ſhall Demoſthenes prefer a ſhameful life to honourable death, forgetful of what ‡ Xenocrates and Plato have ſaid concerning immortality? But why need I repeat any more?" At length, after I had endeavoured, but in vain, both by prayers and threats, to prevail on him; "With theſe, ſaid he, were I Archias, I might be moved; but, being what I am, you muſt pardon my not acting like a coward." I had then thoughts of dragging him by force from the altar; but, perceiving my intention, he

* *Callimedon, &c.*] The enemies and accuſers of Demoſthenes. See Plutarch.

† *Polyxena.*] See the Hecuba of Euripides, l. 568.

‡ *Xenocrates.*] See Diogenes Laertius, iv. xii. and xiii.

ſmiled,

ſmiled, and fixing his eyes upon the god; "Archias, cried he, ſeems to think that ſhips, and walls, and armies, are the only things which man can truſt and rely upon; deſpiſing that refuge and ſhelter which I confide in, a power which neither the Illyrians, Treballians, nor Macedonians can ſubdue; ſtronger than that wooden wall, which, the god declared, could never be deſtroyed: that providence which ſupported me in the common-wealth, which enabled me, without fear, to act againſt Macedon, which made me as ſuperior then to Euctemon, Ariſtogiton, Pytheas, Callimedon, and Philip himſelf, as now I am to Archias: lay not, therefore, thy hands upon me, for never will I ſuffer this ſacred ſpot to be prophaned, but worſhip the deity, and follow thee." Thus ſaying he moved his hand towards his lips, which I conſidered as an act of worſhip." "And what was it, ſaid Antipater?" "He had taken poiſon, replied Archias, as we afterwards learned from the woman who attended him, and whom we forced by tortures to confeſs; for ſcarce had he got out of the porch of the temple, when he cried out to us, "Carry this to Antipater; Demoſthenes you ſhall never have: no, by thoſe ——" he was going, we ſuppoſe, to add, — who fell at Marathon, but ſtopped, and only ſaying, farewell! he expired. Such was the ſucceſs of our endeavours to bring Demoſthenes to you." "O! Archias, ſaid Antipater, what a great and unconquerable ſoul had this man! thus nobly to keep in his own power the ſureſt pledge of liberty: doubtleſs he is gone to the iſlands of the bleſſed, to join the ancient heroes, and live for ever with Jupiter the Deliverer: his body I will ſend to Athens, a nobler preſent to his country, even than thoſe who died at Marathon.

THE

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE GODS, A DIALOGUE.

In this Dialogue LUCIAN *ridicules the glaring Folly of Polytheiſm, and expoſes the Nonſenſe and Abſurdity of the whole Pagan Syſtem. His Idea of adopting the Proceedings of a Grecian Court of Judicature, with all its Forms and Ceremonies, and ſettling the Synod of the Gods by a Decree, is full of true Humour.*

JUPITER.

NOW, gods, let us have no whiſpering in corners, and * colloguing together; no grumbling, becauſe thoſe whom you think unworthy are admitted into our ſociety; but as we have called a council on the occaſion, let every one ſpeak his ſentiments openly, and bring his accuſation againſt whom he pleaſes. Do you, Mercury, give public notice, as the law directs.

MERCURY.

Silence there, and attend: which of the gods, who are qualified, chooſes to ſpeak? The buſineſs is concerning † ſtrangers and ſojourners.

MOMUS.

I, Momus, have ſomething to offer, if Jupiter will give me leave.

JUPITER.

Leave is given by the public notice; you want not, therefore, my permiſſion.

MOMUS.

I ſay then, there are ſome amongſt us, who, not content with being raiſed themſelves from mortals to gods, think it is doing nothing if they cannot bring in their followers and attendants alſo, and place them on a level with

* *Colloguing.*] Gr. κοινολογεισθε. The word which I have here made uſe of in the tranſlation, though rather of the vulgar caſt, and not to be met with, I am afraid, in Johnſon's Dictionary, ſeems, notwithſtanding, to approach nearer to the ſenſe of the original than any other which our language could afford me on this occaſion.

† *Strangers*] Amongſt the ancient Greeks, ſtrangers and enemies were both ſignified by the ſame name, Ξενος, all ſtrangers being accounted enemies; the Perſians, in particular, were always called ſo. Lucian, therefore, introduces his ſubject, by calling a council of war, occaſioned, as it were, by the invaſion of an enemy.

us. I beg, Jupiter, I may be quite at liberty to ſay what I pleaſe. Every body knows how free I am with my tongue, and that I never conceal what is bad; but boldly find fault with every thing that is wrong, and ſpeak plain, nor am ever afraid or aſhamed to deliver my opinion; inſomuch, that I have been called teſty and troubleſome, nay, accuſed by many as a calumniator, and public informer: but ſince proclamation is now made, and I have your permiſſion withal, I am reſolved to ſpeak without fear or reſtraint. I do ſay, therefore, that there are many here, who, not ſatisfied with ſitting along with us, and eating at our table, have brought their ſervants and followers into heaven, and deified them alſo: theſe have ſat down with us, and partook of our ſacrifices, without paying the tax due to us from them, as ſtrangers and ſojourners.

JUPITER.

Momus, let us have nothing dark, or ænigmatical, but ſpeak plainly and openly, and name what names you pleaſe; for the affair is now before the public, and every one is to give his opinion fairly and candidly: a free ſpeaker muſt have no ſhuffling or evaſion.

MOMUS.

Moſt excellent Jupiter, to exhort me to freedom of ſpeech! This is moſt king-like, great, and magnificent indeed; then will I tell his name. The noble Bacchus, that half-mortal, not ſo much as ſprung from a Grecian, by the mother's ſide; but the grandſon of Cadmus, a Syro-Phœnician merchant: as he is dignified with immortality, I ſhall not ſay what he is himſelf, nor take notice of his fillet, his hobbling gait, or his drunkenneſs; you all know how weak and effeminate he is, generally half-mad, and ſmelling of wine pretty early in the morning: here has he brought in his whole tribe upon us, and made gods of Pan, Silenus, and the Satyrs, ruſtics, goat-herds, wild dancers, and creatures with ſtrange forms. one of them has got * horns, and a long beard, and, from the waiſt downwards, is exactly like a goat: another, a little † bald-pated old man, with a flat noſe, a Lydian it ſeems, and generally rides upon an aſs: then there are the Satyrs, with their ears cocked up, bald, and with horns, like young kids; theſe are Phrygians, and all of them, beſides their other perfections, have long tails. You ſee what kind of gods he has generouſly provided us with. And can we wonder that mortals ſhould laugh at us, when they behold ſuch a ſet of

* *Horns.*] Pan.

† *Bald-pated, &c.*] Silenus.

monſtrous

monſtrous and ridiculous divinities? Not to mention the two women whom he has introduced amongſt us, his miſtreſs Ariadne (whoſe crown he has made a ſtar of), and the daughter of Icarius, the countryman: but (which is moſt abſurd of all), he has brought in Erigone's dog alſo, for fear the young lady ſhould take it ill, that ſhe had not her beloved whelp to keep her company in heaven: is not all this ſhameful madneſs, and folly? But you ſhall hear ſome more ——

JUPITER.

Not a word, I beſeech you, Momus, of Hercules or Æſculapius! for I ſee what you would be at. One is ſkilled in the art of healing, conquers diſeaſe, and

‡ A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

And, as to my ſon Hercules, by no ſmall labours hath he purchaſed immortality: therefore bring no accuſation againſt them.

MOMUS.

I had, indeed, many things to ſay; but ſhall hold my tongue if you deſire it, eſpecially as I bear about me the marks of your lightning: but if I were at liberty, I could produce ſomething, even againſt you.

JUPITER.

There you have my free leave; you cannot accuſe me of letting ſtrangers in.

MOMUS.

The Cretans ſay you do, and tell a great many ſtrange things of you, and, moreover, ſhew your tomb; though, for my part, I give no credit to them, any more than I do to the Ægeans, who report that you are a baſtard: what I think you are to blame for, however, I ſhall freely declare: you, Jupiter, have yourſelf introduced theſe crimes amongſt us, and filled our courts with this ſpurious iſſue, by having ſuch frequent commerce with mortals, and deſcending to them in various ſhapes; inſomuch that we are often in fear of your being ſacrificed as a bull, or, when you are turned into gold, that ſomebody, inſtead of a Jove, ſhould make a bracelet, a necklace, or an ear-ring of you: you have filled heaven, to ſay the truth, with nothing but theſe half-gods, for I can call them by no other name: who can help laughing, when he is told (which to be ſure is of all things the

‡ *A wiſe, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 636.

moſt ridiculous), that Hercules is made a god of, whilſt Euryſtheus, who had the command over him, died like other mortals; and you may ſee the temple of the ſervant, and the tomb of his maſter cloſe to each other. Again, at Thebes, Bacchus is worſhipped as a deity, whilſt his neareſt relations, Pentheus, Actæon, and Learchus, are the moſt miſerable of men. In ſhort, Jupiter, from the moment you turned your mind towards women, and opened your doors to theſe intruders, they have all followed your example; not only our male, but, which is moſt ſhameful, our female deities alſo. For who has not heard of * Anchiſes, Tithonus, Endymion, Jaſion—but I will ſay no more; for accuſations of this kind would be endleſs.

JUPITER.

I charge you, Momus, do not mention Ganymede, for I ſhall be very angry if you vex the boy, by caſting reflections on his family.

MOMUS.

I ſhall ſay nothing, therefore, about the eagle, becauſe he is got up to heaven, appears like a god, and ſits on the royal ſceptre; it is well, indeed, he does not make his neſt upon your head: for Ganymede's ſake, we ſhall ſay nothing of him. But here is Attis, † Corybas, and Sabazius; pray, Jupiter, how come theſe amongſt us? or the Median Mithras, with his ‡ candys and tiara, who cannot ſo much as talk Greek, nor underſtand one if we drink to him. The Getes and Scythians, ſeeing ſuch things as theſe, take their farewel of us, and make gods of their own, as many as they pleaſe; juſt in the ſame manner as Zamoxlis; who, though a common ſervant, ſome how or other, ſtole in amongſt us, without our privity or conſent: all this, however, might be tolerable. But you Ægyptian there, with the dog's face, and wrapped up in linnen, who are you, and how came ſuch a § barker as you to be a god? And what does this Memphian ſpotted ‖ bull mean with altars, his prophets, and his oracles? I am aſhamed to add ibis's, apes, goats, and a hundred, ſtill more ridiculous, who have crouded in upon us out of Ægypt. How can you bear to ſee theſe worſhipped and honoured ſo much

* *Anchiſes, &c.*] Anchiſes, we read, had an intrigue with Venus, Endymion with Diana, and Jaſion with Ceres.

† *Corybas.*] The ſon of Jaſion and Cybele.

‡ *Candys.*] A kind of ſhort cloak, worn by the god Mithras in all the repreſentations of him. See Montfaucon's Antiq.

§ *Barker.*] The god Anubis, worſhipped by the Ægyptians.

‖ *Bull.*] For an account of this, ſee Bryant's Anal.

more

more than yourſelves? Or, how can you, Jupiter, ſuffer them to put ram's horns on your head?

JUPITER.

What you ſay about the Ægyptians is true enough; it is ſhameful and abominable: but moſt of theſe are only myſterious and hieroglyphical, and you, who are not of the initiated, ſhould not laugh at them.

MOMUS.

There is no great myſtery in finding out that gods are gods, and dog's-heads dogs-heads.

JUPITER.

Well; ſay no more about the Ægyptians, we ſhall conſider of them at our leiſure: proceed you to the reſt.

MOMUS.

There is Trophonius, and, which hurts me ſtill more, Amphilochus: that ſon of a wicked parricide, is perpetually telling lies in Cilicia, and prophecying for two oboli. You, Apollo, have loſt all your reputation; for now, every ſtone and every altar is turned prophet, is ſprinkled with oil, covered with garlands, and has its own conjuror, of which there is great abundance: the ſtatue of * Polydamas the wreſtler, and that of Theagenes, doing the ſame at Thaſus, at this very day is curing fevers in Olympia; at Troy, they ſacrifice to Hector; and in Cherſoneſus, to Proteſilaus. Ever ſince theſe things have been practiſed, perjury and ſacrilege are increaſed, and I cannot ſay but, upon the whole, they do right in deſpiſing us.

So much for the baſtards which we have adopted; as to the many ſtrange names which I hear of, ſuch as never exiſted, or could gain a place amongſt us, I only laugh at them. What ſhall I ſay to your highly-extolled Virtue, Nature, Fortune, Fate, and all the empty titles coined by philoſophers, which, idle as they are, have ſo wrought upon ſimple men, that none of them will ſacrifice to us, well knowing, that though they ſhould offer up ten thouſand hecatombs, the will of Fate, notwithſtanding, muſt be fulfilled, and every thing happen, to every man, that was originally decreed for him. I ſhould be glad to know whether you ever ſaw theſe ſame things called Virtue, Nature, and Fate; I am ſure you muſt have heard enough of them in the ſchools of the philoſophers; if you are not deaf, for they are always haranguing about them. Though I had a great deal more to ſay, I ſhall now have done; for I ſee ſeveral that are very angry, and ready to hiſs me, eſpe-

* *Polydamas.*] See Pauſanias Eliac.

cially

cially amongſt thoſe whom my freedom of ſpeech has offended; wherefore, if you pleaſe, I will now read the decree that is made concerning theſe matters.

JUPITER.

Do ſo: much of what you have remarked is but too true: I muſt put a ſtop to theſe evils, leſt they ſhould increaſe and multiply.

THE DECREE.

Succeſs attend it.

The aſſembly being met, according to law, on the ſeventh day of the month, Jupiter being * prytanis, Neptune proedros, Apollo epiſtates, Momus, ſon of Night, the ſcribe, and Somnus, author, or mover of the edict, it was thus decreed:

"WHEREAS ſeveral ſtrangers, not only Greeks but Barbarians, by no means worthy of being enrolled as fellow-citizens, have, we know not how, imagining themſelves to be gods, filled heaven in ſuch a manner as to make our aſſembly nothing but a collection of rioters, of every place, nation, and language; inſomuch that there is a deficiency of nectar and ambroſia, and, inſtead of a quart, we have not a thimble-full a-piece, ſuch is the number of gueſts, whilſt ſome of them, thruſting out the old deities, take the firſt ſeats, and, againſt all rule and order, will be worſhipped upon earth before us: for theſe and other cauſes, it ſeemeth good to the ſenate and people of heaven, that a council ſhould be called in Olympus, that ſeven perfect and complete gods ſhould be choſen arbiters, three of them from the old ſenate under Saturn, and the other four from the twelve, and Jupiter to be one of them: that theſe ſhall ſit as judges in the cauſe, having firſt taken the legal oath, and ſworn by Styx: that Mercury ſhall act as crier, and call together all thoſe who claim admittance to the rank of gods, who are to bring ſworn witneſſes with them, and produce their genealogy; they are then to appear one by one, and the judges, examining into their ſeveral claims, ſhall either declare them to be gods, or ſend them back to the ſepulchres of their anceſtors: and if any one of thoſe, who are rejected and ſet aſide by the

* *Prytanis, &c.*] The buſineſs of the Prytanis was to aſſemble and preſide over the ſenate; of theſe were fifty, ranked into five decuriæ, each decuria being to govern their week, during which time they were called proedri, the preſident of the proedri was called epiſtates. See Potter's Antiq. vol. ii. p. 97.

judges,

judges, ſhall be caught going up to heaven, he ſhall be immediately ſeized, and thrown headlong into Tartarus. It is moreover decreed, that every deity ſhall mind his own buſineſs; that Minerva ſhall not turn phyſician, nor Æſculapius prophet, neither ſhall Apollo do ſo many things himſelf, but fix on one, and be either a ſeer, a muſician, or a doctor: that the philoſophers ſhall be forbidden coining new words, and talking idly about things which they know nothing of: that the ſtatues of all thoſe pretended gods, who have been honoured with temples and ſacrifices, be pulled down, and thoſe of Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, or ſome other ſet up in their ſtead, and that the city they belong to, erect a ſepulchre for them, in the room of an altar. If any, on pretence of not hearing the ſummons of the crier, ſhall refuſe to ſubmit to the deciſion of the arbitrators, they ſhall be conſidered as giving up the cauſe, and be condemned accordingly."

JUPITER.

Momus, this is a moſt excellent and juſt decree: let all who think ſo, hold up their hands, or rather let it ſtand confirmed, for there are many, I know, who will not hold up their hands for it. For the preſent, therefore, I diſmiſs you; but, when Mercury ſhall ſummon you together, let every one appear with his proper teſtimonials, the name of his father and mother, an account whence he came, and how he was made a god, the tribe and ward he belongs to; and if he does not exhibit theſe, the judges will take no notice of him, though he may have ever ſo large a temple upon earth, and men ſuppoſe him to be a deity.

THE CYNIC,

A DIALOGUE.

The following Dialogue *is a ſpirited Satire on Luxury, put, very properly, into the Mouth of a* Cynic. Lucian, *who, like the Orator in* Hudibras,

Could ſtill change Sides, and ſtill confute,

having frequently ridiculed this Sect, ſeems deſirous of making ſome Atonement, by a laboured Defence of their Tenets and Cuſtoms, joined to many ſevere Strictures on the Vices and Follies of the Age he lived in: and as Vices and Follies are, in every Age, pretty much the ſame, his Reflections will be found not unapplicable to our own.

LYCINUS AND A CYNIC.

LYCINUS.

WHAT do you mean by wandering about, in this manner, with your long hair and beard, without ſhoes, ſtockings, or coat, living the life of a beaſt; never cloathing your body, like other people, but ſhewing your bare ſkin, and lying on the hard ground, to rake up all the dirt upon your filthy old cloak, which is not over thin, ſoft, or beautiful?

CYNIC.

I want no other: what can be eaſieſt procured, and give the leaſt for the leaſt trouble, is enough for me. Let me, in my turn, aſk you one thing: is not luxury a vice?

LYCINUS.

Moſt undoubtedly.

CYNIC.

And frugality a virtue?

LYCINUS.

Granted.

CYNIC.

Why, then, becauſe I wear a worſe garb, and eat coarſer food than the reſt of the world, whilſt others live like madmen and fools, do you blame me, and not them?

LYCINUS.

I blame you not for living worſe than many others, but for living ſhabbily, in abſolute want and miſery: you are as bad as the common vagrants, that beg their bread from door to door.

CYNIC.

CYNIC.

Shall we, ſince we are got upon this ſubject, ſeriouſly diſcuſs the point; what is really enough, and what is not?

LYCINUS.

If you pleaſe.

CYNIC.

Has not every man enough, then, who has ſufficient to ſupply all his wants and neceſſities? or, can you point out any thing elſe?

LYCINUS.

No: we will ſuppoſe it to be ſo.

CYNIC.

And, where that is wanting which is uſeful and neceſſary, is there not a real deficiency?

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNIC.

Then do I want nothing; for I have enough to ſupply all my neceſſities.

LYCINUS.

How is that?

CYNIC.

Conſider the purpoſe deſigned in any thing which we make uſe of; of a houſe, for inſtance; is it not that we may be ſheltered by it?

LYCINUS.

True.

CYNIC.

Or of a garment; what is it but to cover us?

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNIC.

And what do we cover ourſelves for, but that we may be the better for it?

LYCINUS.

I grant it.

CYNIC.

And what is the matter with my feet?

LYCINUS.

Nothing, that I know of.

CYNIC.

What is the uſe of feet?

LYCINUS.

To walk.

CYNIC.

And do mine ſeem to walk worſe than other people's?

LYCINUS.

Perhaps not.

CYNIC.

As to feet, then, I am not worſe off than my neighbours.

LYCINUS.

I do not know that you are.

CYNIC.

And what think you of my body; is not that as good as others? if it was not, it would be weak and infirm: the beauty of a body is to be ſtrong; is not mine ſo?

LYCINUS.

So it appears to be.

CYNIC.

Neither my feet nor my body want any other covering; if they did, they would be out of order: where there is any real want or defect, things are always the worſe for it; but my body is not at all the worſe for the coarſe food it is nouriſhed with.

LYCINUS.

That is pretty viſible.

CYNIC.

And, if it was badly nouriſhed and ſupported, it would not be ſtrong; for, by bad and improper food all bodies muſt be hurt.

LYCINUS.

True.

CYNIC.

Why, then, do you find fault with me, and my manner of life, deſpiſing it as wretched and contemptible?

LYCINUS.

I blame you, becauſe, when nature, whom you pretend to honour, and the beneficent gods, have filled this earth with every good thing, not only for the uſe and benefit, but for the pleaſure and happineſs of mankind, that we might enjoy the ſweet abundance of them; you will taſte none, or very few of their bleſſings, but drink water like the beaſts, devour every thing you meet with like the dogs, and lie, like them, on ſtraw, in a cloak fit for a beggar: if you are right in living content with theſe, then hath God in vain clothed the ſheep with fine wool, or ſwelled the vines with delicious wine; in vain hath he diſpenſed oil, honey, and every other precious thing, that we might all have good food and drink, ſoft beds to lie on, fine houſes to live in, and every thing convenient and delectable. Even the works of art are the gift of heaven. To live without all theſe is miſerable, when,

like

like thoſe who live in bondage, we are deprived of them by others; but ſtill more wretched is it, when we deny them ourſelves; it is downright madneſs and folly.

CYNIC.

It may be ſo; but let me aſk you one queſtion: if a rich man ſhould make a great feaſt, and moſt hoſpitably entertain people of all ranks, great and ſmall, ſick and well, with every good thing, ſhould he, at the ſame time, help himſelf to all, not only that ſtood near, but that was ever ſo far removed from him? ſhould he, who was in perfect health, ſeize on that which was prepared for the ſick; he, who had but one ſtomach to ſatisfy, and which wanted but a little, and which too much would only ſpoil and deſtroy; would you call ſuch a man wiſe or good?

LYCINUS.

By no means.

CYNIC.

Or in his ſenſes?

LYCINUS.

Neither.

CYNIC.

And if another, who had been invited to this feaſt, ſhould paſs over the variety of dainties on the table, and take that only diſh which chanced to be ſet before him, and which, alone, was ſufficient to ſatisfy his appetite, ſhould he eat this homely meal in peace, without waiting for any thing elſe, would not you look upon this as a much wiſer and better man than the former?

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNIC.

Need I ſay, then——

LYCINUS.

What?

CYNIC.

That God is like the maſter of this feaſt, who places before us all an infinite variety of good things, that every one may take what is fit and convenient for him; ſome are proper for the well, and ſome for the ſick; ſome for the weak, and ſome for the ſtrong: it was never deſigned that all ſhould ſeize on all, but that every one ſhould take what is next to him, and what he moſt ſtands in need of: but you, in the inſatiable rage of intemperance, like that gueſt who was for ſnatching all, not content with what lays before you, are perpetually wandering in ſearch of dainties: your own land and ſea cannot ſuffice, but you muſt purchaſe pleaſures from every corner of the earth; always preferring what comes from abroad to what you have at

home, what is dear to what is cheap, and every thing that is gained with difficulty to what may be acquired with eaſe: you ſuffer a thouſand evils and miſeries rather than go without what you thirſt after; for many of the luxuries you enjoy coſt you dear. Think on your gold and ſilver, your ſumptuous palaces, your fine garments, the work and toil of induſtry; what labour, and what dangers are they purchaſed at the expence of? oftentimes by death, blood, and ſlaughter. How many periſh in the ſearch of them? Battles are fought, friends betray friends, children their parents, and wives their huſbands, on account of them. * Eriphyle ſacrificed her's, we know, for gold.

And yet, neither do painted garments better warm our bodies, nor high-vaulted roofs better cover us; gold or ſilver cups cannot mend the draught, nor ivory beds produce a ſweeter ſleep: ſo far from it, that often on the pompous couch there is but little reſt; and the dear-bought meal, inſtead of nouriſhing, but corrupts the body, and brings on diſeaſes and diſtemperature. Need I mention the variety of miſeries which love makes men inflict on others, and on themſelves alſo? the paſſion might eaſily be ſatisfied, but that you want to refine upon it; and, as if its own madneſs and folly were not ſufficient, too often do men pervert the uſe of things, and act in oppoſition both to nature and reaſon, making uſe of * * * * * * beds inſtead of carriages.

LYCINUS.

Who are they?

CYNIC.

Many of thoſe who treat their ſlaves like their cattle, will ride in † litters on their ſhoulders; there you lie at your eaſe, driving men like ſo many aſſes, and this you call felicity. Then there are others, who, not content with taking fleſh for food, uſe it for certain tinctures; as thoſe that make ‡ purple; do not theſe alſo act againſt nature, and apply her works to what they were never deſigned for?

* *Eriphyle.*] This lady was the wife of Amphiaraus, a famous prophet, ſon of Apollo and Hypermnæſtra: he had promiſed Adraſtus, his wife's brother and king of Argos, to aſſiſt him in the Theban war; but having diſcovered, by his art, that if he went he ſhould be knocked on the head, very prudently hid himſelf: but Eriphyle, who probably had no objection to living a rich widow, diſcovered the ſecret, and he was dragged to battle, where he periſhed; not without firſt having returned the compliment, and left word with a friend, in caſe of his death, to diſpatch his wife immediately.

† *Litters.*] A piece of oriental luxury, practiſed even to this day. Both the Indian and Engliſh nabobs abroad, it is well known, ſeldom ride in any other manner.

‡ *Purple.*] The ancient purple dye was drawn from the murex, or, ſhell-fiſh.

LY-

LYCINUS.

True; the purple-fiſh is fit to dye as well as to eat.

CYNIC.

But was never intended for both. A man may make uſe of a pot to drink out of inſtead of a cup, though it was certainly never made for that purpoſe. It is impoſſible, in ſhort, to relate all the folly and miſery of theſe people; and yet, becauſe I will not ſide with them, you find fault with me: in the mean time, I live in an humble ſtate, eat whatever happens to come before me, and wear what I can get cheapeſt, without ever wiſhing to taſte of their dainties; and becauſe both my deſires and my wants are moderate, you ſay I live like a beaſt. According to your way of reaſoning, the gods themſelves are worſe than beaſts; for they want nothing: but, that you may judge which is moſt eligible, to ſtand in need of many things, or of a few only, remember, that children want more than adults, women more than men, and the ſick more than thoſe in health; the inferior has always more neceſſities to ſupply than the ſuperior. The gods have no wants, and thoſe who approach neareſt to them, but very few. Do you imagine that Hercules, that noble hero, who is deſervedly honoured and revered as a god, was forced by neceſſity to wander about naked, or only with a ſkin to cover him, or that he wiſhed for any of thoſe things which you indulge yourſelves in? He could not himſelf be wretched who freed others from miſery; or poor, who commanded earth and ſea: wherever his valour led him, he was ſure to conquer, and met with none ſuperior, none equal to himſelf. Do you think he thus wandered about the world becauſe he wanted ſhoes and cloaths? you cannot ſuppoſe it. But he was temperate, patient, and long-ſuffering: he wiſhed to conquer, and would not therefore be unnerved by luxury.

Was not his follower, Theſeus, the king of all the Athenians, and ſon of Neptune, one of the braveſt of men? and yet he alſo went naked and barefoot, and wore a long beard: and this cuſtom was obſerved, not by him only, but by all our anceſtors, who were better men than you. They were never ſhaved any more than lions. They, no doubt, thought a ſoft or ſmooth ſkin became women only; but, as they were men, they wiſhed to appear as ſuch. They looked upon the beard as an ornament to man, as the mane to horſes, and a beard to lions, and which God beſtowed on thoſe creatures as a beauty and perfection. The ancients, therefore, I admire and imitate: and as to thoſe of the preſent age, I envy them not the hap-

happineſs of fine cloaths and tables, nor the pleaſure of ſhaving and ſmoothing every part of their bodies, leaving nothing as nature had made it.

For my own part, I hope my feet may be like horſes hoofs, as they ſay Chiron's were; that I ſhall never want a bed on the ground like the lions; nor do I deſire better food than the dogs. May the earth ſtill be my couch; the whole world my houſe; and may I always eat what can moſt eaſily be procured for me! Never may I, or any of my friends, want gold or ſilver! from a thirſt after them, proceed war, ſlaughter, ſedition, treaſon, and every evil thing: from this fountain they all flow. Far from me be the deſire of having more than I ought to have! may I always be contented with leſs!

I have given you my opinion, which is very unlike that of the multitude; and as I differ from them in doctrine, it is no wonder I ſhould differ from them in my appearance alſo. I am ſurpriſed, therefore, when you ſee fidlers and flute-players, and actors, chuſe their own habits, that you will not ſuffer an honeſt man to chuſe his, but expect he muſt wear ſuch a one as that multitude does, whom he deſpiſes. And why may he not put on that which becomes him beſt, and which the great and luxurious moſt abhor? Now, my taſte is to be rough and dirty; to wear a ragged coat, and long hair, and go without ſhoes; whilſt you dreſs like ſo many * fribbles, have as many garments, as fine ſhoes, are as much ſcented, and take as much pains with your hair; you are juſt as unfit to bear any exerciſe or labour: eat like them, and walk like them, or rather indeed you do not walk at all, but are carried like burthens, ſometimes by men, and ſometimes by horſes. Now my feet can bear me wherever I chooſe to go. I can bear heat and cold, and am not angry with the works of nature whenever I chance to be out of humour; whilſt you are not contented with any thing you poſſeſs, but find fault with all: the preſent you cannot bear, and the abſent you are always ſighing for: in winter you wiſh for ſummer, and in ſummer for winter; when it is hot, you cry out for cold, and when it is cold you want heat, never ſatisfied with your condition, but like ſick men, nauſeating every thing that is ſet before you: their diſorder is ſufficient cauſe, but your diſcontent is nothing but peeviſhneſs and ill humour: and yet you want me to retract my opinions; to deliberate and conſider well the propriety of my conduct, though at the ſame time you have no conſideration

* *Fribbles.*] Gr. Κιναιδων, cinædorum, pathics. I have taken the liberty to change the idea, for a reaſon which I have frequently had occaſion to mention.

your-

yourſelves, never act according to reaſon and judgment, but merely from faſhion and caprice. You are like men borne away by a torrent; as they ruſh on wherever the tide carries them, ſo do you, wherever your paſſions lead you: it happens to you as to * one who mounted a vicious and unruly horſe, who ran away with him; when he was aſked by a friend who met him on the road, whither he was going in ſuch a hurry, his anſwer was, wherever he (pointing to his horſe) thinks proper: and you, in like manner, if any one ſhould aſk you where you are going, if you anſwer candidly, muſt ſay, wherever our deſires lead us. Some may ſay, where pleaſure; ſome, where glory; ſome, where avarice ſhall direct. Sometimes anger, ſometimes fear, and ſometimes other paſſions carry you away with them; for you mount and are run away with, not by one, but by many horſes, all of them vicious and unruly, who throw you into ditches, and down precipices; nor before the thing is done, do you know at all what you are going to do. In the mean time, this tattered garment, and long hair, which you hold in ſuch deriſion; this manner of life which you deſpiſe, enables me to ſpend my time in eaſe and happineſs; to do what I pleaſe, and converſe with thoſe whom I like beſt. My appearance keeps at a diſtance from me the fooliſh and illiterate: the delicate and refined are ſure to ſhun me, whilſt the good-natured, the juſt, and virtuous, crowd around me: theſe I receive with joy, for theſe I love to aſſociate with: the doors of thoſe whom you call men, I never enter; golden crowns and purple I look upon as empty ſmoke, and deſpiſe the owners of them. With regard to my habit and appearance, which you laugh at, I would have you know, it is becoming, not only the beſt of men, but even the gods alſo: obſerve their ſtatues, which do they reſemble moſt, me or you? look into the temples both of Greeks and Barbarians, and mark whether the gods have long beards and hair like me, or are ſhaved and painted like yourſelves. You will find moſt of them without † waiſtcoats as I am. How dare you, therefore, ſpeak of my habit as contemptible, when you ſee the gods themſelves wear it, as the moſt decent and becoming?

* *To one &c.*] From this ſtory might probably ariſe the common ſaying, that "every man has his hobby-horſe," of which much uſe has been made by many a facetious writer.

† *Waiſtcoats.*] Gr. αχιτωνας, the under-habit or waiſtcoat, both of men and women, amongſt the Grecians, was called χιτων.

PHI-

PHILOPATRIS,

A DIALOGUE.

Various are the Opinions of Critics and Annotators concerning this Treatiſe; ſcarce any of them will allow it to be LUCIAN's; *ſome aſſert that it was written long before his Time, and others aſcribe it to an Author who lived many Years after him. The learned* GESNER *has given us an elaborate Diſſertation in Latin on the Subject, which the Reader may find at the End of the third Volume of the quarto Edition by* HEMSTERHUCIUS, *wherein this very momentous Affair is treated at large, and with much diſplay of pompous Erudition.* GESNER *ſeems himſelf perſuaded that it is the Production of* LUCIAN's *Nameſake, who lived under, and correſponded with the Emperor* JULIAN.

Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites;

I ſhall only, therefore, obſerve, that, whoever was the Author, it is well written, and, conſequently, worthy of a Place in this Tranſlation.

TRIEPHON, CRITIAS, AND CLEOLAUS.

TRIEPHON.

FOR heaven's ſake, Critias, what is the matter? You ſeem quite altered, walking to and fro in deep meditation, with a ſour contracted brow, and, as the * poet ſays,

—— full of care,

and Pale with wild affright,

Have you ſeen Cerberus, or Hecate riſing from the ſhades? Which of the gods have you been in conſultation with? You could not have been more affected if you had heard, another deluge, like that of Deucalion, was coming to drown the whole world: to you, my dear Critias, I am ſpeaking, but you hear me not, though I am cloſe to you: have I affronted you? or are you dumb? will you anſwer me, or muſt I give you a good thump firſt?

CRITIAS.

O Triepho, I have been hearing ſuch a lecture, ſuch an obſcure unintel-

* *Poet.*] Homer. See Iliad, book iii. l. 35.

ligible

ligible heap of jargon, that I am reſolved to ſhut my ears for the future, leſt, if I am ever troubled thus again, I ſhould ſtiffen into a ſtatue, like Niobe, and make a fable for the poets; if you had not come acroſs me, I ſhould have tumbled down ſome precipice, or jumped into the ſea, like * Cleombrotus.

TRIEPHON.

It muſt have been ſomething very ſtrange and wonderful, indeed, that could thus aſtoniſh Critias; he who could look upon all that the † ranting poets and myſterious philoſophers have ſaid, but as ſo many idle tales.

CRITIAS.

Be quiet a little, Triephon, I beſeech you, and do not trouble me; you know well enough, I have a great regard for you.

TRIEPHON.

I know there is ſomething upon your mind ſerious and important; I am ſure it is no little matter; the colour and ſeverity of your countenance, the ſhifting of your gait, and turning backwards and forwards, are but too plain tokens of it; but breathe a little, and out with it, that you may get no harm.

CRITIAS.

Let me adviſe you, friend Triephon, get a furlong or two from me, leſt you be blown up into the air, and falling down, like ‡ Icarus, give the name to a Triephontian ſea: for theſe holy Sophiſts, you muſt know, have puffed and ſwelled up this belly of mine moſt wonderfully.

TRIEPHON.

O I will retire as far as you pleaſe: ſo out with it.

CRITIAS.

§ Pugh! puh, puh! trifles: hem! hem! wicked deſires: puh, puh! vain hopes!

TRI-

* *Cleombrotus.*] A celebrated philoſopher, and diſciple of Plato, who, after having read that noble writer's Treatiſe on the Immortality of the Soul, ſaid, as our Cato did,

Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well,

and immediately threw himſelf from a high rock into the ſea.

† *Ranting.*] Gr. ιμβρόντητοι. See Timon, l. 1.

‡ *Icarus.*] The ſtory of Icarus giving a name to the Icarian ſea is too well known to need a note of explanation. Lucian makes the ſame kind of alluſion as this in another place. See Icaro-Menippus. This is a pretty ſtrong collateral proof that the Philopatris was written by Lucian; as an imitator of his ſtyle would hardly have ventured, ſo openly, to ſteal from the man whom he endeavoured to repreſent.

§ *Pugh, puh, &c.*] Meant to expreſs the hawking, or coughing up ſomething that ſtuck in

TRIEPHON.

Good gods! what a blaſt was that! how it has moved the clouds! Zephyrus breathed before on the Propontis, and now you have raiſed up Boreas with your breath, and ſo ruffled the waves, that the * ſhips muſt be dragged by ropes into the Euxine. What a ſwelling muſt there be in your inteſtines! you muſt have been all ear, and taken it in moſt miraculouſly, even to your † finger's ends.

CRITIAS.

And no ſuch great wonder neither; we have heard, you know, of a ‡ thigh uſed for a womb, a § head that brought forth, || males changed to females, and ⸸ women turned into birds: if you will believe the poets, there are nothing but miracles in this life: but, before I explain matters to you, let us retire to yonder ſhade, where the plane-trees will ſhield us from the ſun, the ſwallows and nightingales fill the air with their ſweet ſongs, and the gentle murmurs of the water may ſooth and quiet the mind.

TRIEPHON.

With all my heart: but what you have heard, may, perhaps, be ſome magic incantation, and, for aught I know, I may be turned into a peſtle or the bar of a door.

CRITIAS.

No ſuch thing: I ſwear to you by æthereal Jove.

TREIPHON.

Your ſwearing by Jove frightens me ſtill worſe: if you break your oath, what puniſhment can he inflict upon you? You know well enough how Jupiter's affairs ſtand at preſent.

his ſtomach. One of the learned commentators ſays, this is unworthy of Lucian, and declares that the Philopatris, therefore, cannot poſſibly be his. I can ſee nothing, I muſt own, ſo very abſurd in it.

* *The ſhips.*] i. e. The ſhips in the Propontis, the tract of ſea, lying between the Helleſpont to the ſouth, and the Boſphorus Thracius to the north, into which the Euxine ſets with a very ſtrong current.

† *Finger's ends.*] Gr. ἐξονυχων ακηκοεναι, unguibus etiam andiſſe, to hear with your fingers, dictus, ſays Tabernus, de homine qui totus auris perinde ac Argus oculus, ſpoken of a man who is all ear, as Argus was all eye.—I ſhould wiſh, ſays Lucian in another place, ſpeaking of Venus, to ſee her, like an Argus, with my whole body, ὅλῳ τῳ σωματι. See his Judgment of Paris.

‡ *Thigh.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Bacchus coming out of Jupiter's thigh.

§ *A head.*] Minerva; ſprung, we read, from the brain of Jupiter.

|| *Males changed, &c.*] See the ſtories of Salmacis, Cæneus, &c. as told by Ovid and others.

⸸ *Women, &c.*] Philomela, Progne, Nyctimena, &c.

CRI-

CRITIAS.

Sayeſt thou ſo? And can he ſend no body to Tartarus? Do not you remember, my friend, how he * threw down all the gods from heaven, how he killed † Salmoneus with his thunderbolt, and to this day, if any rebels againſt him, does the ſame? Is not he called the Titan-ſlayer, and the giant-killer, by old Homer?

TRIEPHON.

But hear me, good Critias: did not this ſame Jupiter transform himſelf into a ſwan, and a fatyr, to gratify his luſt, and, moreover, into a bull alſo, and, if he had not taken his miſtreſs on his back, and ran off to ſea, ſome countryman, perhaps, might have laid hold on him, and this maker of thunder and lightning had been ſent to the plough, goaded and whipped. Was it not ſhameful for an old deity, with a long beard, to go a-feaſting to ‡ Æthiopia, amongſt men with black faces, for twelve days together, eating and toping? The affair of the § eagle and mount Ida, and his being || impregnated all over his body, I bluſh to mention.

CRITIAS.

† What ſay you then to ſwearing by Apollo, the prince of prophets and phyſicians?

TRIE-

* *Threw down.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 591.

† *Salmoneus.*] Brother of Siſyphus, and ſon of Æolus, having conquered all Elis—But Dryden will tell you the ſtory better than I can,—as his tranſlation of this paſſage from Virgil is remarkably fine,

Salmoneus, ſuff'ring cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove, the rattling ſound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays;
Thro' Elis, and the Grecian towns he flew,
Th' audacious wretch four fiery courſers drew,
He wav'd a torch aloft, and madly vain,
Sought godly worſhip from a ſervile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow arches of reſounding braſs,
To rival thunder, in its rapid courſe,
And imitate inimitable force. See Dryden's Virgil, book vi. l. 788.

‡ *Æthiopia.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 483. This jaunt of Jupiter's to Æthiopia ſeems to have given Lucian more offence than any of the ridiculous or cruel actions attributed to him, as he is perpetually alluding to it.

§ *The eagle.*] Alluding to Jupiter's affair with Ganymede.

|| *Impregnated.*] Thigh, head, &c. as before mentioned.

† *What ſay you.*] Lucian here runs through almoſt the whole corps of pagan deities, and treats them all with the ſame degree of ridicule and contempt. Geſner, notwithſtanding, tells us,

TRIEPHON.

What! that lying ſoothſayer, who deceived * Crœſus and the Salaminians, and a hundred more, with his ambiguous prophecies?

CRITIAS.

Shall I ſwear by Neptune, then; he who holds the three-forked ſcepter, whoſe voice is terrible in war, who cries out as loud as † nine or ten thouſand men, he who is called the earth-ſhaker?

TRIEPHON.

What, that lewd deity, who debauched ‡ Salmoneus's daughter, who is always committing adultery himſelf, and therefore patronizes and protects all thoſe who follow his example? When Mars was caught in the net with Venus, and could not get out, whilſt the reſt of the gods were aſhamed to intercede for him, this great equeſtrian, crying like a child afraid of his maſter, or an old woman who wants to decoy a young girl, moſt grievouſly lamented his fate, and § preſſed Vulcan to forgive him, inſomuch that the lame god, at laſt, to pleaſe the old deity, let him go.

CRITIAS.

Suppoſe, I ſwear by Mercury.

TRIEPHON.

Hang that libidinous pimp of Jupiter, who is himſelf as lewd and wicked as his maſter.

CRITIAS.

I know, by what you ſaid before of Mars and Venus, you will never admit them: we will paſs them over, therefore, and proceed to Minerva, the armed virgin, the terrible goddeſs, who wears the Gorgon's head upon her

that it was not our Lucian who wrote the Philopatris, but his name-ſake, who did it purpoſely to laugh at Chriſtianity, in compliment to Julian the Apoſtate. I would beg, however, to ſuggeſt, that it is, to the laſt degree, improbable, that any writer ſhould think of paying his court to ſuch an emperor as Julian, by ridiculing that heathen mythology, and laughing, as he here does, at that religion, which his maſter ſo zealouſly endeavoured to re-eſtabliſh.

* *Crœſus.*] This Lucian has already taken notice of in two or three places. See Jupiter the Tragedian.

† *Nine or ten, &c.*] See Hom. Il. E. l. 869. and Ξ. 148.

‡ *Daughter, &c.*] See, in Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods, Neptune and Enipeus.

§ *Preſſed Vulcan.*]

Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet ſues importunate to looſe the god;
And free, he cries, O Vulcan, free from ſhame
Thy captives; I enſure the penal claim.

See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. viii. l. 381.

breaſt;

breaſt; ſhe who ſlew the giants: you have nothing, I hope, to ſay againſt her?

TRIEPHON.

Perhaps I may, if you will attend to me.

CRITIAS.

Say on.

TRIEPHON.

Tell me, then, what uſe is the Gorgon of, and why does Minerva wear it at her breaſt?

CRITIAS.

To look terrible, and, at the ſame time, as a defence againſt every evil: with this ſhe frightens her enemies, and turns the victory to which ever ſide ſhe pleaſes.

TRIEPHON.

And is it this which makes her invincible?

CRITIAS.

Certainly.

TRIEPHON.

Why, therefore, do not we offer up our bulls and goats rather to that which defends, than that which is defended, if we wiſh to be as invincible as Minerva?

CRITIAS.

The Gorgon has not a power of aiding and aſſiſting at all diſtances, as the gods have; but if one of them wears it, and then only, it is of ſervice.

TRIEPHON.

And what was this Gorgon? I ſhould be glad to learn that from you, who are ſkilled in things of this kind: for my own part, I am a ſtranger to every thing about it, but the name.

CRITIAS.

She was a fair and moſt beautiful virgin; and Perſeus, a valiant hero, and ſkilled in the magic art, ſubdued her by his incantations, and cut off her head; ever ſince which ſhe hath been uſed as a charm by the gods.

TRIEPHON.

It is unaccountable to me, how the gods can ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance of mortals; but, when ſhe was alive, was ſhe really a virgin, or did ſhe only paſs for one?

CRI-

CRITIAS.

By the * unknown god of Athens, I ſwear, Triephon, ſhe remained a virgin till her head was cut off.

TRIEPHON.

† If any body can cut off a virgin's head, it will immediately become a wonderful thing to frighten the multitude with: if I had known this before, I could have brought you a fine quantity of Gorgons from ‡ Crete, where ten thouſand virgins were cut to pieces: what an unconquerable general might I have made you with theſe! the poets and orators would have celebrated me as a much greater hero than Perſeus. But now I mention the Cretans, I remember their ſhewing me the ſepulchre of your Jupiter, with the groves and meadows where his mother brought him up, and which, they ſay, are clothed in perpetual verdure.

CRITIAS.

But you know nothing of orgies and incantations.

TRIEPHON.

If incantations could do this, they might raiſe the dead alſo to light and life: but theſe are all idle fables of the poets; therefore, ſay no more of them.

CRITIAS.

You will not refuſe to accept of Juno, I hope, the ſiſter and wife of Jove.

TRIEPHON.

Let us hear no more, I beſeech you, of that inceſtuous deity; but leave her, tied hand and foot, as Jupiter did.

CRITIAS.

Whom, then, after all, would you have me ſwear by?

* *The unknown.*] The Athenians, not content with worſhipping an infinite number of local and tutelary deities, erected an altar, and dedicated it, τον αγνωστω Θεω, to the Unknown God; a kind of tacit acknowledgment, that they were diſſatisfied with all their deities, and had ſome imperfect notion of a true God, far ſuperior to them.

† *If any body*] Arch and ſenſible: from this, and many other paſſages, it appears to me, in ſpite of Geſner, and all the learned commentators, that the Philopatris, if not written by Lucian, is a very cloſe and happy imitation of his ſtyle and manner.

‡ *From Crete.*] The critics are much puzzled about this ſtory, of which hiſtory gives no ſatisfactory account. Some refer it to a tale of Urſula, from Britain, with her eleven thouſand virgins, cut in pieces by the Hunns. This makes the ſtory, and conſequently the author of Philopatris, very modern indeed. Others tell us, it alludes to a number of chaſte virgins, ſacrificed in the time of the emperor Julian. After all, it is, probably, nothing but a lye of the Κρητες αει ψευσται, the lying Cretans, current about that period, and laid hold on by the author, whoever he was, as applicable to his ſubject.

TRIE-

TRIEPHON.

* By the ſupreme God, the great, the immortal, the cœleſtial, the Son of the Father, the Spirit proceeding from the Father, † one from three, and three from one:

‡ This call thou Jove, this as thy God adore.

CRITIAS.

This is an arithmetical oath; you number like § Nicomachus; I do not know what you mean by your three one, and one three: are you talking about Pythagoras's || four, his eight, or his thirty!

TRIEPHON.

Away with earthly things, and talk no more about them: we are not ‡ meaſuring fleas, I aſſure you: I ſhall teach you who was before all things, what the univerſe is, and what the ſyſtem of it; I have learned, and ſhall communicate to you: though I formerly knew no more than yourſelf: but I have lit on a Galilæan, with a bald pate, and long noſe, who travelled through the air, and got up into the ¶ third heaven, where he learned the moſt

* *By the &c.*] Gr. ὑψιμεδοντα θεον, μελαν, αμβροτον, ερανιωνα, a parody of Homer, ludicrouſly applied: quo Luciani perſonam (ſays Solanus the commentator), melius agere videretur parodias etiam in rebus graviſſimis nebulo inſerendas diſcit.

† *One from &c.*] Gr. Εν εκ τριων και εξ ενος τρια. Lucian, or whoever was the author of the Philopatris, is here ſuppoſed to allude to, and to ridicule the Chriſtian doctrine of the Trinity. The manner of expreſſing it differs, we may obſerve, from the famous verſe of St. John, about which ſo many pages have been written, and which this paſſage is ſaid to allude to.

Τρεις εισιν οι μαρτυρουντες εν τη γη, το πνευμα και το ὑδωρ, και το αἱμα, και οι τρεις εις το ἑν εισι. See Epiſt. of St. John, ch. v. ver. 7. It proves, however, that the doctrine of the Trinity was generally received about that period, and conſidered as a diſtinguiſhing part of the Chriſtian creed, it would not otherwiſe have been taken notice of by our author. See Jup. Tragadus, cap. 41.

‡ *This call thou, &c.*] A fragment from Euripides.

§ *Nicomachus.*] A celebrated writer on arithmetic. See Fabricius, Bibl. Gr. 421.

|| *Four, &c.*] Alluding to the celebrated tetrachtys of Pythagoras. The judicative powers in all things, ſays he, are four, mind, ſcience, opinion, and ſenſe; for which reaſon (a ſtrange one to be ſure), Pythagoras held that the ſoul of man was a tetrad. Every thing depends on the tetrachtys, as its root and principle, the word tetrachtys, therefore, was uſed by this philoſopher and his diſciples as a great oath; his ſcholars ſwore, not by Pythagoras, but by the great perſon who communicated to them the tetrachtys. For a farther account of this, ſee Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophy, art. Pythagoras.

‡ *Meaſuring.*] Alluding to that paſſage in Ariſtophanes's comedy of the Clouds, where Socrates is introduced and ridiculed, as computing the different ſpaces which a flea paſſes over in walking, leaping, &c.

¶ *Third heaven.*] This, it is very confidently aſſerted, muſt glance at the apoſtle St. Paul, and

moſt wonderful things: he hath ſaved us by water, and raiſed us up from the ſeats of the wicked. If you will liſten to me, I will make you in truth a man.

CRITIAS.

Proceed, moſt learned Triephon, for already aſtoniſhment hath ſeized on me.

TRIEPHON.

Have you ever read the comedy of Ariſtophanes, called the * Birds?

CRITIAS.

I have.

TRIEPHON.

There you will find theſe words, "At firſt there was nought but Chaos, and dark night, and Erebus, and Tartarus; nor as yet was earth, air, or heaven."

CRITIAS.

Very good: proceed.

TRIEPHON.

"Then came light, incorruptible, unſeen, incomprehenſible, which diſpelled the darkneſs, and confuſion with a word, as the † ſlow tongued prophet expreſſeth it; he placed the earth upon the waters, ſpread out the heavens, formed thoſe ſtars whom you worſhip as gods, and pointed out their courſe; adorned the earth with flowers, and created men, which before were not created: to this day he looks down from heaven, marks the juſt and un-

that what follows, relative to being ſaved by water, &c. manifeſtly alludes to our Saviour. The whole, however, in this dialogue, of what is ſuppoſed by the critics to reflect on the Chriſtian religion, and its rites and ceremonies, is, in my opinion, ſo obſcure and imperfect, that no true judgment can be formed concerning it. The author, whoever he was, ſeems only to have collected a few ſcattered reports about a new religion, probably the Chriſtian, the nature and merit of which he was very little acquainted with. The ſlight and contemptuous manner in which he treats it, is not, therefore, at all to be wondered at, nor ſhould it, I think, be attributed to any ſettled deſign, as many have endeavoured to make us believe, of decrying or abuſing it.

Lucian, who, I am rather inclined to think, wrote the Philopatris, has frequently been condemned, I know not why, as a bitter enemy to the Chriſtian religion, though he has ſaid, after all, very little about it, being a matter which it is apparent he knew nothing of. I wiſh no more harm had been done to it by ſome of its friends.

* *The birds.*] See the Ορνιθες of Ariſtophanes, l. 696.

† *Slow-tongued.*] Gr. ο βραδυγλωσσος, ſuppoſed to mean Moſes, who, in the fourth chapter of Exodus, ver. 10. calls himſelf כבד לשון, or I am not eloquent, but ſlow of ſpeech, and of a ſlow tongue: this account of the creation, though it reſembles the Scripture hiſtory, is not, we may obſerve, in the words of Moſes, but merely a traditional relation, given, probably, to our author, by ſome one who had read or heard the Moſaic account.

juſt,

juſt, writes down their actions in a book, and, at his appointed time, will diſtribute juſtice to all."

CRITIAS.

Has he deſcribed alſo what the Parcæ deal forth to mankind?

TRIEPHON.

What do you mean?

CRITIAS.

I ſpeak of fate.

TRIEPHON.

Concerning that, my good Critias, I muſt beg you to inform me: ſpeak, and I will attend.

CRITIAS.

Does not the famous poet Homer ſay,

* Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
No force can e'er reſiſt, no flight can ſave.

Of † Hercules, alſo, he ſpeaks thus:

The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.

Our ‡ whole life, he tells us in another place, is ruled and directed by fate alone,

—— let him fall, as fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line.

How long we are to remain in a foreign land, is ſettled by Fate alſo, as we learn from § theſe words,

—— he ſails
From friendly Æolus, with proſp'rous gales,
Yet Fate withſtands ——

Every thing, in ſhort, the poets teſtify, is determined by the Parcæ. ‖ Jupiter himſelf cannot

—— extend the narrow ſpan,

* *Fix'd &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 628.

† *Hercules.*] Iliad, Σ. 117.

‡ *Whole life.*] See Iliad, Φ. 128.

§ *Theſe words.*] See Odyſſey, Υ. 314.

‖ *Jupiter.*] See Odyſſey, Φ. 314.

But can * only

Lament his ſon, by great Patroclus ſlain.

You can ſay nothing, therefore, concerning them, even though you could be ſnatched up to heaven with your new maſter, and initiated into his myſteries.

TRIEPHON.

But how happens it that the ſame poet mentions a doubtful fate, and tells us, that if a man does ſuch a thing it ſhall be attended with ſuch and ſuch conſequences? and if he does the contrary, with ſomething very different from it, as with regard to † Achilles, who ſays of himſelf,

My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
And each, alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here, if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown;
If I return, I quit immortal praiſe,
For years on years, and long-extended days.

Then again, as to ‡ Euchanor,

Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home.

Is not all this in Homer? Can any thing be more ambiguous, or carry with it a ſtronger appearance of deceit? And here we may add the ſpeech of Jupiter himſelf: does not he tell Ægiſthus himſelf, that if he abſtained from adultery, and the murther of Agamemnon, the Fates had decreed him a long life; but that if he committed thoſe crimes, he ſhould die ſuddenly? I have often propheſied, myſelf, in this manner, if you kill any body, you muſt expect that Nemeſis will overtake you; but if you do not, you ſhall live:

§ Nor ſhalt thou ſoon the deſtin'd period find,

Do not you plainly ſee by all this, how ambiguous, idle, and ill-founded all the fictions of the poets are? pay no regard to them, therefore, for the future; if you expect to be enrolled in the liſt of the good and virtuous.

* *Only.*] See Iliad, Π.

† *Achilles.*] See Iliad, Π. 442, Iliad, I. 410.

‡ *Euchenor.*] See Il. N. 665.

§ *Nor ſhalt, &c.*] See Odyſſey, A. 35.

CRI-

CRITIAS.

Well remember'd, Triephon; but, pray, inform me, are the affairs of the Scythians regiſtered in this book?

TRIEPHON.

O yes, all nations; if there happen to be any good men amongſt the Gentiles.

CRITIAS.

There muſt be a great many ſcribes then in heaven to take down every thing.

TRIEPHON.

Softly, my good friend, let us have no reflections on this propitious god: if you hope for eternal life, liſten to me as an humble catechumen: if this god could ſpread out the heaven, fix the earth upon the waters, form the ſtars, and create man, what wonder is it if he could alſo obſerve and mark down all their actions! you know well enough thoſe of your ſervants in your own family; cannot God, therefore, with more eaſe, know all the actions, and penetrate into all the thoughts of men? as to * your gods, they are but a jeſt to, and ridicule of all men of ſenſe and underſtanding.

CRITIAS.

You talk moſt divinely, and reverſe the ſtory of Niobe: for from a ſtatue I am become a man.

TRIEPHON.

By this god, therefore, I ſwear, I will do you no harm.

CRITIAS.

If you really love, you will not deceive me, or

† —— think one thing, and another tell;

But let me hear this wonderful converſation, which you were witneſs to, that I alſo may grow pale with aſtoniſhment, and be changed, as you are, into another creature. I would not be deſtroyed, like Niobe, but, like another Philomela, live to ſing your wonderous tale.

TRIEPHON.

By the ſon, who proceeds from the father, I mean not to deceive you.

* *Your gods.*] If the Philopatris had been written, as Geſner contends, by that Lucian, who was the friend of Julian the Apoſtate, is it probable he would have talked thus of a religion profeſſed by the emperor?

† *Think, &c.*] See Iliad, I. 313.

CRITIAS.

Go on then, and may the ſpirit give you power of ſpeech! I will ſit here,

* In ſilence waiting, till you ceaſe the ſong.

TRIEPHON.

Going into the high ſtreet to buy ſome things which I wanted, I ſaw a prodigious concourſe of people whiſpering to one another, each man's lips ſtriking, as it were, to the ear of his neighbour. I clapped my hand over my eye-brows, and looked ſharply on every ſide, to ſee if I could ſpy out any of my acquaintances amongſt them, when luckily I ſaw Crato the † officer, my old friend and ‡ pot-companion.

CRITIAS.

You mean the tax-gatherer. Well, what of him?

TRIEPHON.

I immediately buſtled through the crowd, and made up to him, and bade him good morrow; when, behold, one Charicenus, a ſtinking old fellow, coughing and ſpitting about, ſcreamed out moſt violently, and in a cracked voice, cried, "This man, as I told you before, will pay all debts, public and private, and will pay no regard to prophets and ſooth-ſayers." He ſaid a great many things, more harſh and more abſurd than theſe, which the multitude ſeemed greatly delighted with, and liſtened attentively to, becauſe they were new. Another, whoſe name was Chlevocharmus, in a gown eat up by the moths, without ſhoes or hat, made ſhift to mutter out: "A certain man, poorly cloathed, who came from the mountains, with a bald pate, hath inſcribed his name in hieroglyphic characters in the theatre, who was to pour in an inundation of gold." Upon this, I went up to him, and ſaid, according to the interpretation of § Ariſtander and Artemidorus,

* *In ſilence.*] See Iliad, I. 191.

† *Officer.*] Gr. Πολιτικον. Sic vocat (ſays the commentator) quod tanquam peræquator, ſeu ἐξισωτης, aliquam, της πολιτειης, partem adminiſtraret.—Peræquatores fuere qui quantitatem, ſeu modum cenſus æquarent: theſe were, according to the beſt idea we can now form of them, a kind of tax-gatherers (as I have tranſlated it), or rather, perhaps, commiſſioners appointed to ſuperintend the public taxes.

‡ *Pot-companion.*] Gr. Συμποτικον.

§ *Ariſtander, &c.*] Ariſtander, as Pliny informs us, was a famous ſoothſayer, and a companion of Alexander the Great, who, we are told, relied much on his veracity. Artemidorus was another prophet of the ſame ſtamp. His learned treatiſe on divination by dreams is ſtill extant.

theſe

theſe dreams of your's will never come to paſs; your debts will be increaſed inſtead of paid; and this man, with all his gold, will be ſtripped even of the farthing which he has; for you ſeem all of you to be only dreamers on the * white rock, who have idle viſions every night." At this they almoſt choaked themſelves with a loud laugh, which they ſet up in contempt of me. "Have I, ſaid I, interpreted rightly, according to Ariſtander and Artemidorus? or am I out in my † ſcent, as the comic poets ſay?" To which he replied, "Triephon, be ſilent; if you can hold your tongue, I will inſtruct you in moſt wonderful myſteries, and tell you what will ſoon come to paſs; but take heed that you call not theſe things idle dreams, for they are true, and will be fulfilled within the month of ‡ Meſor." When I heard this from Crato, I bluſhed at their folly and nonſenſe, rated him ſeverely, and took my leave: but one of them looking ſternly at me, with the aſpect of a Titan, laid hold on my gown, and maliciouſly detained me: by him I was at laſt perſuaded, in an evil time, fool that I was, to go to the meeting of theſe cunning deceivers; for he told me he was ſkilled in all their myſteries. We paſſed the Tartarean gulph,

§ With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors.

and winding through a long ſtair-caſe, at length arrived, as || Homer ſings, at the golden chambers of Menelaus; where, though I looked round on every ſide, I could find no Helen; but inſtead of her, a heap of pale-faced people, with their eyes fixed on the ground: as ſoon as they ſaw, they † came with joy to meet us, thinking, perhaps, that we might have ſome melancholy news to tell them; for they ſeemed to wiſh for tribulation, and, like the Furies in a tragedy, to rejoice in anguiſh and ſorrow: then, putting their heads together, and ¶ whiſpering,

* *The white rock.*] See Homer's deſcription of the deſcent into hell by Leuca's rock, at the beginning of the laſt book of the Odyſſey.

† *Scent.*] Gr. ἐξεζέσησα. The Greek word, as Geſner obſerves, is peculiar to Lucian, and ſeems to have been a technical term drawn from hunting. What comic poet he alludes to, we cannot ſay, as the word does not, I believe, occur in any now extant.

‡ *Meſor.*] An Ægyptian month, ſo called, anſwerable to our Auguſt.

§ *With, &c.*] Σιδηρειαι τε πυλαι, και χαλκεος οὐδος. See Iliad, Θ. 15.

|| *Homer.*] See Odyſſey, Δ. v. 71.

† *Came with joy.*] See Iliad, Ω. 321.

¶ *Whiſpering.*] See Odyſſey. K. 325, &c.

Speak,

" Speak, tell me who thou art, and what thy race,
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place:

ſaid they to me; if we may judge from your habit and appearance, you ſeem to be a * good man." " There are very few ſuch, replied I, to be met with: my name is Triephon, and I am of the ſame city with yourſelves." They aſked me then, how things went on in the city, and in the world: " Very well, ſaid I, the people are happy, and will be more ſo." " That, cried they, frowning moſt dreadfully, can never be; for the city † teems with war and ſlaughter." Upon this, I pretended to fall into their way of thinking: " You, ſaid I, who are raiſed above this world, who look down as it were from a watch-tower, on all things here below, muſt look into futurity: what is doing in the air? will the ſun be eclipſed, and the moon perpendicularly under him? will ‡ Mars behold Jupiter in a quadrant, or Saturn oppoſe the Sun in his diameter? will Venus and Mercury be in conjunction, and beget more Hermaphrodites to pleaſe you? will there be violent rains, ſhowers of hail and ſnow, with peſtilence and famine? will there be a great quantity of thunder and lightening?"

Upon this, they began to talk their nonſenſe; and, as if they were doing ſome great feat, told me, that the face of things would ſoon be changed; that a great § multitude would come to invade the city, and our armies

* *A good man.*] Χρηστος. There is a doubt, amongſt the commentators, whether this word Χρηστος, Chriſtus, which ſignifies *good*, does not alſo mean Chriſtus, Chriſt, or Chriſtianus, a Chriſtian. If the reader wiſhes to ſee this matter handled at large, I refer him to Geſner's diſſertation above mentioned. This ſeems, indeed, to me, to be a kind of pun, or double meaning in the word, and that the author meant to be witty on the occaſion: if it be ſo, we can only ſay, we are ſorry for his miſtake, eſpecially on ſuch a ſubject.

† *Teems.*] Gr. δυτοκει. The word is from the Frogs of Ariſtophanes; and as the ſcholiaſt tells us, απο μεταφορας των δυτονουσων; a metaphor taken from the hard labours or miſcarriages of women. The city has a hard or croſs birth, and teems with nothing but misfortunes.

‡ *Will Mars, &c.*] Here we have all the nonſenſe of judicial aſtrology, the ſame abſurd and ridiculous ſyſtem which prevailed among us during a great part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries: it was certainly very faſhionable in the days of Lucian, as appears from ſeveral parts of his works. It may, perhaps, therefore, afford ſome comfort to the moderns, to reflect, that the ancients were nearly as fooliſh as themſelves in this particular.

§ *Multitude, &c.*] Here we have a ſtrange, obſcure, and almoſt unintelligible account of a ſet of Chriſtians; for ſo we are told they were, who get together into a corner, and amuſe themſelves, like ſo many modern Methodiſts, with gloomy preſages of univerſal vice, infamy, and ruin, without, as we can find, any reaſon or foundation for it. I ſhould rather, therefore, be inclined to think, that theſe prophets were nothing but a company of heathen aſtrologers, with perhaps two or three ignorant converts to Chriſtianity mixed amongſt them, from whom the author picked up his few ſcattered and imperfect notions of our religion.

would

would be cut to pieces by the enemy. At this I grew enraged, and cried out, "Ceaſe, ye miſerable wretches, ceaſe your vain boaſtings: the evil prophecies which you pour forth againſt your * country, ſhall fall upon your own heads. Not from heaven could you ever have heard ſuch things; nor could they ſpring from your mathematical knowlege: if magic and incantations have miſled you into this idle ſuperſtition, the greater fools are ye. They are nothing but the dreams of old women, who delight in ſuch nonſenſe and ſtupidity."

CRITIAS.

And what did theſe fooliſh fellows ſay to this?

TRIEPHON.

They had recourſe to their old fable. "We dreamed all this, ſaid they, after a ten days faſt, which we kept, watching every night, and ſinging hymns, and ſacred ſongs."

CRITIAS.

What anſwer did you make to that?

TRIEPHON.

O, no bad one, I aſſure you: "What the citizens report of you, ſaid I, is very true; it all comes to you in dreams." "They are † waking dreams, however, replied they." "Let them be ever ſo true, cried I, they are not altogether ſafe: in fact, you idle away your time in telling ſuch things as neither are, nor ever can be. Some how or other, in theſe dreams of your's, you ſeem to have an averſion to every thing that is good and pleaſant, and to delight in evil and misfortunes; in what can never be of any ſervice or advantage to you. Leave off, therefore, theſe abſurd and ridiculous prophecies and predictions, leſt, whilſt you are thus calling down vengeance on your country, God ſhould afflict you with ſome dreadful calamity." Here they all fell upon and abuſed me in ſuch a manner, that I was petrified, as it were, into a ſtatue: but your converſation has looſened my hard joints, and made me a man again. "Shall I tell you how they treated me?"

CRITIAS.

By no means. I beſeech you let us have no more of their nonſenſe. You ſee how I am ſwelled and ready to burſt with it already. I am juſt as if I

* *Country.*] This part of the dialogue, probably, gave to it the name of Philopatris, or the lover of his country; though, I think, it might with full as much propriety have been called the Aſtrologers.

† *Waking dreams.*] Gr. ἐξω τῆς κλινῆς, extra lectulum. We do not dream them in bed.

had

had been bitten by a mad dog; if I do not apply a remedy immediately, the very remembrance of it will make an end of me; ſay no more, therefore about it, but begin a prayer from the father, and end with the * doxology.

But what have we here? is not that Cleolaus ſtriding this way in ſuch a hurry? Shall we call him to us?

TRIEPHON.

It muſt be he: by all means. What, ho! Cleolaus;

† Stop, gentle ſtranger, paſs not by, but come
And join us here.

CLEOLAUS.

Your ſervant, moſt noble pair.

TRIEPHON.

What is the matter that you are in ſuch haſte? you ſeem quite out of breath: are there any particular news?

CLEOLAUS.

‡ At length the eye of Perſia is no more;
Great Suſan the fam'd city ſoon ſhall fall,
And all Arabia own the victor's pow'r.

CRITIAS.

Thus it is,

§ That God, ſtill mindful of the good and juſt,
Doth ne'er forſake, but takes them to his care.

* *Doxology.*] Gr. πολυωνυμον ωδην. I have ventured to tranſlate it thus from the learned Fabricius. Ode polyonomos (ſays he) cujus meminerit Lucianus, ſive quiſquis auctor, in Philopatride, nihil aliud eſt quam doxologia. See alſo, Smith's Account of the Greek Church, where this paſſage is quoted.

† *Stop, &c.*] As this is in verſe in the original, it is probably quoted from ſome tragic writer not now extant.

‡ *At length, &c.*] More iambics in the original, but whether quoted from any ancient writer, or made purpoſely by the author, we know not; the annotators are extremely puzzled about the facts here alluded to, which, I believe, will never be aſcertained. I ſhall, however, take the firſt opportunity of writing a large treatiſe on this ſubject; wherein I propoſe to fix the exact time when this dialogue was written, and to prove by whom, with an exact account of all the wars, ſieges, &c. that happened for ſome hundred years before and after Lucian's time, which will ſettle this important affair.

But this taſk I ſhall not perform, till I have—nothing elſe to do.

§ *That God, &c.*] More iambics, but heaven knows from whom.

O Tri-

O Triephon, we are fallen on happy times. I knew not what, when I died, to leave my children, for I am no ſtranger to your poverty, nor you to mine: but the life of one * emperor will now be enough for them; never ſhall we want riches while he ſurvives, nor ſhall any nation be able to terrify or alarm us.

TRIEPHON.

And I, Critias, will bequeath to my children, the happineſs of ſeeing Babylon deſtroyed, and Ægypt ſubject to the Roman yoke,

And Perſia's ſons in † chains of ſervitude,

the Scythians repulſed; would I could ſay, totally ſubdued. Mean time, let us, with hands ſtretched out to heaven, return thanks to the unknown God of Athens, that we are thought worthy of being ſubjects of ſo excellent a monarch. Let them go on with their follies, and reſt contented with the old proverb, ‡ All this is nothing to Hippoclydes.

* *One emperor.*] What emperor this was, we know not; ſome ſay one and ſome another. For a ſolution of this difficulty, I muſt therefore refer my readers to the above mentioned diſputation, whenever it ſhall be written: in the mean time, in compliment to the learned Geſner, let the honour, if you pleaſe, remain with Julian.

† *Chains.*] Δυλειον ημας. See Iliad, Σ. 463.

‡ *All this, &c.*] See our author's Treatiſe on Dependents, &c.

TO THE INGENIOUS

EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

AN ESSAY ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL,

THIS DIALOGUE ON BEAUTY,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

CHARIDEMUS,

A DIALOGUE ON BEAUTY.

The learned GESNER *is of Opinion, that this* Dialogue *was not written by* LUCIAN, *and calls it, Scholaſticam alicujus Declamationem prope puerilem, a mere School-Boy's Declamation: the* ENGLISH *Reader will, however, I believe, be far from thinking ſo. It is, undoubtedly,* LUCIAN's; *and, though not, as a Painter would ſay, in his beſt Manner, is, by no Means, a contemptible Performance: being, probably, as I have remarked with regard to two or three other of his Pieces, a Kind of Declamatory Exerciſe, made by him for one of his Pupils, when he was engaged as a Teacher of Rhetoric: but let my Readers judge for themſelves.*

HERMIPPUS AND CHARIDEMUS.

HERMIPPUS.

TAKING a walk, the other day, into the fields, near town, partly for the ſake of a little refreſhment, and partly becauſe, having occaſion to meditate on ſomething, I wiſhed to be quiet and retired, I met Proxenus, the ſon of Epicrates, and, after the uſual compliments, aſked him whence he came, and which way he was going: induced, he ſaid, by that pleaſure which ariſes from a view of the country, and to enjoy the mild and wholeſome air, he had rambled that way, being juſt come from a great feaſt in the Piræus, made by Androcles, who had ſacrificed to Mercury, on account

of

of a victory which he had gained at the * Diaſia, by writing a book. He recounted a number of agreeable things that happened there; and, amongſt the reſt, told me of ſome ſpeeches made in praiſe of beauty, which he could not himſelf, he ſaid, being an old man, perfectly remember, eſpecially as he was there but a little time: you, however, he was ſure, could repeat them eaſily, as you were one of the ſpeakers, and had attended to every thing during the whole entertainment.

CHARIDEMUS.

It was, indeed, Hermippus, as he told you: but, I am afraid, I cannot accurately deſcribe it all; nor could I hear every thing, for the noiſe made by the company and ſervants together; beſides, that it is one of the moſt difficult things in the world to remember what paſſes at a feaſt, as you very well know how forgetful it is apt to make even thoſe who have the beſt memories: to oblige you, however, I will endeavour to do it as well as I can, and give you as many circumſtances as I can poſſibly recollect.

HERMIPPUS.

I thank you for your kind promiſe; but, if you would give me an exact detail from the beginning, tell me the name of the work which Androcles repeated, who it was he conquered, and who were your gueſts, I ſhould be infinitely obliged to you.

CHARIDEMUS.

The book, I mentioned, was, the Praiſe of Hercules, written by him, and delivered to him, as he ſaid, in a dream; the man he gained the victory over was Diotimus, of Megara, who contended with him for a † barley-cake, or, rather, merely for honour and glory.

* *Diaſia.*] A feaſt ſo called, in honour of Jupiter the Propitious, απο τϑ Διος και της ασης, from Jupiter and misfortune; becauſe, by making ſupplication to Jupiter, they obtained protection and deliverance from every evil.

† *Barley cake.*] A barley-cake may appear to us but a poor reward for a good poem, and, perhaps too much for a bad one: the ancients, however, as Mr. Weſt ſenſibly obſerves, diſtributed ſuch prizes for very good reaſons, being ſuch as, "having no intrinſic value in themſelves, could be of no uſe to the conquerors, but merely as emblems or evidences of their victories, and, as ſuch, entitled them to the eſteem and applauſes of their countrymen: by the meanneſs of theſe were the Grecians given to underſtand, that praiſe and glory were the proper recompenſe of merit and virtue." See Weſt's Diſſert. on Olympic Games.—After all, a cake of any kind, is more than many a modern poet either gets, or perhaps deſerves, for his performance; and a barley-cake as fit a reward for the Choice of Hercules, as a butt of ſack for a Birth-Day Ode.

HERMIPPUS.

And what was the ſubject?

CHARIDEMUS.

An Encomium on *Caſtor and Pollux, which he made, out of gratitude for his delivery from imminent danger, by thoſe two deities, who appeared on purpoſe to ſave him; but, beſides theſe, many more were at the feaſt, both relations and friends: the chief perſons, however, worth mentioning, who led the converſation, and ſpoke in praiſe of beauty, were Philo, the ſon of Dinias; Ariſtippus, the ſon of Agaſthenes; and myſelf. Cleonymus, the handſome nephew of Androcles, ſat next to us, a delicate and beautiful young man, and who ſeemed to have a good underſtanding; for he liſtened attentively to every thing that was ſaid. Philo was the firſt ſpeaker in praiſe of beauty, and began thus—

HERMIPPUS.

Do not begin the ſpeech, my friend, till you firſt inform me what it aroſe from.

CHARIDEMUS.

I was going through the whole diſcourſe, as faſt as I could, and you interrupt me; but, if a friend lays violent hands upon us, we muſt ſubmit. The ſubject, then, took riſe from the beautiful Cleonymus, who ſat between me and his uncle Androcles, which brought on a diſcourſe about the young man, amongſt the lower part of the company, who were prodigiouſly ſtruck with his extraordinary beauty, and, forgetful, as it were, of every thing elſe, were laviſh in their praiſes of it; when we, who valued ourſelves on our taſte for, and knowlege of, the beautiful, thinking it a ſhame to be excelled by the vulgar and illiterate, began to make it the ſubject of our diſcourſe alſo: we reſolved, however, not to confine it to the boy only, (eſpecially as it might make him vain and luxurious,) nor, like them, to ſay every thing that came uppermoſt, without order or method; but to ſpeak one by one, and ſay every thing upon it that our memory could ſuggeſt to us: whereupon Philo took the firſt part, and thus began:

"Whilſt, in every thing we ſay or do, we are in ſearch of the beautiful, what a reflection would it be upon us to take no notice of beauty itſelf, or

* *Caſtor, &c.*] Theſe two illuſtrious deities made, we are told, no inconſiderable figure in the Argonautic expedition, and aſſiſted in gaining the golden fleece; after which they employed themſelves in chaſing the pirates that infeſted the Archipelago: for which they were, after their death, raiſed to the rank of gods, and worſhipped by all mariners.

to

to paſs over that in ſilence, which is the perpetual object of our labour? what proper uſe can we ever make of our eloquence, if we do not employ it on that which beſt deſerves our attention? or, what can we do better than, leaving every thing elſe, confine ourſelves to the great aim and end of all? But, leſt it ſhould be ſaid that I dictate to others how they ſhould act, and, at the ſame time, neglect it myſelf, I will ſay what I can on this ſubject.

"With regard to beauty, then, it is a perfection which all wiſh to obtain, but very few are thought worthy to poſſeſs: thoſe who do, are, doubtleſs, the happieſt of all beings, and honoured both by gods and men. Amongſt the deities, who, of heroes, were made gods, are Hercules, the ſon of Jove, Caſtor and Pollux, and * Helen: the former, indeed, gained this pre-eminence by virtue, but Helen acquired it by her beauty, and was not only changed into a goddeſs herſelf, but immortalized her brothers alſo, who, before her aſcent into heaven, were numbered with the dead. We cannot, moreover, find any mortals, but thoſe who were remarkable for their beauty, ever aſſociated with the gods: for this, Pelops was permitted to taſte ambroſia; and with this, Ganymede, the ſon of Dardanus, gained ſuch an aſcendency over the great Jupiter, who left all the deities, and fled with him to Ida. So fond, we know, of beauty was the father of the gods, that he not only honoured the poſſeſſors of it with a ſeat in heaven, but, when he went down to earth, changed himſelf into a ſwan for Leda, into a bull for Europa, and, in Amphitryon's ſhape, begot the immortal Hercules. Every body knows the ſtratagems which he made uſe of to poſſeſs thoſe he loved. It is extraordinary that the poets ſhould repreſent him to us as ſo ſevere and impetuous in his converſe with the gods, inſomuch that, in his

* *Helen.*] Euripides, who was ſeldom over complaiſant to the ladies, has, contrary to all other ancient authors, aſſured us, that this celebrated beauty was perfectly virtuous; that it was not ſhe who was carried away by Paris, but an image or repreſentation of her, framed by Juno, merely to deceive him, and to revenge herſelf on the Trojan youth, for giving the apple to Venus. The real Helen was, in the mean time, conveyed to Pharos, in Ægypt, where Menelaus found her, on his return from the ſiege of Troy, was reconciled to, and carried her back with him.—On this ſtrange ſtory was founded the apotheoſis of Helen, whom the Spartans, it ſeems, worſhipped as a goddeſs, and erected a temple to her. Herodotus, moreover, informs us, that the ladies uſed to invoke her aid, to make their children handſome; and tells us a droll ſtory of a rich Spartan, who had a very ugly child: a perſon appeared to the nurſe, and adviſed her to carry it to the temple of Helen, from whence it returned a moſt beautiful girl, who was afterwards married to Ariſto, king of Sparta. If this was really the caſe, and which, as we have Herodotus's word for it, cannot be doubted, the temple of Helen, we may be aſſured, was always pretty well frequented.

firſt ſpeech to Juno, who uſed to reproach him for his amours, he ſo terrified her, that ſhe ſeemed happy his anger was confined to words alone; and, in the next, all the deities were ſtruck with terror, when he threatened to hang up earth and ſea: and yet this terrible god, when he addreſſed the fair, was mild, gentle, and kind to all; laid aſide the deity, leſt he ſhould appear diſguſtful to them, and aſſumed the moſt beautiful forms to entice them; ſuch deference and reſpect did he always pay to beauty.

But leſt, it ſhould be objected that we ſpeak of this rather to find fault with Jupiter, than for the honour and praiſe of beauty, moſt certain it is, as all who reflect muſt acknowlege, that all the deities were as fond of beauty as Jove himſelf. * Neptune was ſtruck with the form of Pelops, Apollo admired Hyacinthus, and Cadmus was the favourite of Mercury.

The goddeſſes alſo bluſh not to acknowlege the power of beauty, and yield their charms to the handſomeſt men: there is no quarrel amongſt them for precedency, on any other account. Minerva preſides over war, and leaves hunting to Diana; Juno takes care of nuptial affairs, and contends not with Venus, who guards what is committed to her care: but in beauty, they would all be thought to excel, and each imagines herſelf, in that, ſuperior to all the reſt. The goddeſs Strife, who wiſhes to ſee them deſtroy each other, makes uſe of no means but this to carry on her deſigns againſt them. This, alone, might ſuffice to prove the power of beauty: for no ſooner was the apple ſeen, and the † inſcription on it, than each believed it muſt belong to her, and that every vote would be in her favour. To Jupiter, the brother and huſband of one of them, and father of the others, they referred the cauſe: but though he could ſo eaſily have decided it, though there were ſo many able and learned judges of it, both amongſt the Greeks and Barbarians, he ſubmitted it to Paris; by that, alone, determining the ſuperiority of beauty over ſtrength and wiſdom. So great was their ambition to be thought beautiful, that they perſuaded the great poet, who ſings of gods and heroes, to diſtinguiſh them rather on that account than any other. Juno took more pleaſure in the epithet of ‡ white-armed, than in being called the venerable goddeſs, or daughter of

* *Neptune.*] Concerning this little amour of Neptune's, ſee Philoſtratus, Tzetzes's notes on Lycophron, and Cicero's Tuſc. Quæſt.

† *Inſcription.*] Detur pulchrimæ; let it be given to the moſt beautiful.

‡ *White-armed.*] Λευκωλενος ηρα; ſo ſhe is always called in Homer.

the

the great Saturn; Minerva choſe the blue-eyed maid, rather than Tritogenia; and Venus rejoiced, above all, in the title of * golden, becauſe it was an emblem of beauty.

This, whilſt it ſhews the opinion of the gods concerning beauty, is, at the ſame time, an indiſputable proof of its ſuperior excellency. Pallas preferred it to valour and wiſdom, both of which ſhe was the avowed patroneſs and protector; Juno held it in higher eſteem, far above power and empire, and called in Jove to bear teſtimony with her: if, therefore, there is in beauty ſomething ſo noble and ſo divine, that the gods themſelves pay ſo much attention to it, ſhall not we, in imitation of them, both in word and work, value, eſteem, and protect it?"

Thus did Philo harangue in praiſe of beauty; adding, that he ſhould have ſpoken more copiouſly on the ſubject, but that he knew a long oration was ill-ſuited to a feaſt. To him ſucceeded Ariſtippus, though it was not without much difficulty that he could be prevailed on, by the preſſing intreaties of Androcles, being very loth to ſpeak, he told us, after Philo; at length, however, he began thus:

"It very often happens, that men, quitting thoſe ſubjects that are noble and uſeful, apply themſelves, out of vain-glory, to ſuch as can give but little pleaſure to their hearers, either ſaying what has been ſaid before, or talking about things of no conſequence or importance: leſt I ſhould myſelf fall into theſe errors which I condemn, I ſhall make choice of that matter, which, I am ſure, muſt be agreeable to my audience, and which will afford me the ampleſt field for diſcuſſion.

"If we were on any other ſubject, one ſpeech might have ſufficed to illuſtrate it; but beauty ſuggeſts ſuch a variety of arguments, that no man need be aſhamed that he cannot diſplay it to the full; happy is he, if he can add ſomething to the praiſes already beſtowed on it: it is, indeed, ſo honoured and eſteemed, both by gods and men, that thoſe who poſſeſs it, are loved and valued, and thoſe who want it, hated and deſpiſed by all, who has eloquence enough to treat it as it ought to be treated: but if no man, any more than myſelf, can expect to handle ſuch a ſubject according to its

* *Golden.*] Venus is always called Χρυσεη Αφροδιτη, or Venus Aurea, moſt probably on account of her hair: Horace too mentions his flava Chloe. Yellow was the faſhionable colour for ladies locks, amongſt both Greeks and Romans: poor Kit Smart, therefore, not unfrequently called his red-hair'd lady "the laſs with the *claſſical* hair."

dignity

dignity and importance, there is nothing ridiculous in my attempting to ſpeak concerning it, even after Philo.

Beauty has ſomething in it ſo noble, and ſo divine, that (to paſs over the honour in which it was held by the gods, and confine myſelf to its power over men), Helen, the daughter of Jove, even before ſhe had reached the age of maturity, was univerſally admired, inſomuch that Theſeus, who came to tranſact ſome affairs in Peloponneſus, fell ſo violently in love with her, that, though poſſeſſed of a moſt noble kingdom, and crowned with glory, he thought there was no joy in life without her, and that if he could gain her for a wife he ſhould be the happieſt of mankind. As ſhe was under age, he could have no hopes of her father's conſent, he left his own kingdom, defied all the power of Peloponneſus, and took her away from her father, by force of arms, and carried her to Aphidna, with the aſſiſtance of Pirithous, whom he ever after ſo loved and valued on that account, that the friendſhip of Theſeus and Pirithous is handed down as an example to poſterity. When he went down to hell, in purſuit of Proſerpine, Theſeus, after in vain endeavouring to diſſuade him from the enterprize, accompanied, and ran the hazard of his life to ſerve him in it. When ſhe returned, in her riper years, to Argos, in the abſence of Theſeus, the Grecian princes, though they had the fineſt and moſt beautiful women of their own, were all eager to poſſeſs her; but fearing, as they were all ready to fight for her, that a civil war would enſue, they bound themſelves by a common oath, jointly to defend him who ſhould be thought worthy of her, and not to ſuffer any to attack or injure him; every one flattering himſelf that this might be his own happy lot: but all, except Menelaus, were diſappointed. They abided, however, by their agreement. When, not long after, the diſpute aroſe among the goddeſſes, which of them was the moſt beautiful, and the deciſion was left to Paris; who, ſuſpended by the charms of the candidates, and by the bribes they offered him, knew not how to determine: for Juno promiſed him the kingdom of Aſia, Minerva perpetual victory in war, and Venus the poſſeſſion of Helen: reflecting, at length, that empire might fall to the meaneſt and moſt unworthy, but that Helen could not * deſcend to poſterity, he preferred the enjoyment of her.

* *Deſcend.*] This is a new and ingenious defence of Paris's choice. Too much, however, is ſaid in this part of the dialogue about Helen, which ſmells too much, we muſt own, of the ſcholaſtic lamp, and confirms my obſervation concerning it.

When

"When Europe firſt came forth againſt Aſia, and the war with Troy was declared, the Trojans, had they reſtored Helen, might have lived in peace; if Greece had not contended for her, ſhe might have been freed from all her toils and dangers; but neither of them thought they could fight in a nobler cauſe, than for the poſſeſſion of her: the gods themſelves, not only permitted, but even preſſed their ſons to engage in the war, though they foreknew that they muſt periſh in it, thinking it not leſs glorious to die for Helen, than to be deſcended from the immortals: but why need I mention their ſons, when they themſelves, for her ſake, entered into a more terrible war than that which they waged againſt the giants; there they were united, but in this they fought againſt each other, an unanſwerable proof how ſuperior beauty is to every thing elſe in the opinion of the gods: for nothing elſe did they ever quarrel among themſelves; whilſt for this alone, they not only ſacrificed their own offspring, but fought againſt each other, and were wounded, is it not plain that they preferred beauty to every other conſideration?

"But, to dwell no longer on this head, let us call to mind the aſtoniſhing beauty of * Hippodamia, the daughter of Oenomaus, how many noble youths preferred death, to life without her! When this lovely virgin grew up to be marriageable, her father ſo admired her extraordinary beauty, that, contrary to the dictates of nature, he became deeply enamoured with her, and wiſhing to keep her to himſelf, to avoid ſuſpicion, he gave out (a falſehood as infamous as his guilty paſſion), that he was ready to beſtow her on him who ſhould beſt deſerve her; to carry on his purpoſe, therefore, he contrived, with the greateſt art and labour, a chariot, ſo formed as to move with wonderful celerity, and joined to it the ſwifteſt horſes in Arcadia; in this he contended with her admirers, laying it down as a condition, that whoever conquered him ſhould have his daughter, but if they failed, they were to ſuffer death; obliging her at the ſame time to accompany every one of them in the chariot, that their eyes being fixed upon her whilſt they drove, they might be careleſs and inattentive. The firſt lover failing in his attempt, and loſing both his miſtreſs and his life, the reſt of them, aſhamed to decline the conteſt, and deteſting the cruelty of Oenomaus, ruſhed with ardour, one after another, upon their fate, as if they wiſhed to ſacrifice their

* *Hippodamia.*] This ſtory is intereſting, and well told by Lucian; the ſame tale is related by Philoſtratus.

lives for ſuch an object. Thirteen youths thus periſhed; but the gods deteſting ſuch barbarity, and pitying the unhappy virgin, whoſe youth and beauty were thus deprived of all enjoyment, and lamenting the fate of her devoted lovers, took the young man (Pelops), who was next to contend for her, under their protection, gave him a chariot of exquiſite workmanſhip, and immortal horſes, by which he gained the virgin, after ſlaying his inhuman father-in-law.

So divine a thing is beauty in the eyes both of gods and men; it is a ſubject, therefore, which all muſt deem moſt worthy of our diſcuſſion."

Thus ended Ariſtippus.

HERMIPPUS.

There remains nothing now to crown the whole, but the ſpeech of Charidemus, which I muſt beg him to repeat.

CHARIDEMUS.

I beſeech you, Hermippus, do not aſk me to go any farther: I meant only to tell you what they ſaid; beſides, that I really cannot recollect all that I advanced on the occaſion; it is eaſier to remember other people's ſpeeches than one's own.

HERMIPPUS.

But I did not want ſo much to hear their's as your's; this was my aim from the beginning, and if you refuſe me, all you have done hitherto is to no purpoſe; I beg, therefore, you will let me have the whole ſpeech as you promiſed.

CHARIDEMUS.

You had better ſpare me, and be content with what you have; however, as you are ſo extremely deſirous of hearing my ſpeech, thus it was:

"Had I been the firſt ſpeaker in praiſe of beauty, I ſhould undoubtedly have ſtood in need of an exordium; but as I come after others, I may conſider what they have advanced in their ſpeeches as a kind of proœmium to mine; eſpecially, as they are all made at the ſame time and place, ſo that they may paſs for one continued oration, of which each takes a ſeparate part: what you have already ſaid might be praiſe ſufficient for any other thing; but on this ſubject there muſt always remain enough unſaid, to employ the tongues of thoſe who come after us; it will ſtill afford various topics, as in a fertile meadow, there are always freſh flowers to attract the eye of the traveller, I will endeavour, therefore, to ſelect ſuch arguments as may beſt illuſtrate it, and ſpeak as briefly as poſſible in praiſe of beauty.

Thoſe

Thoſe who excel in valour, or any other virtue, unleſs they conciliate our affections, by conferring perpetual obligations on us, are generally the objects of envy and hatred; but by the beautiful we are caught at firſt ſight; we do not envy, but love them beyond meaſure, worſhip them as deities, and are never tired of waiting on them: there is more pleaſure in obeying them, than in commanding others, and the more injunctions they lay upon, the happier do they make us. With regard to other good things, when we have acquired them, we look no farther; but of beauty we never think we have enough: ſhould we even excel the * ſon of Aglaia, who came with the Grecians againſt Troy, or the fair Hyacinthus, or the Lacedæmonian Narciſſus, we ſhould ſtill be afraid that one yet more beautiful might ariſe, and be the admiration of poſterity.

In every thing beauty is the great ſtandard of perfection, which all have in view: by this the general forms his army, the orator makes his ſpeech, the painter finiſhes his picture; beauty is the great end of all: and ſo it is alſo in all thoſe things which are neceſſary and convenient to us. Menelaus did not ſo much conſult uſefulneſs as beauty in his palace, but endeavoured to ſtrike the eyes of all with admiration at their firſt entrance in it, nor was he diſappointed: for when the ſon of Ulyſſes came there, in ſearch of his father, he ſo admired the ſumptuouſneſs and beauty of it, that he ſaid to Piſiſtratus, the ſon of Neſtor, †

> Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
> My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove;

His father alſo, when he led his ſhips againſt Troy, had them finely painted, that they might be gazed at: all the arts, in ſhort, if we examine them, will be found to aim at beauty, as their great and principal object.

It is the ‡ beautiful, moreover, which exalts the virtues, which adds

* *Son of, &c.*] Nereus, of whom Homer ſpeaks thus,

> Nereus, in faultleſs ſhape and blooming grace,
> The lovelieſt youth of all the Grecian race.
>
> See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 817.

† Alluding to the ſpeech of Telemachus, on ſeeing the palace of Menelaus at Sparta. See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book iv. l. 84.

‡ *The beautiful.*] A doctrine which is at large illuſtrated by Plato, Cicero, lord Shafteſbury, and many others. Surely this is not what Geſner calls puerile declamation, but the work of Lucian, and by no means unworthy of him.

charms to juſtice, to wiſdom, and to valour; it is this which makes every thing valuable, and without which it is mean and contemptible. What is not beautiful we call baſe, as if, where beauty is not, there could be nothing worthy of admiration. Thoſe who ſerve tyrants we call flatterers; and thoſe alone who practiſe the good and beautiful do we admire; to theſe we give the title of the lovers of induſtry, and beauty.

Since beauty, therefore, hath ſomething in it ſo noble and divine, that it is univerſally ſought after, and univerſally obeyed, ſhould we not be highly blameable, if we did not all endeavour to celebrate, to acquire, and to preſerve it?"

Thus did I ſpeak concerning beauty, omitting a number of things which might have been ſaid, as the converſation was already drawn to ſo great a length.

HERMIPPUS.

Happy were you, I think, to be preſent at ſuch a one, and not leſs happy have you made me by your relation of it.

NERO;

OR, THE

ISTHMUS.

A DIALOGUE.

The Character of this abſurd Tyrant was too fair an Object of ridicule, to eſcape the Notice of LUCIAN, *who has given us two or three Traits of him, not marked, I believe, by any other Author. The Satire, though ſhort, is pointed and ſevere; it was rather a lucky Circumſtance, therefore, for our Author, that* NERO *died before it was publiſhed. Moſt of the Commentators aſſert that this Piece was not written by* LUCIAN. *The Reader muſt judge for himſelf.*

MENECRATES AND MUSONIUS.

MENECRATES.

WAS not that cutting away of the *Iſthmus, which Nero, they ſay, certainly intended, a deſign truly Grecian?

MUSONIUS.

He had ſtill greater things in agitation, Menecrates, I aſſure you; he was for ſhortening the ſailors voyage, by cutting through about twenty ſtadia.

MENECRATES.

This would have been very advantageous to the commerce both of the maritime and inland cities: the latter, you know, have always plenty, when the former are taken care of. Pray, Muſonius, if you have no particular buſineſs, give us an account of this expedition, which we all wiſh to hear.

MUSONIUS.

That I will with all my heart; nor know I how I can better make you amends, for coming to a † ſchool ſo diſagreeable as this.

Know then, that the love of poetry carried Nero into Greece, who was al-

* *The Iſthmus*] Of Corinth; for an account of this ſcheme, ſee Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, book iv. chap. 4.

† *A ſchool, &c.*] Muſonius the philoſopher had been baniſhed by Nero, and is ſuppoſed to be viſited in perſon by Menecrates. See Philoſtratus.

ready

ready firmly perſuaded that the Muſes could not ſing ſweeter than himſelf; his ambition was to be crowned for his verſes at the Olympic games, the greateſt and moſt honourable ſeat of renown; as to the Pythian, he thought they more properly belonged to himſelf than to Apollo, who, in ſinging and playing on the harp, was by no means able to contend with him. The Iſthmus was not amongſt thoſe ſchemes which he had premeditated, but happening to ſee the place, he was ſtruck with the magnificence of it, and calling to mind the * Grecian king at the ſiege of Troy, who divided Eubœa from Bœotia by the Euripus; and that Darius, when he went againſt the Scythians, made a bridge over the Boſphorus, not forgetting the noble exploit of Xerxes: add to this, that he thought the making ſuch a communication would be a high treat to the Grecians. It is the nature of tyrants, however intoxicated with power, to be fond of public applauſe. Coming out of his tent, therefore, he ſung a hymn to Neptune and Amphitrite, with a ſmall ode in praiſe of Melicerta and Leucothoe: then receiving a golden ſpade from the Grecian preſident, he approached towards the Iſthmus, amongſt the ſhouts and applauſes of the multitude, and ſtriking the earth three times, he exhorted thoſe to whom the care of the work was committed to go on with it as faſt as poſſible; and then returned to Corinth, thoroughly ſatisfied, no doubt, that he had exceeded all the labours of Hercules: the ſtony and more laborious parts were done by the ſlaves, the level and eaſy fell to the lot of his ſoldiers: about the twelfth day, as we were in the midſt of our work, a rumour was ſpread that the emperor had changed his mind, and would not have it done; the Ægyptians, it was ſaid, had meaſured the height of the two ſeas, and diſcovered that one was lower than the other; they were afraid, therefore, that the iſland of Ægina would be overflowed: but the wiſe Thales himſelf, who had the deepeſt knowlege of nature, would never have diſſuaded Nero from cutting away the Iſthmus, which he had ſet his heart upon, even more than on ſinging in public; it was an inſurrection of the Eaſt, and the attempt of † Vindex, to eſtabliſh a commonwealth, which drove him out of Greece, and put an end to his cutting the Iſthmus, though he talked ridiculouſly about meaſuring the two ſeas, which, to my knowlege were both of an equal height; but his power and that of Rome they ſay is falling off, as you heard yeſterday from the tribune.

* *Grecian king.*] I do not remember that this circumſtance is mentioned by Homer, or any other author now extant.

† *Vindex.*] His proprætor, or lieutenant in Gaul. See Suetonius.

ME-

MENECRATES.

But pray, Muſonius, ſo furiouſly fond as he is of muſic, and of appearing at the Pythian and Olympian games, what ſort of a voice has he? For of thoſe who heard him at Lemnos, ſome admired, and ſome laughed at him.

MUSONIUS.

His voice, to ſay the truth, is neither admirable, nor contemptible, nature has endowed him with a very tolerable one; by the preſſure of his throat it gives a deep and hollow ſound, ſo that he does not ſing but roar out his ſongs; when he does not truſt too much to himſelf, the * accompaniments ſupport him; and with regard to melody, ſetting his ſongs well to the lyre, and keeping time, it was only a ſhame that an emperor ſhould acquit himſelf ſo well in them; but when he pretended to imitate the great maſters, what laughter did it excite amongſt the ſpectators! though woe be to them that ſmiled on the occaſion: he would frequently draw in his breath, ſtand upon his tip-toes, and turn backwards and forwards, like a man upon the rack; then would his face, which is naturally † roſy, become quite red and fiery: his breath is ſhort and never holds out.

MENECRATES.

But how do thoſe behave who contend with him, do they always acknowlege his ſuperiority in the art, and yield to him?

MUSONIUS.

Juſt as they do in wreſtling; you remember the tragedian that periſhed at the Iſthmian games; a muſician who oppoſed him would be in equal danger.

MENECRATES.

How was that? for I never heard the ſtory.

MUSONIUS.

It is almoſt incredible: but all Greece was witneſs to it.

There is a law forbidding tragedy or comedy to be exhibited at the Iſthmian games; Nero, notwithſtanding, reſolved to have a conteſt with the tragedians: amongſt thoſe who diſputed the prize with him was a man of Epirus, who had an excellent voice, and was univerſally admired for his acting, ſo ambitious was he of gaining the crown, that he would not give it up to Nero for leſs than ten talents; this exaſperated the tyrant, the Epirot

* *Accompaniments.*] Gr. οιδε τοιοι των φθογγων επιλειπουσι τουτον.

† *Roſy.*] Alluding to his character of a toper, for which, we are told, he was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, as inſtead of Tiberius Nero, to be called Biberius Nero.

was

was heard making his demand behind the ſcenes, and the Grecians highly applauding him, when Nero ſent one of his * actors and commanded him to yield, which he refuſed, and made a noiſe amongſt the people, whereupon Nero ordered his own actors to take poſſeſſion of the ſtage, as more fit for it; theſe men had ivory tablets in their hands, open at both ends, and pointed like daggers, with which faſtening the Epirot to the next pillar, they cut his throat.

MENECRATES.

By ſuch a horrid act, committed in the eyes of all Greece, did he then gain the prize?

MUSONIUS.

This was a mere trifle, for a young man who ſlew his own mother: what wonder was it that he ſhould take away the life of a tragic player, who attempted to ſilence the Pythian oracle, and ſtop the mouth of Apollo himſelf! though the Pythian placed him amongſt the † Oreſtes's, and Alcmæon's, who, by the murther of their mothers gained a kind of glory, as it was done to revenge their fathers; but this tyrant had no ſuch excuſe to plead, though he thought himſelf ſo much injured by the oracle, which did not ſay half ſo much of him as he deſerved.

But what ſhip is this coming in? It ſeems to bring ſome good news; the men have garlands on their heads, which is a happy omen. Somebody ſtretches out his hands from the deck, bids us be of good chear, and if I am not miſtaken, ſays, Nero is dead.

MENECRATES.

It is ſo; I hear him plainer as he comes towards the ſhore.

MUSONIUS.

Thanks to the gods! a happy event.

MENECRATES.

No more of that: ‡ ſpeak not evil, as the proverb ſays, of the dead.

* *Actors.*] Gr. ὑποκριτας, hiſtriones. Adoleſcentulos, ſays Suetonius, equeſtris ordinis, & quinque amphius millia e plebe robuſtiſſimæ juventutis undique elegit, qui diviſi in factiones plauſuum genera condiſcerent, &c.

Hi quidem, ſays the commentator, plauſuum ὑποκριται, fuere.

† *Oreſtes's*] See Suetonius's Life of Nero, c. 39.

‡ *Speak not, &c.*] De mortuis nil niſi bonum. A trite and fooliſh maxim; as, without proper reſtrictions, a compliance with it may be attended with many bad conſequences, and tend to make men careleſs of their behaviour in life, and little concerned for the future conſequences of it.

TO

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, THE REVEREND

MR. MARSHAL,

VICAR OF CHARING, KENT,

AND ONE OF THE CHIEF PRIESTS OF THE GODDESS GOUT,

THIS PIECE IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

TRAGOPODAGRA;

OR,

THE GOUT-TRAGEDY.

This is a Kind of Dramatic Interlude, or Mock-Heroic Poem, containing a fine burleſque Imitation of the Greek Tragedians, together with a moſt ſpritely and ſevere Satire on the Empirics of his Time, who, like the boaſting Pretenders of our own, were perpetually finding out Cures for a Diſtemper which the Experience of Ages had already proved to be incurable. The DRAMATIS PERSONÆ *are, a Gouty Man, a Chorus of Prieſts, all labouring under the ſame Diſorder, and attendant on* GOUT, *who is introduced as a Goddeſs, with her Agents, or Tormentors, bringing in two unfortunate Quack Doctors, whom they had ſeized, and whom ſhe puniſhes according to their Deſerts. The whole is ſo well written, and with ſuch infinite Humour, that, with all the Diſadvantages of a Tranſlation, I defy any gouty Man, if the Fit is coming on, to read it without trembling, or, if it is going off, without laughing.*

As the Original is in moſt excellent Verſe, it was impoſſible to do juſtice to the Author in a proſe Tranſlation of it, I have therefore attempted a poetical one.

GOUTY MAN.

O NAME for ever ſad, abhorr'd of heav'n,
Parent of groans, from dark Cocytus ſprung,
Immortal GOUT! in gloomy Erebus,

Whom erſt * Megæra, dreadful Fury, bore;
And from her poiſon'd breaſts Alecto fed:
What dæmon fraught with malice ſent thee forth
To range o'er wretched earth, and plague mankind?
If mortals, for their crimes committed here,
Are doom'd to ſuffer in the realms below,
Why offer Tantalus th' eluſive wave,
Why torture poor Ixion with his wheel,
Or bid the wretched Siſyphus uproll
The ſtill-revolving ſtone? Conſign'd to thee,
And to thy tendon-racking pangs, the guilty
Had mourn'd a heavier puniſhment.—Alas!
How is the dry and wither'd body torn
By ceaſeleſs agonies! from head to foot
With loathſome poiſon fill'd, that pent within
Adds double miſ'ry, whilſt thy tyrant force
Writhes my full veins, and ſtops up ev'ry pore;
The fiery miſchief thro' my bowels runs,
And with its flames conſumes my trembling fleſh.
Ev'n ſo, thro' Ætna's hoarſe-reſounding caves,
Or where Sicilia's burning † rocks o'erhang
The narrow ſea, in ſpiry wreaths burſts forth,
The never-ceaſing flame: thou ‡ cureleſs ill!
How vain the pow'r of med'cine to aſſuage,
Or mitigate thy wrath, alas! how vain
Our fooliſh hopes, but flatt'ring to deceive!

CHORUS.

Whilſt on § Cybele's ſacred hill,
The Phrygians altars raiſe,
And Dindymus with raptures fill
To beauteous Attis' praiſe,

On

* *Megæra.*] Gout is born of one of the Furies, and ſuckled with poiſonous milk by another; nothing can be more ſtrong and poignant than this whole deſcription of her.

† *Rocks.*] Scylla and Charybdis.

‡ *Cureleſs.*] Tollere nodoſam neſcit medicina podagram. Ovid.

§ *Cybele.*] The mother of the gods, who, we are told, fell in love with Attis, a beautiful boy, whom ſhe made one of her prieſts, and enjoined him chaſtity, or rather, as we may ſuppoſe, conſtancy to herſelf: he proved, however, a naughty boy, and being falſe to her, ſhe

ſtruck

On Tmolus' lofty heights, whilſt Lydians ſing
To the loud harp, and celebrate their king;
The * Corybantes madd'ning train,
Their Cretan meaſures ſound,
Chaunting their Evoes o'er the plain,
To Bacchus dancing round,
Whilſt the hoarſe trumpet's clangor, from afar,
To dreadful battle wakes the god of war;
Gout, all-pow'rful goddeſs, we
Solemn dirges ſing to thee,
When firſt, by genial zephyrs fann'd,
The trees their early buds expand,
When tender blades of graſs appear,
And jocund ſpring leads on the year;
Whilſt Philomela, all-night long,
Repeats her melancholy ſong;
And † Progne mourns, in tender ſtrain,
Her nuptials ſad, her Itys ſlain,
We at thy ſhrine, with groans and bitter cries,
All-pow'rful gout! thy orgies ſolemnize.

GOUTY MAN.

O crutch! thou beſt reliever of my pain,
My third kind foot, ſupport theſe tott'ring ſteps,
Direct my path, and once more let me tread
The ſolid earth; rouze, wretch, thy torpid limbs,
Leave thy dark room, and melancholy couch,
For the ſun's genial ray; ſtep forth, and breathe
The wholeſome air: full fifteen tedious days
Have I been pent within the diſmal gloom
Of a ſick chamber, from the chearful light
Of Phœbus long excluded, and confin'd

ſtruck him with madneſs; he was, notwithſtanding, after his death, worſhipped with her on mount Dindymus in Phrygia.

* *The Corybantes*] Miniſters or prieſts of Rhea, in Crete.

† *Progne.*] Married unfortunately to Tereus king of Thrace, and afterwards changed into a ſwallow. See Ovid's Met. book vi.

To the rough horrors of an * unmade bed:
Fain would I reach the door; but my ſlow limbs
Refuſe their aid: do thou, my active ſoul,
Urge on the lazy load; for he who would,
But cannot move, muſt ſink into the grave.
But who are theſe with † elder chaplets crown'd,
Who on their cruthes lean? They are not thine,
O Pæan Phœbus! for no laurel boughs
Their temples wreath; nor do they chaunt to Bacchus
The feſtive lay, for on their brows no leaves
Of ivy twine; ſay, gentle gueſts, what god
Claims the fair tribute of your welcome ſong?

CHORUS.

Say, what art thou? for by that hobbling gait,
And ‡ ſtrong ſupporter, we ſhou'd call thee prieſt
Of that unconquer'd deity, whom we
Ourſelves adore.

GOUTY MAN.

Can ſuch a wretch as I am
Be worthy of your goddeſs's attention?

CHORUS.

To briny § Nereus's tender care,
Was Cyprian Venus giv'n,
When gliding through the ambient air,
She left her native heav'n;
Whilſt Tethys nouriſh'd, with unceaſing love,
The white-arm'd conſort of Olympic Jove,

* *Unmade.*] Gr. Ενναις εν ασρωτοισι.

† *Elder.*] Gr. Ακτειας, ſambuci, quia, ſays the commentator, ſambuci folia ποδαγρικοις βοηθει μετα ϛεατος ταυρειω η τραγειω, according to Dioſcorides. And becauſe alſo ſambuci tenerrima folia, cum pari pondere radicum plantaginis, ſuillaque axungiæ veteris contrita ſubactaque podagricos dolores præſentaneo auxilio mulcere ſcribuntur à Matthiolo,—Remember, my good learned readers, this infallible Recipe for the gout.

‡ *Strong.*] Alluding to his crutch, which Lucian humorouſly ſtyles his *third* foot.

§ *Nereus.*] Alluding to the old fable of Venus ſpringing from the froth of the ſea.

Her

Her birth, great Jupiter, to thee,
And to thy brain's prolific throes,
The war-exciting deity,
Minerva, virgin goddeſs, owes.
Our happier miſtreſs great * Ophion bore
In his ſoft arms, when, chaos now no more,
Freſh roſe the ſun, and with refulgent ray,
Diſpers'd the gloom, and lit up chearful day,
Then firſt great Gout appear'd, from Clotho ſprung,
Whilſt at her birth the joyful welkin ſung,
All heav'n was pleas'd, ev'n grieſly Pluto ſmil'd,
The wealthy god, and nurs'd the darling child.

GOUTY MAN.

What ſacred marks diſtinguiſh thoſe who wait
On this all-pow'rful deity, her prieſts
Selected?

CHORUS.

We pour forth no myſtic blood
Before her altars, nor in knotted wreaths
Bind up our hair, nor yield our naked back
To painful ſtripes, nor feed on the raw fleſh
Of bulls; but when the ſmiling ſpring puts forth
His elder buds, and the ſhrill black-bird ſings,
Then doth our goddeſs on her ſacred train,
Inflict the deep-felt wound that pierces ſore
Through wriſt, foot, ankle, ſhin-bone, ſhoulders, arms,
Neck, head, hips, hands, thighs, back, and ev'ry part
Pricks, tears, conſumes, burns, poiſons, and devours.

GOUTY MAN.

Then am I, goddeſs, thy true prieſt, which yet
I knew not: come, propitious deity!
Here let me join thy followers, here perform
The rites to thee, and hymn the ſolemn ſong.

* *Ophion.*] To raiſe the dignity and conſequence of his goddeſs, Lucian carries back her birth to the remoteſt period of antiquity, and makes her coeval with Ophion, who was ſuppoſed to exiſt before Saturn.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Be huſh'd, ye winds, and heav'n ſerene;
For, lo! the * bed-admiring queen
Approaches! on her crutches, ſee,
She comes; hail, pow'rful deity!
Accept the pray'rs of thy devoted train,
Smile, goddeſs kind, and mitigate our pain.

Enter GODDESS GOUT.

GOUT.

What mortal knows not me? unconquer'd GOUT,
Great queen of pain, whom not the reeking blood
Of many a victim on the altars ſlain,
Nor richeſt incenſe, nor the votive gifts,
O'er the proud temples hung, can e'er aſſuage,
Nor mighty Pæan's ſelf, with all his herbs
Medicinal, nor Phœbus's ſkilful ſon,
Great Æſculapius, can ſubdue: ſince man
Was firſt created, hath he raſhly ſtrove,
But ſtrove in vain, with ev'ry fruitleſs art
To check my conqueſts, and elude my pow'r.
Whilſt ſome their plantane, and their ſmallage bring,
Lettuce, or purſlane, hore-hound, nettles ſharp,
Fen-gather'd lentiles, or the Perſian weed,
Leeks, ſcallions, poppies, hen-bane, or the rind
Of ripe pomgranate, frankincenſe, and flea-wort,
The root of potent hellebore, or nitre;
Some ſteep'd in wine, the huſks of beans preſcribe,
Or ſpawn of frogs, a ſov'reign cataplaſm,
Carrot, or † pimpernel, or barley flour,
Or gall of cypreſs tree, the healing dung
Of mountain-goat, or ſtill more fetid man,

* *Bed-admiring.*] Gr. Κλινοχαρες, lecto gaudens, an excellent epithet.

† *Pimpernel.*] Gr. Κολλαμφακον, which I can make nothing of, there being, as my learned friend Sir George Baker obſerved to me, no ſuch Greek word; he was, therefore, of opinion, that the true reading here, muſt be κολλαριον, and the rather, as he judiciouſly remarked to me, becauſe Paullus has a medicine for the gout, which he calls διακολλαριω.

Cole-

Colewort, or gypſum, or the well-ground ſand
Of * Aſia's pow'rful ſtone, with bean-flour mix'd.
Others, ſagacious tribe, call in the aid
Of weaſels, toads, hyænas, ruddocks, ſtags,
And foxes: ev'ry metal, and the tears
Diſtill'd of ev'ry tree; bones, nerves, and ſkins
Of ev'ry beaſt, milk, urine, marrow, blood.
A potion ſome of four ingredients, ſome
Of ſev'n or eight prefer, ſome oft repeat
The ſacred bitter; ſome to the pure ſpring
Medicinal, whilſt others truſt to charms,
And † incantations, which the wand'ring Jew
Hath ever ready for his gaping throng.
Mean time I laugh, and ‡ bid the fools go weep,
Who mock me thus, and but incenſe my rage;
Whilſt to the humble, who oppoſe me not,
I'm ever mild and gentle; my true prieſt
Muſt curb his tongue, be chearful and ſerene,
With merry tale and jeſt ſtill jocund be;
As to the § baths they lead him, will divert
Th' aſſembled throng, and is by all admir'd.
I am that || Até, whom great Homer ſings,
Who from the head down to the tender foot

* *Aſia.*] The lapis Aſſicus. Ex Aſio lapide, ſays Dioſcorides, fit podagris cataplaſma cum fabæ lomento.

† *Incantations.*] Pindar tells us, that Æſculapius ſometimes made uſe of theſe, and Homer informs us, that when Ulyſſes was wounded by a boar,

επασιδη δ' αιμα κελαινον
Εχεδον.

‡ *Bid, &c.*] Gr. τουτοις πασιν οιμωζειν λεγω, exactly ſimilar to that line of Horace:
Diſcipularum inter jubeo plurare cathedras.

§ *Baths.*] The ancient phyſicians, we ſee, as well as the modern, ſent their gouty patients to BATH.

|| *Até.*] The goddeſs of Vengeance, thus deſcribed by Homer,
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men, inflicting as ſhe goes,
Long-feſtring wounds, inextricable woes.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 95.

Of

Of wretched mortals pierce, and therefore call'd
PODAGRA: haſte, my faithful prieſts, prepare
The ſacred hymn, and celebrate my praiſe.

CHORUS.

Relentleſs goddeſs, virgin deity!
With Adamantine heart! behold, to thee
We bend. O pow'r invincible, give ear,
And liſten to thy humble ſuppliant's pray'r!
Even the great almighty Jove,
Who darts the lightning from above,
Will lay his forked terrors by,
And ſhake with fear when thou art nigh.
Old ocean roars beneath thy tort'ring pain,
And Pluto trembles in his dark domain.
* Bandage-loving, couch-frequenting,
Knee-afflicting, bone-tormenting,
Race-impeding, ſoot-ſole-burning,
† Peſtle-hating, ankle-turning,
Humbly, lo! we bend to thee,
Unconquerable deity!

Enter MESSENGER, *bringing in with him Two Quack Doctors.*

MESSENGER.

Hail! honour'd miſtreſs! for in happy hour
Thou com'ſt, and no unwelcome news I bring;
For know, obedient to thy great beheſt,
I rang'd the cities round, and every houſe
With ſlow but willing feet have viſited,
To mark if any mortal cou'd be found,
Who wou'd not own thy pow'r, which all confeſs'd,
Theſe two alone excepted, impious pair!
Who loud harangu'd the populace, and ſwore

* *Bandage-loving.*] Gr. επιδισμοχαρις. Theſe compound epithets, which I have tranſlated literally, are incomparable.

† *Peſtle-hating.*] Δοιδυνοφοβα, piſtilli timens. Quia, ſays the commentator, tinnitus ex piſtilli in mortario colliſione podagris permoleſtus. This is a whimſical reaſon, as it ſuppoſes the patient to be always within hearing of the mortar.

Thou

Thou wert not worthy of reſpect or honour,
Nor hadſt dominion o'er the lives of men.
Wherefore with all due ſpeed, in five days time,
Not leſs than two long ſtadia have I travell'd,
And brought them hither.

GOUT.

Swifteſt meſſenger,
Well haſt thou flown; but ſay, through what rough ways
Have thy ſwath'd feet been dragg'd?

MESSENGER.

Eſcap'd the danger
Of five bad ſlaves, whoſe timbers ſhook beneath me,
On a hard road whoſe flinty pavement tore
My tender feet, I travell'd long; then ſunk
Into a ſlipp'ry path, and often dragg'd
My weary'd footſteps through the clay and mire,
Till ſweat bedew'd my limbs: at length I came
To a broad way, which, far more ſmooth than ſafe,
Perplex'd me ſore, where chariots, coaches, carts
Of ev'ry kind, on every ſide ſo preſs'd,
That ſcarce cou'd I avoid their rapid wheels,
For, well thou know'ſt, thy prieſts can ſeldom run.

GOUT.

Well haſt thou done, my truſty friend, and well
Shalt by thy miſtreſs be rewarded for it.
From this time forth, for three whole years, thy pains
I will abate; they ſhall be light, and borne
With eaſe.—But, what are you? by gods and men
Deteſted; impious ſlaves, who dare oppoſe
My pow'r invincible: ſay, know ye not,
That I have conquer'd ev'n Saturnian Jove,
Subdu'd unnumber'd heroes? mighty Priam,
From me was called * Podarces, by this hand,
Great Peleus's ſon, the fam'd † Achilles, fell;
'Twas I, and not his fall from Pegaſus,

That

* *Podarces.*] Ποδαρκης, pedibus celer; Quaſi per antiphraſin, ſays the commentator. This is a kind of pun not intelligible to the Engliſh reader.

† *Achilles.*] Alluding to the ſtory of his being dipped in the Styx by his mother Thetis, and rendered invulnerable in every part but the foot, in which he was afterwards wounded by Paris

That kill'd the brave * Bellerophon: by Gout
The royal Theban, † Oedipus, was slain,
And Plisthenes, and ‡ Poean's hapless son,
Who led the Grecian fleet, Thessalia's king,
And Ithaca's, § Laertes' godlike son,
Whom not the spine of pois'nous turtle slew,
But Gout's more certain stroke. An equal fate
You may expect, and worthy of your crime.

PHYSICIAN.

We are of Syria, from Damascus, urg'd
By cruel hunger and sore poverty,
We roam o'er earth and sea, a wretched pair,
And hither have we brought this precious ointment,
Which our dear father did bequeath unto us,
This grand specific, cure of ev'ry ill.

GODDESS.

What ointment? drinking? how is it prepar'd?

PHYSICIAN.

That, [illegible] never must reveal;
Our [illegible] on his death-bed did enjoin us
[illegible] the secret of this great
[illegible] medicine, which defies thy rage.

GODDESS.

Is there on earth a pow'r that can subdue
Unconquerable Gout? audacious slaves,
To brave me thus! but soon shall it be known
Which is the strongest, or your boasted ointment,
Or my envenom'd dart; ye ministers
Of vengeance, come; approach, my faithful friends,
My fierce tormentors, fellow-labourers,

and pede captus, seized by the foot: Lucian intimates, therefore, that it was, in truth, the gout, and not, as reported, Paris, that killed him.

* *Bellerophon.*] Who fell off Pegasus, broke his thigh, and went lame ever after: such is the common report; but Lucian tells us, it was nothing but the gout.

† *Oedipus.*] Gr. Οἰδίπους, another pun, or play upon the name.

‡ *Poeans, &c.*] Philoctetes, who was bit by a serpent in the island of Chrysa, and continued lame, for many years, at Lemnos. See the famous tragedy of Sophocles on this subject. After all, we learn from Lucian, that this also was nothing but a fit of the gout.

§ *Laertes, &c.*] Ulysses, who was slain by Telegonus; his son by Calypso. See Homer's Odyssey.

With this my feſtive Bacchanalian train,
Haſte, and perform my dread commands; do thou,
With painful twinges pierce their tender feet,
Seize thou the knotted wriſt, and thou the hand;
To you, my truſty agents, I commit
Their arms, joints, knees, and thighs; go, bind them faſt,
And torture with variety of pain.

TORMENTORS.

Great queen, thy orders are obey'd: behold!
Yonder they lie, their agonizing limbs
Stretch'd on the ground, they groan beneath our torments.

GODDESS.

How fares your med'cine now, My noble gueſts?
If it ſucceeds, and can oppoſe my pow'r,
I bid adieu to earth; henceforth conceal'd,
In the dark womb of Tartarus profound
Content to hide my ignominious head.

PHYSICIAN.

We have apply'd our ointment, but in vain:
For, oh! I die, the fatal ſhaft ſwift runs
Through ev'ry vein: not the red bolt of Jove,
Nor the rough ſurge of the tempeſtuous ſea,
Nor rapid whirlwind's force, can equal thine;
'Tis the keen tooth of hungry Cerberus,
The viper's poiſon, or * th'envenom'd ſhirt
Of the fell Centaur: O! have mercy, pow'r
Invincible! no mortal remedy
Can mitigate thy pangs; thou reign'ſt ſupreme
O'er all, and we, with all, confeſs thy ſway.

GODDESS.

Ceaſe, my tormentors, puniſh them no more;
They do repent, and we forgive: henceforth
Let mortals learn, that we alone defy
The pow'r of med'cine, and unconquer'd ſtill,
By human art, or human force, remain.

* *Th' invenom'd.*] Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
Exarſit æſtuoſius. Hor.

With

CHORUS.

* In vain, of old, the raſh Salmoneus ſtrove
To imitate the thunder from above;
Tranſfix'd he lies beneath the bolts of Jove.
† Marſyas no more with great Apollo vies,
But vanquiſh'd yields the long-conteſted prize;
Beneath an humbler form, by pride betray'd,
Still ſpins, unpity'd, the ‡ Mœonian maid;
Whilſt Niobe, ſad mother, doom'd to moan
Her hapleſs lot, and num'rous offspring gone,
Laments her crime in ever-weeping ſtone.
Such is the wretched fate that muſt attend
On impious mortals, who with gods contend.
Gout! O hear thy ſuppliants pray'r,
Us, thy conſtant vot'ries, ſpare;
Short and eaſy be our pain,
Let us feel our feet again!
§ Hard is the lot of mortals here below;
But we ſome intervals of comfort know,
For us are patience left in ev'ry woe.
Ceaſe, then, my fellow-ſuff'rers, to complain,
For the kind goddeſs may relieve our pain:
Mean time, be chearful, blith, and gay,
And let us laugh our pains away;
This, this, my friends, is ſuited to our ſtate,
And this alone can ſooth the rigour of our fate.

* *In vain.*] This laſt ſong of the Chorus is not more remarkable for true humour, than for its ſingular propriety. To raiſe the character of his heroine, the goddeſs Gout, Lucian here makes her attendants enumerate the moſt celebrated inſtances of human raſhneſs, ſeverely puniſhed for contending with divine power. Very few of the tragic Choruſſes in Æſchylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, are ſo well adapted to the ſubject.

† *Marſyas.*] Who was flea'd alive for attempting to play upon the flute with Apollo.

‡ *Mœonian Maid.*] Arachne, turned into a ſpider, for contending with Minerva. See Ovid's Metamorphoſes, b. vi.

§ *Hard is the fate, &c.*] The original is a parody on ſome lines in the Andromache of Euripides.

FINIS.

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